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A PICTURESQUE TALE OF PROGRESS

by
Olive Beaupré Miller
assisted by
Harry Neal Baum

CONQUESTS
Volume II

The
BOOKHOUSE for CHILDREN
CHICAGO · TORONTO

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Publishers of
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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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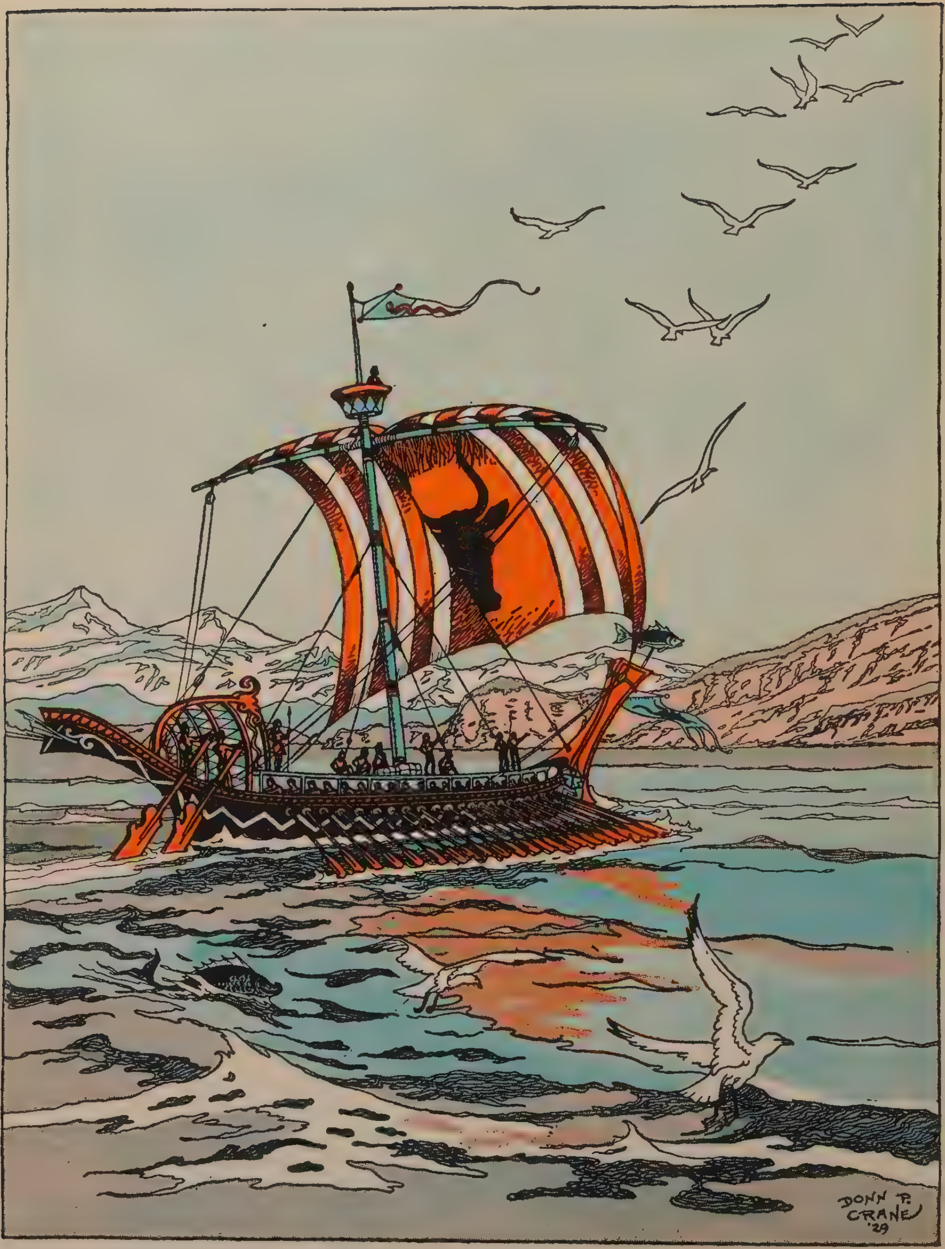
THE PICTURE ON THE COVER *is a copy of a reconstructed fresco from the Palace at Knossos, portraying the Priest King of Crete in typical costume wearing the fleur-de-lys crown and peacock plumes of royalty.*

The wall bearing this fresco was broken into fragments when found, but the parts were carefully pieced together under the direction of Sir Arthur J. Evans, discoverer of Knossos, and the exact appearance restored as far as possible. The part colored dark green on the right is completely missing, but it is supposed that the flower back-ground begun at the left was continued here, especially since a butterfly is seen hovering nearby. The colors in the original fresco are much faded. Those given here are as it might have been.


DONN P. CRANE '29

I

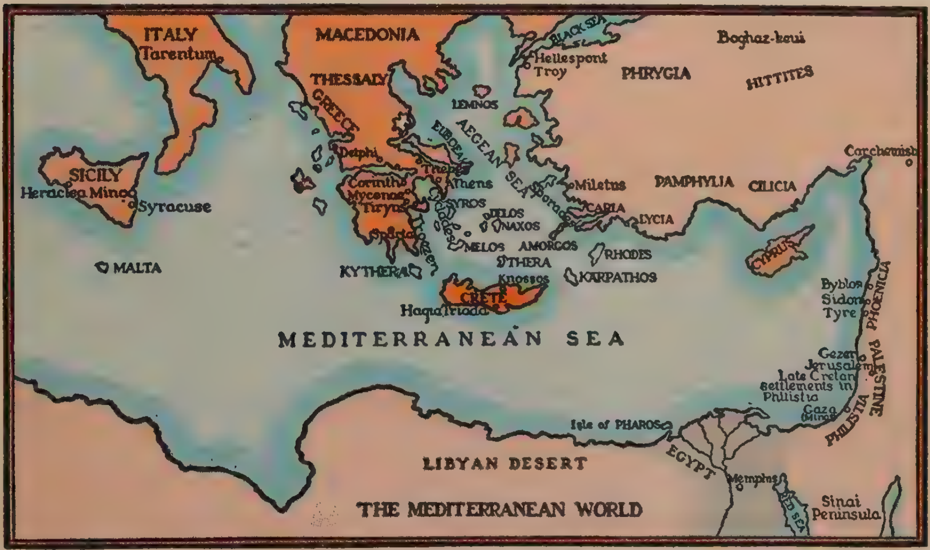
The Island of Crete

(From About 3000 b. c. to About 1200 b. c.)

A Sea Voyage in the year 1460 B. C.

Flying the flag of the Mi'nos of Crete, a splendid Cretan galley, with the graceful figure of a dolphin lightly poised on its prow, glided swiftly over the water approaching the island of Crete. Across the blue stretch of waves, the rocky shores of the island rose in majestic cliffs, beyond which a chain of snow peaks stood white against the sky.

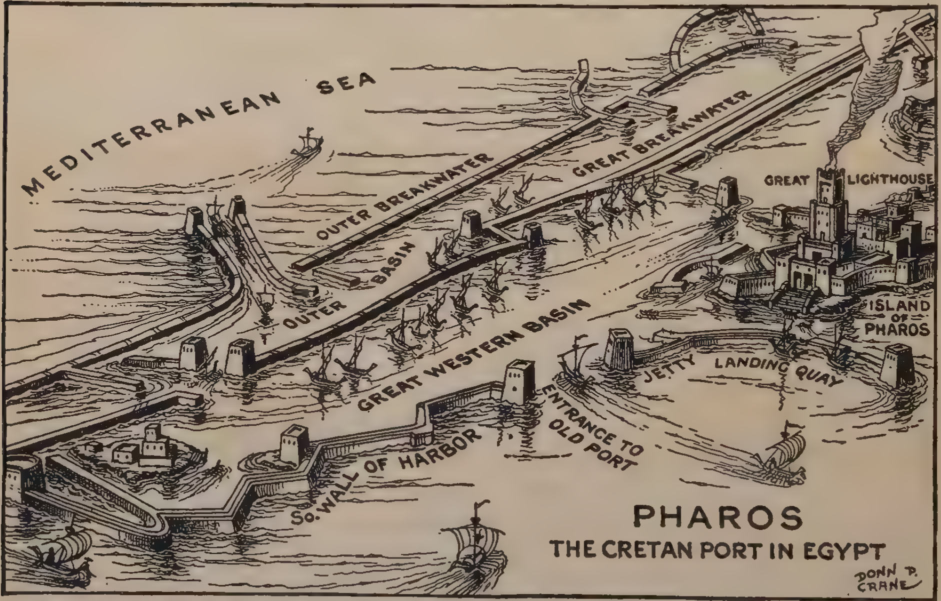
The vessel proudly bore an ambassador from Egypt with all his magnificent train, an envoy sent by Thutmose III unto the Princes of the Isles, the distant *Kef'tiu* who dwelt in the *Back of the Beyond*, the very end of the world.


ITALY
Tarentum
MACEDONIA
BLACK SEA
Hellespont
Troy
PHRYGIA
Boghaz-keui
HITTITES
THESSALY
GREECE
LEMNOS
EUBOEA
AEGEAN SEA
Delphi
Thebes
Athens
Corinth
Mycenae
Tiryns
Sparta
Troezen
Cyclades
Sporades
SICILY
Heraclea Minoa
Syracuse
Miletus
PAMPHYLIA
CILICIA
Carchemish
CARIA
LYCIA
SYROS
DELOS
NAXOS
MELOS
AMORGOS
RHODES
THERA
KARPATHOS
CYPRUS
MALTA
KYTHERA
Knossos
CRETE
Hagia Triada
Byblos
Sidon
Tyre
PHOENICIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Gezer
Jerusalem
Late Cretan settlements in Philistia
PALESTINE
Gaza
Minoa
PHILISTIA
Isle of PHAROS
EGYPT
LIBYAN DESERT
Memphis
RED SEA
Sinai Peninsula
THE MEDITERRANEAN WORLD

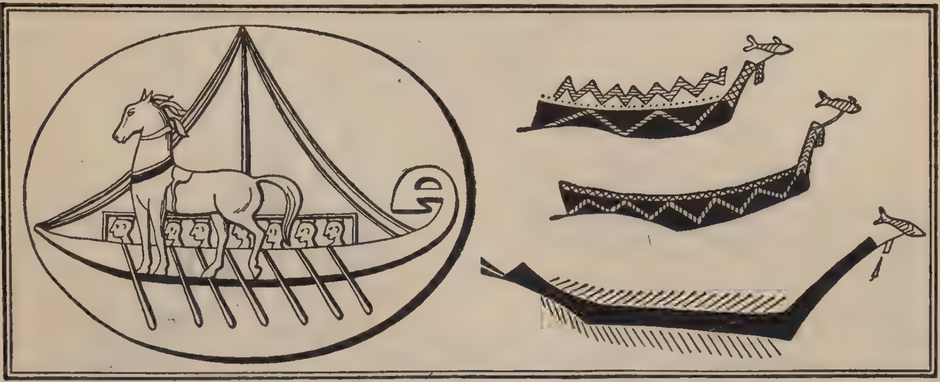
The Mediterranean world showing the central position of the island of Crete, whose people were the most important carriers of freight for all the ancient world. Crete was the natural half-way station between the civilized world of Africa and Asia Minor and the uncouth barbarian lands of Europe where the people were still simple savages. Cretan sailors loved the sea as much as the Egyptians disliked it. They visited all the known ports of the world; but, though they thus came in contact with all ancient civilizations, they developed their own individual culture in their own original way. Whatever they borrowed, they transformed by their own peculiar genius.

The gay and luxurious city of Thebes, capital of Egypt, into which the fighting Pharaohs had turned vast streams of tribute from the ends of a mighty empire, lay six days' journey behind, across the Mediterranean and up the busy river Nile. In Thebes, with all the boastful pride of newly-expanded empire, men called the ambassador sent to Crete, the Governor of the island; but here before the rocky shore with the snow peaks rising beyond, they knew that he was in reality only a friendly envoy at the court of the Minos, or King.

The envoy had left his Nile barge and come aboard the great sea-going Cretan galley at Pha′ros, the Cretan port in Egypt, a hustling commercial city built on a little island near the mouth of the Nile. Here the Cretan sea-traders, chief carriers of freight and passengers for all the Mediterranean, landed their goods and wares for distribution in Egypt.

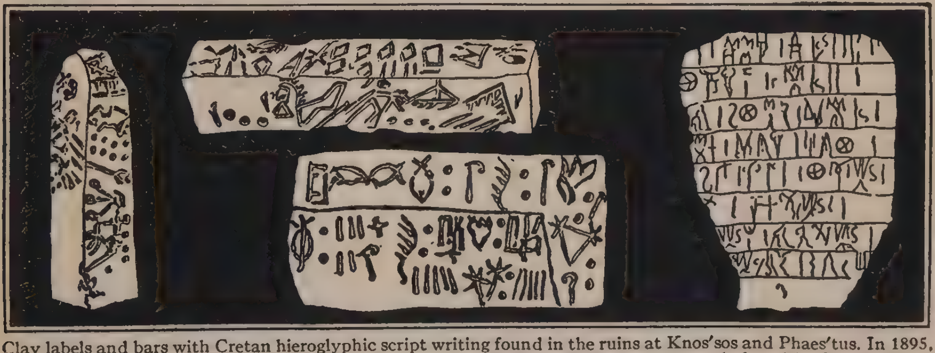

MEDITERRANEAN SEA
OUTER BREAKWATER
GREAT BREAKWATER
GREAT LIGHTHOUSE
OUTER BASIN
GREAT WESTERN BASIN
ISLAND OF PHAROS
JETTY
LANDING QUAY
ENTRANCE TO OLD PORT
So. WALL OF HARBOR
PHAROS
THE CRETAN PORT IN EGYPT
DONN P. CRANE

Pha′ros, at the mouth of the Nile, was the distributing point for Cretan goods in Egypt. Egypt built this port for the Cretans because of the importance of Cretan commerce. Reconstructed from the plan by Sir Arthur Evans.

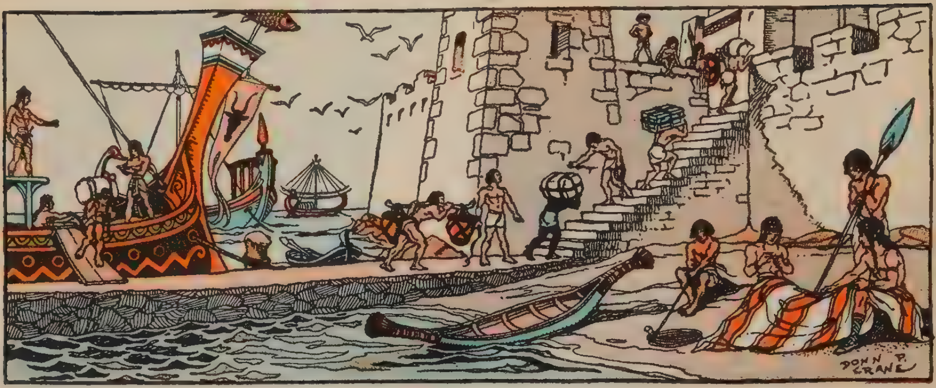


A Cretan galley from the impression of a seal ring and ships painted on vases from the Cyc'la-des with zigzag decorations on the hull, and flying fish and pennants on the prow. The marks which look like legs of a centipede on the lower ship are the immense number of oars. The huge horse tells the story of the arrival of the first horse in Crete, and the size of the animal indicates the importance of the event in the eyes of these island-dwelling people.

The enormous inner harbor, protected by a jetty and a breakwater 6,000 feet long, had room for hundreds of ships. It bustled with activity, ships constantly coming and going, high vessels unloading their cargoes on the littered stretches of dock or transferring them to barges, while an army of naked porters, struggling and streaming with sweat, marched between ships and store-chambers, and hundreds of scribes kept accounts in the neat, trim writing of Crete.



Clay labels and bars with Cretan hieroglyphic script writing found in the ruins at Knos'sos and Phaes'tus. In 1895, Sir Arthur Evans was attracted to Crete by the purchase in Athens of some stone seals found in Crete and engraved with a kind of hieroglyphics which were not Egyptian nor the writing of any known ancient race. It had not at that time been even guessed that Crete was the center of a splendid ancient culture, the basis of Greek civilization. Greece had seemed to spring into being with no direct predecessors, but Sir Arthur Evans, hoping to discover how to read Cretan writing, selected Knossos as the most promising spot for explorations, purchased the land and began digging in 1900. Almost immediately ruins of walls appeared, and soon he had discovered not only clay tablets covered with writing, but the remains of a splendid palace and a glorious civilization, remarkably modern in its bathrooms and the dress of its women. Students have been able to recognize numerals on the many tablets recovered, but up to the present time no key has been found to unlock the mystery of their written records.



The Cretan ship which the envoy and all his train of followers entered at the port of Pharos, was different in every way from their pleasant river vessel. It was longer by many feet, as became a sea-going galley, and instead of twelve oarsmen it had fifty, twenty-five on a side. These men sat in a low-lying hull which had a flat deck like a canopy built up on poles above it. The ship rose high in front and was furnished with a metal ram and a heavy anchor of bronze. Two larger oars served as rudders, and on the deck stood a cabin where the captain could see all parts of the ship and where the envoy could sit, protected from sun and wind, and separated from the lesser people who lay on the deck below.

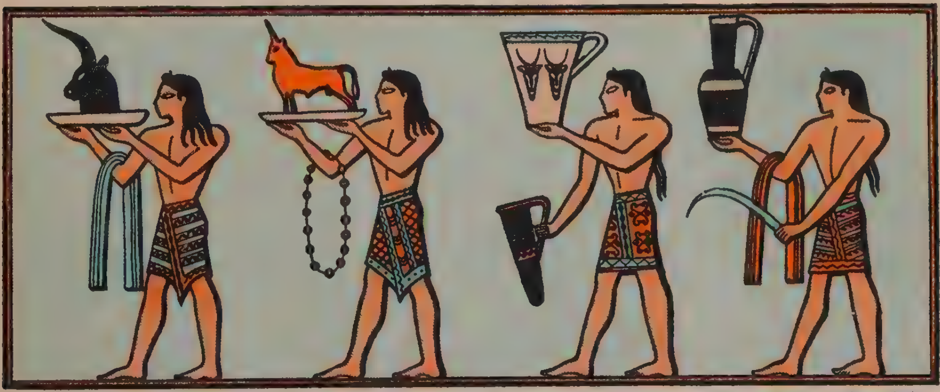
With a rattle of oars in the hull and sharp noises of commands given by the under-officers, the boat set out from the dock, and under the long, slow strokes of the oars, it passed through the mass of shipping in the inner and outer harbors and moved straight out to sea, into the vast expanse of the glistening Mediterranean, whose waters were faintly ruffled by a gentle, cooling breeze.

The sail was now raised and trimmed; the rowers drew in their oars and rested or slept in the hold, and the great ship, driven by the wind, moved farther and farther from land until the shores of Egypt finally disappeared.

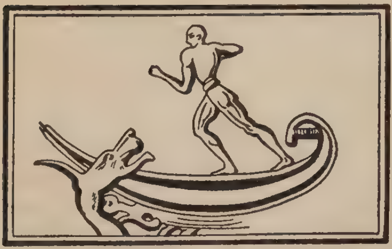
An interesting island was that to which the envoy was going. For more than two thousand years Crete had been blessed with peace, and many were the comforts and luxuries of that nation of sturdy traders whose highway of adventure was the path of the open sea. Indeed, save for Babylonia and Egypt, no nation in the ancient world possessed such wonders of painting, sculpture, and metal-work, of architecture and art.

Situated directly off the coast of Greece, a journey of three or four days north and west of Egypt, Crete hardly belonged to the world which most Egyptians knew. Dwellers in the Valley of the Nile were not fond of the Great Green Sea. They left it to the Cretans to carry freight and passengers across those dangerous waters so often lashed by storms.

Cretan sailors reached Africa before 3500 B. C., and for countless generations trade had continued to flourish between these two great peoples. Some of the nobles of Thutmose III were having pictures of Cretans carved and painted in colors on the walls of the tombs they were making in the Sunset-hills of Thebes; but to the mass of Egyptians, living south up the Nile, the Cretans were still queer foreigners from a shadowy, almost fabulous land, the *Back of the Beyond.*



The Cretans as the Egyptians pictured them upon the walls of a noble's tomb near Thebes, Egypt. They bring to Egypt vases decorated with bulls' heads and exquisite models of bulls—the emblem of their great Minos.



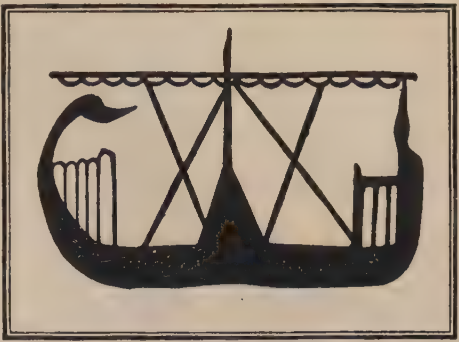
So important was the sea in the lives of the Cretans that even their rings were carved with sea-scenes and experiences. This seal ring depicts a sea-monster attacking a small Cretan boat.

Both Cretans and Egyptians belonged to that slightly copper-colored Mediterranean race, whose energy, skill and intelligence was ever compelling them onward, up the scale of culture to greater comfort and power. The envoy of Thutmose III was obliged to recognize that he would find before him in the capital city of Knos′sos a civilization different but in no way inferior to that he had left at home.

As they skirted the coast of Crete, the travellers saw now and then groups of the great Cretan war-galleys that protected the prosperous island. Their tall prows painted red and rising high above the low-lying, flat, black hulls, clove the water swiftly beneath the long strokes of the oars or the force of the great square sails. A powerful navy was that with which the Sea-King of Crete kept marauders off from the island and gave it permanent peace.

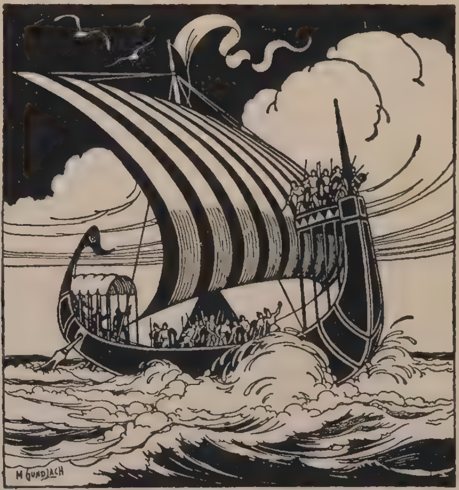
All the little islands that stood as stepping stones between Crete and the mainland of Greece acknowledged the vastly superior power of the mighty sea-kings of Knossos. Having conquered the other chieftains who ruled little towns in Crete and made themselves kings of the island, these mighty lords of Knossos had branched out and seized other islands, and sent their sons or relatives to rule these newly-won lands. From many of these islands, the Minos of Crete took tribute, and his war-galleys, sweeping the waters, maintained among his neighbors a wholesome respect for his power.

Back on the mainland of Greece, barbarous tribesmen wandered, men of the plains and forests, with little knowledge of towns. My-ce′nae, Ti′ryns, and Troy, it is true, were now improving quickly beneath the powerful influence of Cretan civilization, but up as far north as At′ti-ca, where the little village of Athens rose from a barren plain, the people were still rude herdsmen, awkward, uncultured savages beyond the frontiers of the world.



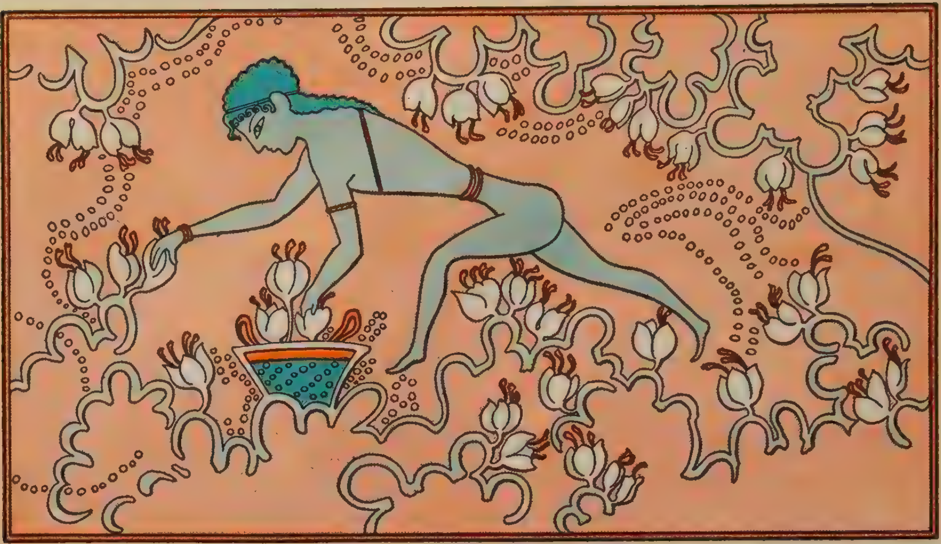
A warship from Cyprus, an island near Asia Minor, from a vase now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Such also were the warships that guarded the coast of Crete. Cyprus lay so near Syria that Syria and Egypt had likewise moulded its culture and Thutmose III of Egypt had forced it to pay him tribute. Nevertheless, fundamentally the culture of Cyprus was Cretan. Many interesting vases and little clay figurines of this very ancient period have been found in Cyprus. The Metropolitan Museum, New York, has a fine collection of antiquities from Cyprus.

To the east, the large island of Cy'prus, was feeling keenly its kinship to the civilization of Crete, so were the nearer islands along the coast of Greece; for the Cretans were forceful people like no other nation on earth. They copied nobody else. They did things like nobody else. They worked out their own forms of building, painting, and making designs, their own forms of government, and their own native manners and customs.



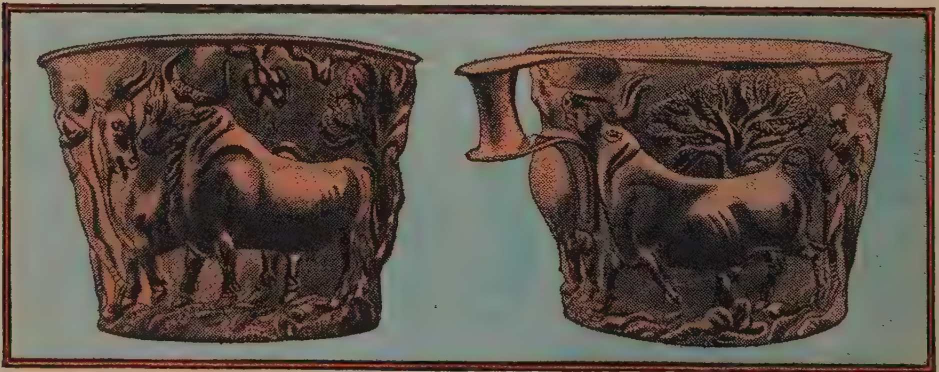
How warships of Cyprus and Crete looked as they sailed the Mediterranean. The high prow has a fighting deck, and the stern post is carved to represent a water-bird. There is only one mast but two oars are used for steering and there is a shelter to protect the steersman. Reconstructed from the vase painting copied above.

When at last the Egyptian envoy disembarked at the great port of Knossos, amid the bustle of sailors, the bales of raisins and sponges, and jars of olive oil, which were the chief exports of Crete, he found that the city itself lay three and a half miles inland in a beautiful little valley set down among the hills. Proceeding in a chariot surrounded by his attendants, he set out up the valley, driving swiftly over a road remarkably well paved with large square blocks of stone.

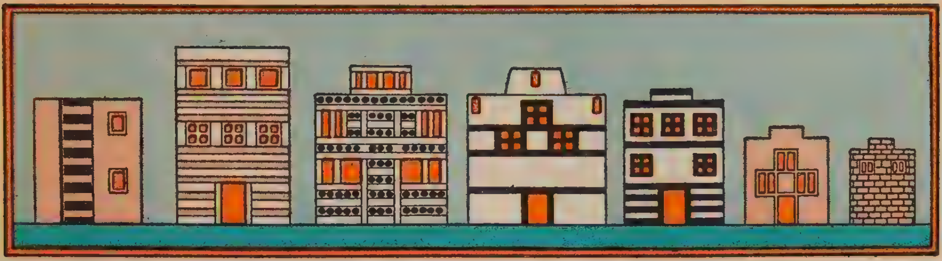


Crete abounded in flowers which the people loved and painted. This Little Boy Blue picking crocuses is full of life and action although to make the fresco more decorative his skin is painted blue. From the palace of Knossos.

On the lower slopes of the hills were vineyards in orderly rows and olive orchards, silvery gray and shimmering in the sun. Higher up were green pasture-lands, dotted with red anemones, hyacinths and crocuses, amid which the famous bulls of Crete grazed and grew strong for the games. Higher still were dark forests of pine, myrtle, oak and cedar, and over all rose the snow-peaks, Mt. Ida and the rest.



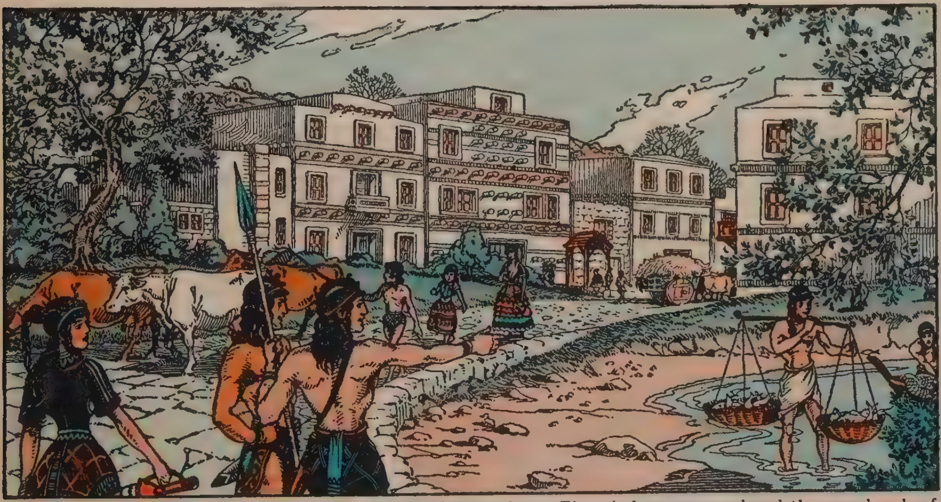
Cretans portrayed beautifully the bull, symbol of their male-god. The bulls at the left seem literally to talk to each other; the one just roped at the right is startled and angry. Vap-phi'o gold cup, 1500 B. C. Athens Museum.



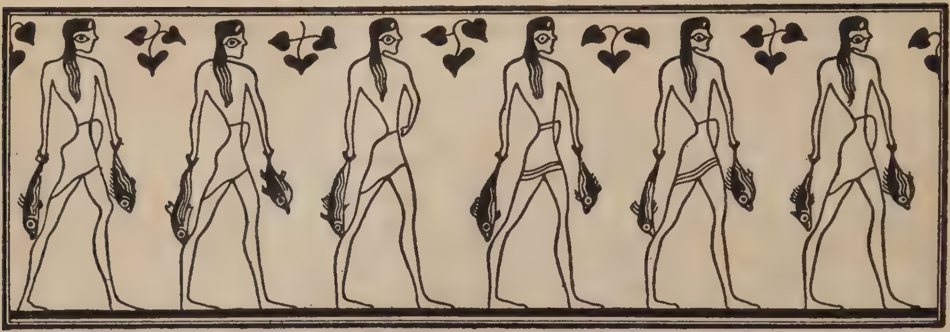
Little porcelain plaques of Cretan houses with red windows and round timber-ends showing. These plaques decorated a wooden chest and showed a Mi-no'an town with the towers, houses, fields, cattle and orchards. (Knossos.)

A beautiful fertile land was Crete, a land of oil and wine. And the people were prosperous too. Their towns were well-built and comfortable. The common folk did not suffer. They had more comforts in Crete than they ever had in Egypt in their closely packed mud-huts.

The houses in the towns were two and three stories high, built of clay brick and plaster, the round ends of their wooden beams projecting across the front. The generous rows of windows were fitted with red tinted parchment, which shed a soft rosy light on the pleasant rooms within and yet shut out successfully the curious gaze of passers.



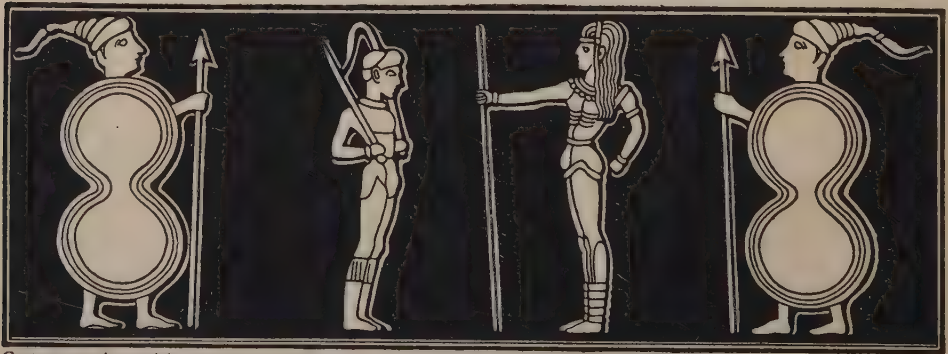
A prosperous Cretan town reconstructed from the plaques above. The windows were red and the round ends of the beams purposely gave a decoration of dark-colored bands and disks against the light colored buildings.



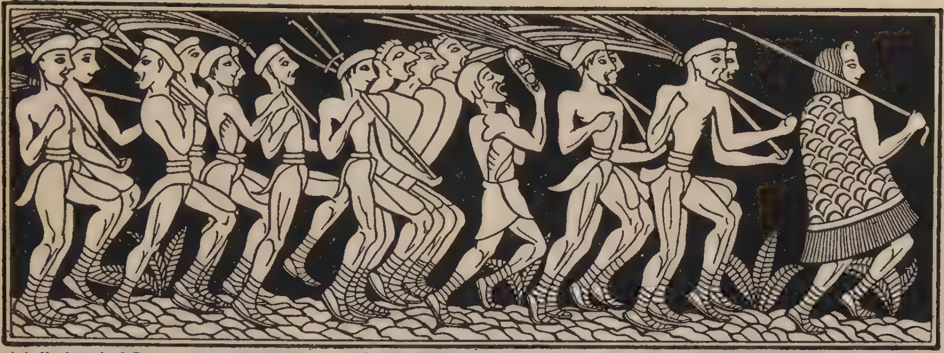
Returning fishermen painted on a vase from Phy-la'ko-pi. All walk in single file, carrying a fish in each hand, except the man in the center who hitches up his loin-cloth with one hand in a very realistic manner. Crude as these men are with one big eye in the center of the cheek, they are very graceful and decorative, the fish are beautifully designed, their eyes, like the eyes of peacock feathers repeating the design of the men's eyes.

As the party entered the city, the envoy was astonished to see no fortifications. The mighty Sea-King of Crete looked for protection only to that strong wall of ships with which he girded the island; he built no defenses on land.

Chariots passed the newcomers and crowds of people walking, fishermen carrying catches of fish, and sturdy soldiers half hidden behind their huge figure-eight shields, which were covered with hides of bulls. The envoy was impressed with the vigor, grace, and agility of this well-built Cretan race. They had no heavy solidity, no fleshy bull-like strength, as had those Assyrian fellows who brought tribute from their distant land to the conqueror, Thutmose III.

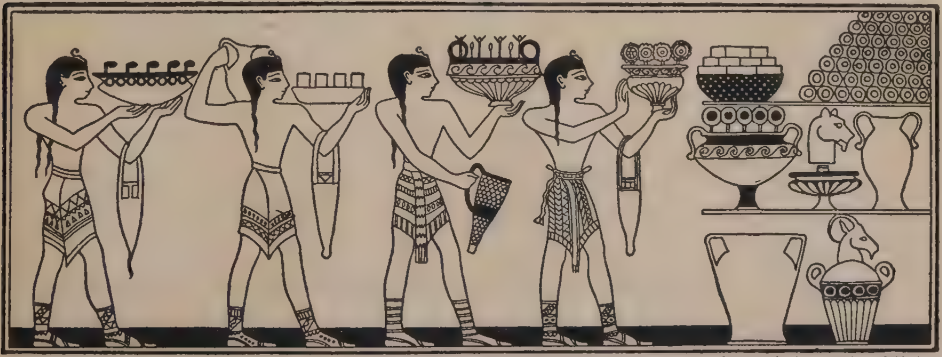


Cretan warriors with the customary huge figure eight shields (Seals, Knossos). Next, a Cretan chieftain gives orders to a common soldier (Stone goblet, Ha'gi-a Tri-ad'a). Drawn up to his full height, chest out and head majestically raised, he plants his staff of office imperiously on the ground while the soldier stands at attention. Note the plain boots of the soldier, the puttees of wound strips worn by the chieftain, and the tiny waists of all Cretan men.

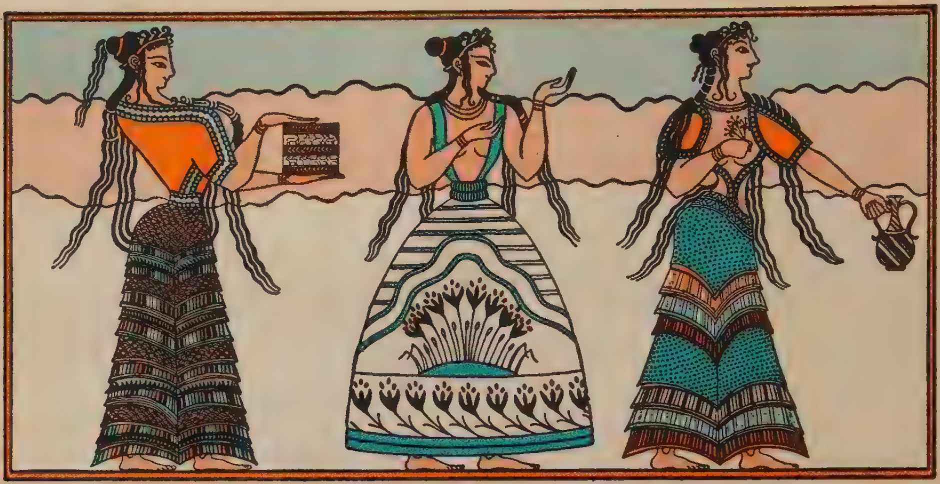


A jolly band of Cretan peasants at a harvest festival, from a vase found at Ha'gi-a Tri-ad'a. The men, bearing sheaves of grain, march with remarkable liveliness, singing at the top of their voices. They are led by a priest in his curious ceremonial cloak while another priest in the center of the procession shakes a sistrum, the religious rattle of Egypt, showing how Egyptian customs influenced Crete. Behind him is a peasant with a three-pronged pitchfork.

The men had their waists drawn in tight by leather belts studded with metal, a fashion which accentuated their natural slimness of line. They wore only short, colored aprons, some cut to a swallow-tail in the rear, others cut long in front and very short behind. The upper part of their bodies was bare; their faces were clean-shaven; and their hair was elaborately done in three small coils on top and three long curls that hung down over the shoulders and back. The wealthier men wore ear-rings, necklaces, and bracelets. Some had their legs encased in puttees, others displayed half boots, beautifully embroidered or bound in red and blue.



Cretan men of the upper class who went as ambassadors to Egypt as shown in the tomb of Rekh'mi-re, Prime Minister of Thutmose III at Thebes, Egypt. Note the little curls at the top of their heads and the long curls hanging down over their shoulders. Note also the beauty of the material used in their loin-cloths and the elaborate embroidery of their boots. This embroidery was done in brilliant blues, reds, and yellows on light-colored leather.

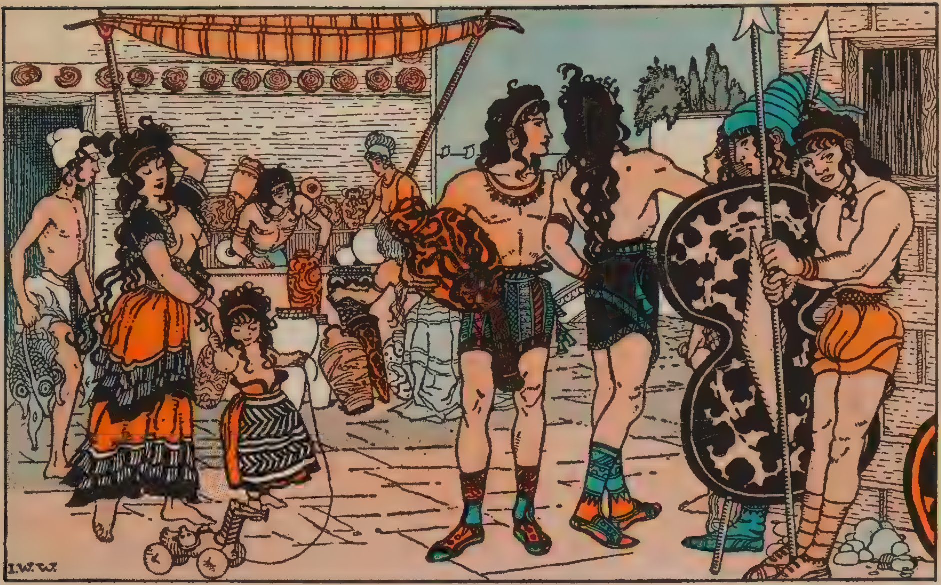


Cretan ladies with billowy skirts, tiny waists, and busts left bare. The one at the left comes from a fresco at Ti'ryns, the one at the right from Thebes, Greece. The middle figure is reconstructed from a votive skirt found in a shrine at Knossos. The lady wears a striped apron and an underskirt embroidered with a bouquet of lotus lilies, buds, and graceful grasses. These ladies were so different from the simply draped women of later Greece that excavators gasped when they found them. They wore exactly the Parisian style of the late 1890's, and a French archaeologist cried: "Why, these are Parisians!" Heretofore, men had dimly believed that the flowing robes of Greece had always been in use in the lands later known as Greece. Discovery of such original costumes occasioned great surprise.

The ladies were tight-laced also with wasp-like little waists. Their skirts billowed out in bell-shapes, often ruffled and flounced, or richly and gaily embroidered with a whole bouquet of flowers. Over the upper body, they wore little zouave jackets, having short puffed sleeves, and cut very low in front so the bust was entirely bare. Their hair was amazingly done with long strands over their shoulders and complicated arrangement of ringlets, knots, and curls which were held in place by hairpins, fancifully wrought in gold.

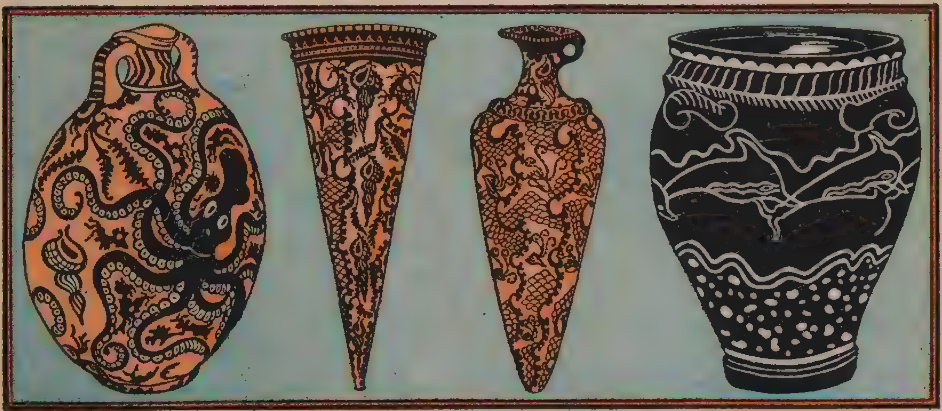
Styles in those days in Egypt had seemed elaborate enough, but beside these elaborate Cretans, the plain linen kilts and straight wigs of the newly-arrived Egyptians appeared almost severe.

The travellers drove slowly now as the streets became more crowded. In the busy bazaars and shops there were handsome jewelry and pottery to catch and hold the eye. The pottery was painted with figures of fish,—graceful, leaping

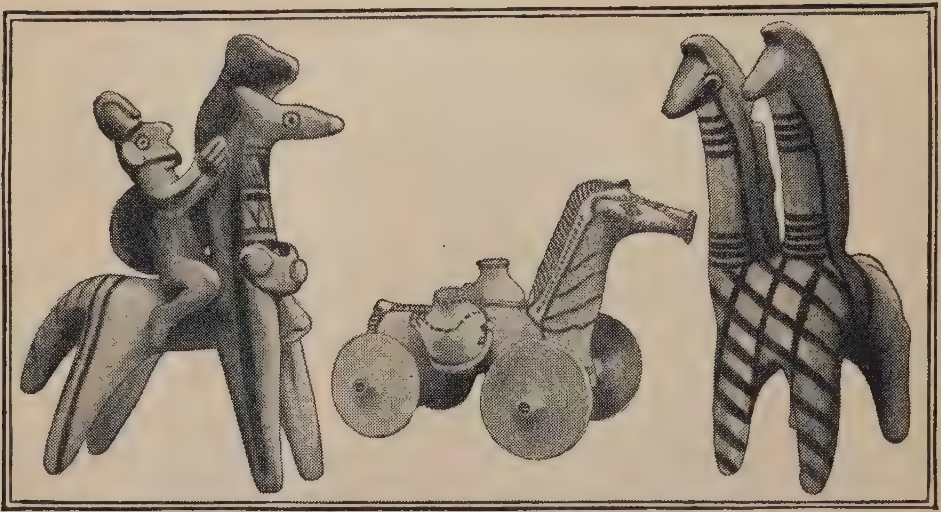


A Cretan street scene. For the costume of the soldier see page 20; little girl, page 25; toys, page 24. See also Vol. I, page 134.

dolphins, an octopus among sea-weeds, beautiful branches of coral, or little floating shells. All the smell of the sea, the mystery of life in the ocean, that vast field of adventure so loved by Cretan sailors, was here on their pots and jars.

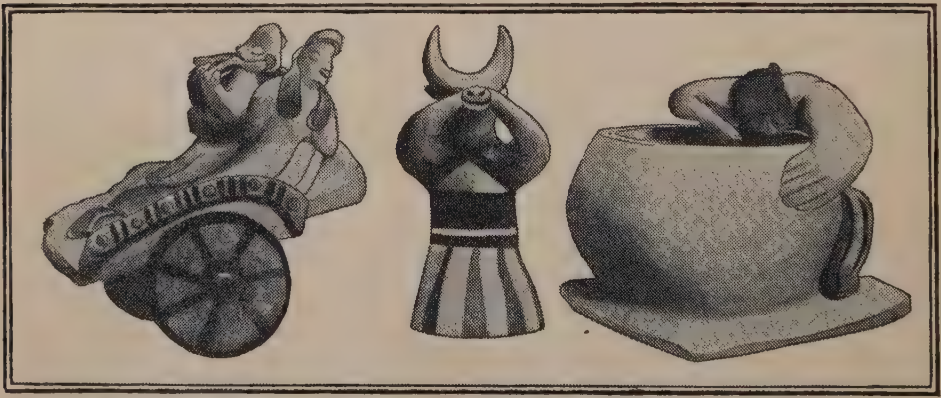


Cretan love of the sea shown in their beautiful sea-designs on pottery. At the left is a large octopus with sea weeds, shells and coral. Next, are little octopuses with shells, among fronds of sea-weed growing on rocks; third, are shells and shell-fish sailing between rocks and shoals. (All found at Pa-lai-kas'tro). On the fourth vase, dolphins leap with spirited grace from foam-flecked waves, with a pebbly beach below. (Found by Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos.)

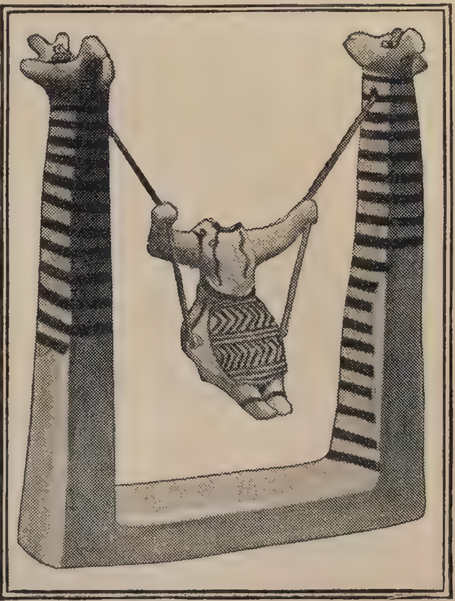


Quaint terra-cotta figures from Cyprus (Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.). A soldier with high crested helmet and round shield, his horse having an ornamental breast-band with tassel or fly whisk; a toy horse on wheels; a pair of horses with long necks and stiff manes. The decorations, though partly ornamental, show horse-trappings. Although the figures on this page were made in Cyprus, their style is Cretan. The horsemen, the dancers wearing the mask of a bull, the family in the cart, and the woman before the oven doubtless had counterparts in Crete.

There was ware from the island of Cyprus here too, little clay figures of dancers wearing the masks of bulls, soldiers clinging to fractious steeds, and horses running on wheels, which the children demanded as toys.



A family on a two-wheeled cart. First, a woman with long black tresses and yellow frontlet, then a boy, playing a double flute attached to his chin by a mouth strap and beyond, a man who sits with his arm around the boy. Second, a worshiper with a bull's head mask; third, a woman baking bread in a large clay oven built up out of doors and heated with dried grass. When the oven is hot the dough cakes are plastered on its inner surface, and are detached when baked by the wooden scraper which the woman holds in her hand. See Vol. I, pages 244-5.

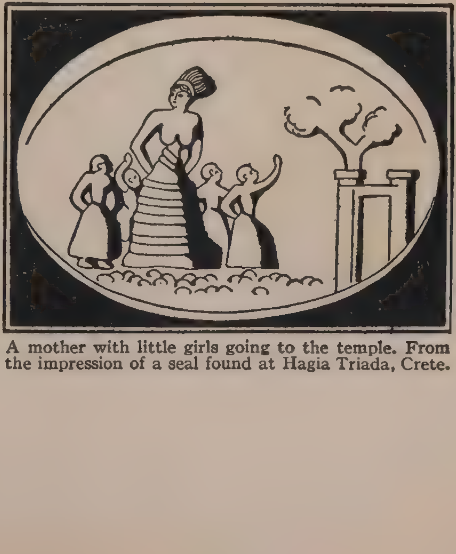


Small terra-cotta model of a little girl in a swing found at Ha′gi-a Tri-ad′a. The child has long curls and a full skirt like the older ladies, except that it is more simple, and she wears a little apron. (Metropolitan, New York.)

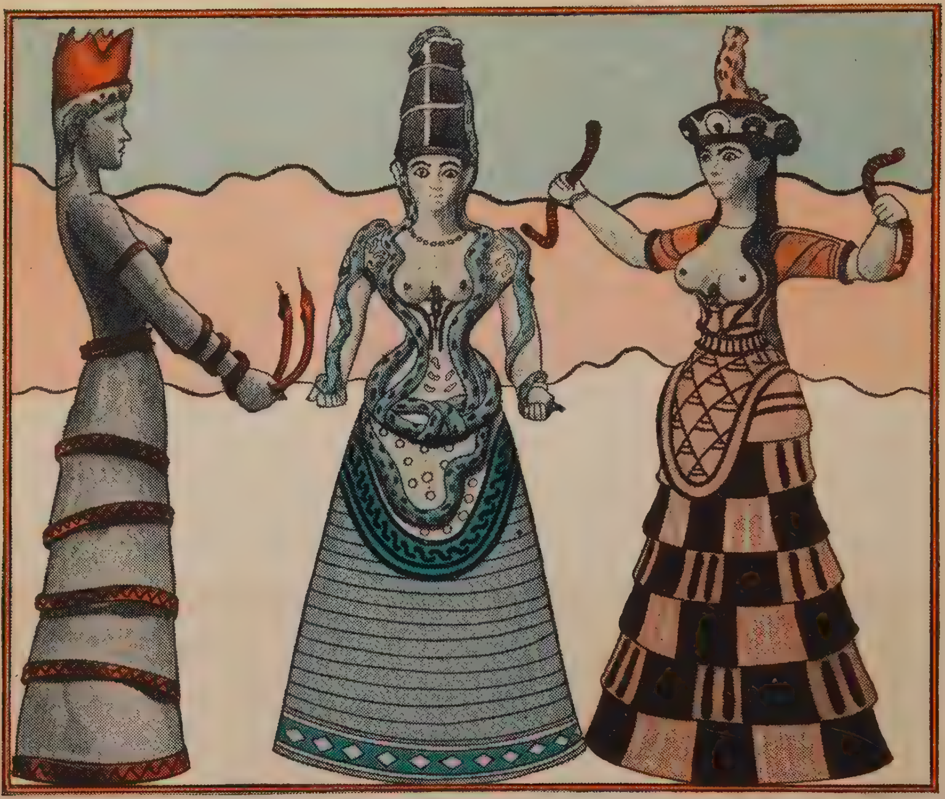
Children were in evidence everywhere, playing in the streets, walking sedately with their elders or being restrained with difficulty from handling the beautiful wares. To young and old the bazaars were fascinating places.

Here in an open booth were small colored porcelain figures of the Serpent-goddess of Crete and her priestesses wreathed with snakes. Each house on the island, from the hovels to the palaces, had some sort of a shrine to this great Earth Mother of Crete, the single, all-powerful goddess, she who was the source of all the life in the world.

Doves represented her power over the air and the sky, lions her power on earth, and serpents her power in the underworld. Sometimes, too, her symbol was the La′brys, or double-headed axe, or a cross with both arms the same length; and in older times, before men had taken to making images of her, they had worshiped her in stone pillars or in some sacred tree, just as they had worshiped Ash′toreth in Ca′naan. Even in those days pillars of stone were still often used in the shrines in place of the little images.

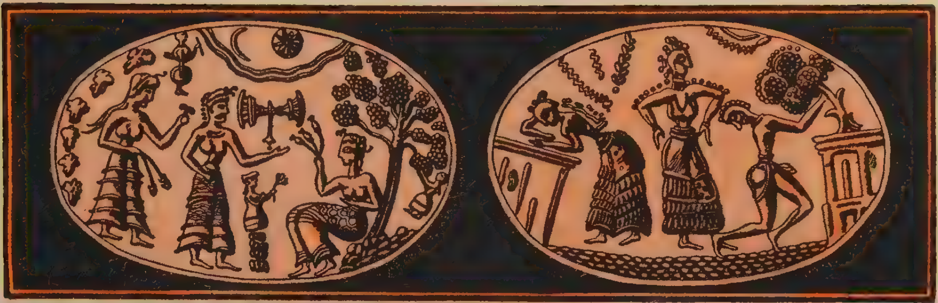


A mother with little girls going to the temple. From the impression of a seal found at Hagia Triada, Crete.



Statuettes of the snake goddess found at Knossos. The exquisitely beautiful figure at the left is only eight inches high. It is made of ivory, the flounces of the skirt are edged with gold and the snakes are gold. (Boston Museum.) The other two figures of colored porcelain show the goddess in the center and an attendant at the right(Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.) Many features of this Earth Mother of Crete resemble the Ash′to-reth of the Phoenicians, and Canaanites. See Volume I, pages 410, 481. Because snakes represented the power of the Earth Mother over the underworld where dwelt the souls of the dead, there had developed what amounted to almost a special worship of the Great Mother in the form of the snake-goddess. Fond relatives naturally wished to insure the happiness of the departed in the world below, and on the little family shrines in the homes there were frequent images of the snake-goddess and her attendants or priestesses. The offerings placed on these shrines were all products of nature: flowers and fruit, cows and goats suckling their young, shells and flying fishes. (See illustration, page 42.) Many were the ritual dances engaged in by the priestesses of the snake-goddess for the purpose of bringing the serpent out of the earth and pleasing her by their dances. These priestesses grew very important in the later days of Cretan civilization.

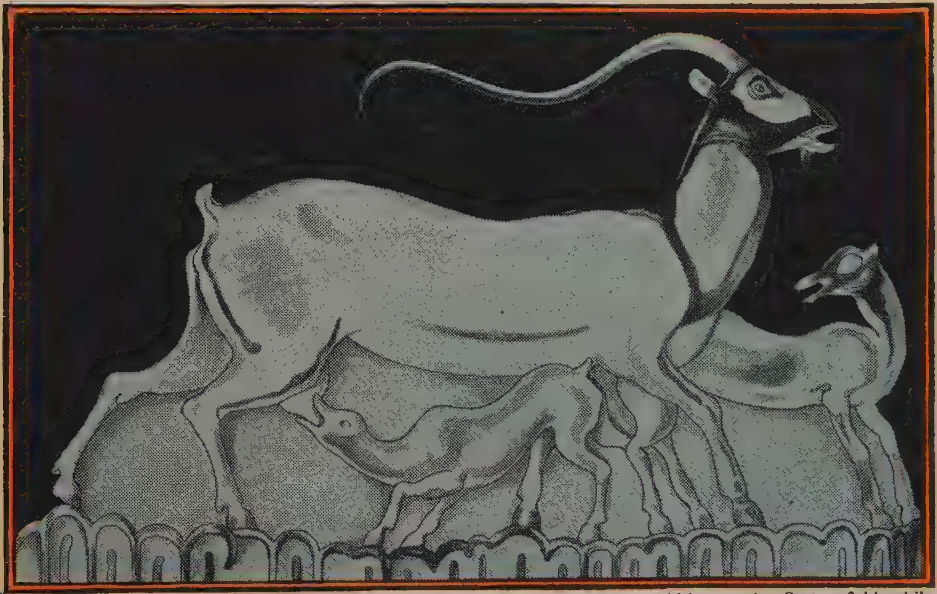
Priestesses of the goddess, and bands of dancing priests, regularly held services in sacred caves in the mountains. High up among the crags, a two days' journey from Knossos, lay the sacred cave on Mt. Dicte, most holy of all these caves; for here in a gloomy grotto where stalagmites glittered like icicles around an icy pool, the Earth Mother had borne a son, a lesser god in Crete, a babe divine and wonderful,



At the left, the Great Mother sits at the foot of the sacred tree with a flower in her hair and flowers in her hand. She is receiving flowers and fruit offered by women and a young girl. At the right a scene of Cretan worship. A priestess mourns the death of vegetation in autumn while a priest plucks a sacred tree as a sign that the Earth Mother and her son will bring back life in the Spring. (Gold seal-rings from Mycenae.)

who was suckled by a mountain-goat and fed with honey by the bees.

The bull was the sign of this god; and the very first Minos of Crete was said to have been his son and to have received from him the laws that governed the land.

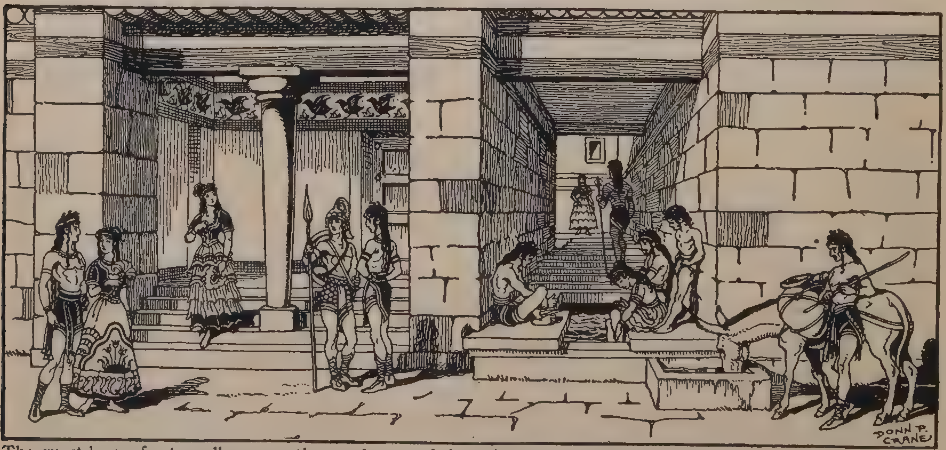


The wild goat, always associated with the Earth Mother and her son, suckles a kid in a rocky Cretan field, while another kid bleats for its turn. A porcelain plaque, beautifully modelled, found by Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos. The extreme grace, freedom and naturalness of Cretan art, far more natural than Egyptian or Assyrian art in their freest period, was to pass on to the Greeks, and through the Greeks become a permanent possession of the world. This was the great importance of Crete in the history of civilization. The fairly recent discoveries in Crete have revealed that Greek culture, so long believed to have sprung into being of itself, found its roots in Crete.

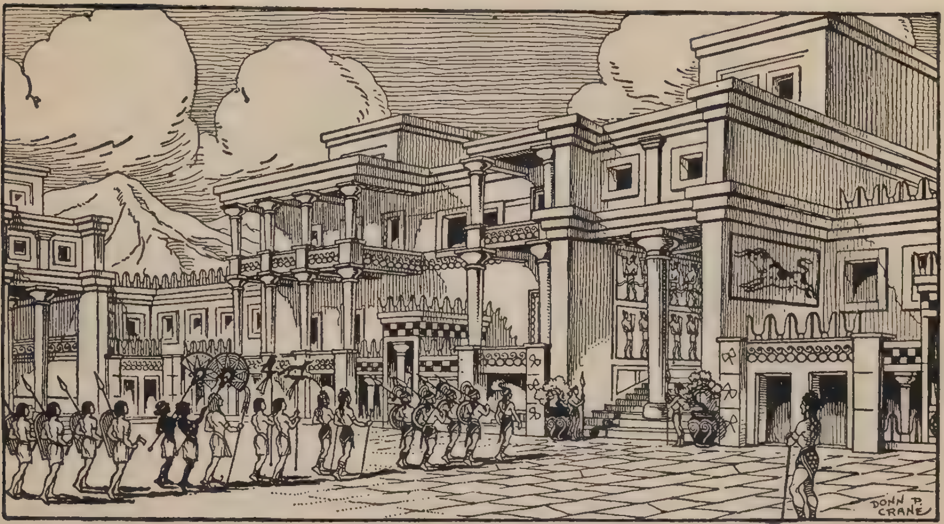
When at last the ambassador and his train had proceeded far enough to see the mass of the palace rising up before them, they halted for a moment, struck silent with surprise. Palaces in Egypt were light, airy, graceful structures, but here was a solid mass, covering five acres of ground and having no regular shape, flat roofs rising in series, three stories high at the north, but off to the east tumbling down the hill in terraces to the valley, an enormous royal town.

The road from the harbor approached the North Gate of the palace. Here the ambassador was received by officials who were awaiting him. His lesser attendants were led away to the public guest house at the south, but he and his personal train passed on with the Cretan officials up a narrow stone gangway that ran between a square guard-tower and an open portico; and so they came at last into the palace itself where the huge painted figure of a bull, magnificently full of life, dominated the doorway and guarded the sacred dwelling place of Minos, son of the bull.

Through a narrow hall, gaily frescoed, the Egyptians entered the great bewildering central court of the palace, the heart of the palace life. In the center of the court stood an



The guest house for travellers near the south gate of the palace. At the right is a foot-bath which remains in perfect condition today. Inside were bathing accommodations and a dining room adorned with a frieze of partridges.

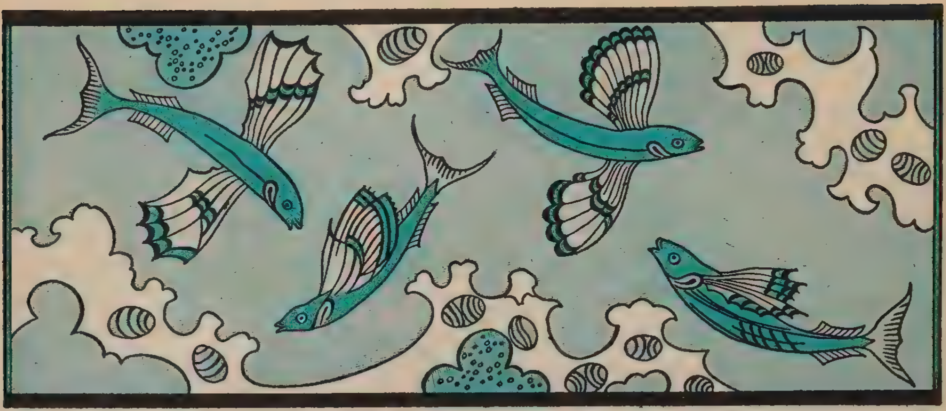


The great central court, 160 feet in length, the heart of the enormous palace at Knossos. The procession escorting the Egyptian envoy has almost reached the stairs which lead to the ante-chamber of the throne room. Square pillars carved with a rude representation of the double-axe are on either side of this stair-way and the interior wall is painted with a double fresco of cup bearers. (See page 43.) On the outer wall there is a remarkably life-like painting of a raging bull. (See page 47.) Near the guardian sentries are two of the large Cretan vases, ornamented with a graceful spiral design. (See the vases on page 32.) Beneath the checker work in the center, there are three small rooms with sacred pillars and horns of consecration. These are the shrine of the snake-goddess. This, and all other reconstructions of the palace are based upon drawings in Sir Arthur Evans' *The Palace of Minos*, Volume II.

The Cretans were master architects, and made extensive use of beautiful colonnades which relieved the massive appearance of solid walls. In after years, the later Greeks undoubtedly caught the idea of these earlier builders and developed the use of the column until it reached perfection in the exquisite Parthenon. (See page 210.) Cretan columns, however, were wider at the top than at the bottom. They usually, but not always, rested upon a small stone base and rose with a graceful outward spread to a larger rounded capital. Such rounded stone columns were a development from square stone pillars, and although more frequent use was made of the column, the square pillar was never completely superseded, but was often used alternately with the column to give variety. (See pages 33 and 35.)

altar, and all about the sides were little shrines and porticoes rising up in three stories, stairways and endless doorways, that opened no one knew where!

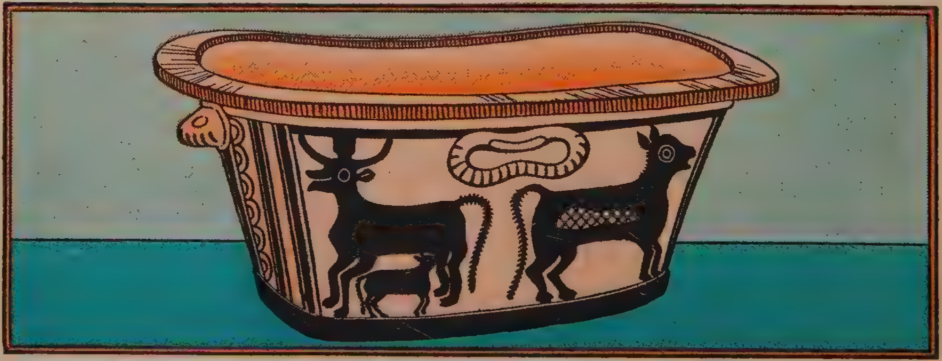
Through a maze of hallways and chambers, they were led to the rooms assigned for their use on an upper floor of the palace. Luxurious rooms they were, magnificently frescoed with all those gay scenes of Cretan life so charming to the stranger. No dark scenes of blood-shed here, no prisoners being flayed as in Assyrian palaces, no heaps of hands of the slain, nor prisoners held by the hair, as in the sculptures and paintings of the fighting Pharaohs of Egypt. These were peaceful scenes, ladies sitting in gardens, processions of



A beautiful Cretan fresco of flying fish, full of life, motion and exuberant joy. Found at Me'los.

graceful cup-bearers, dancing-girls, flowers, and fish. What paintings of that period could compare with these beautiful frescoes, so lively, graceful, and gay!

But what most struck the Egyptians in the rooms assigned the envoy, was the bathroom with its bath tub, its toilet and running water, things unknown in Egypt or elsewhere in the world. A well-made system of drains and terra-cotta pipes, beautifully fitted together, connected with cisterns on the roof which caught and held the rainwater, and flushed the pipes through the palace. Running water indoors! Who had even dreamed of comfort such as that?

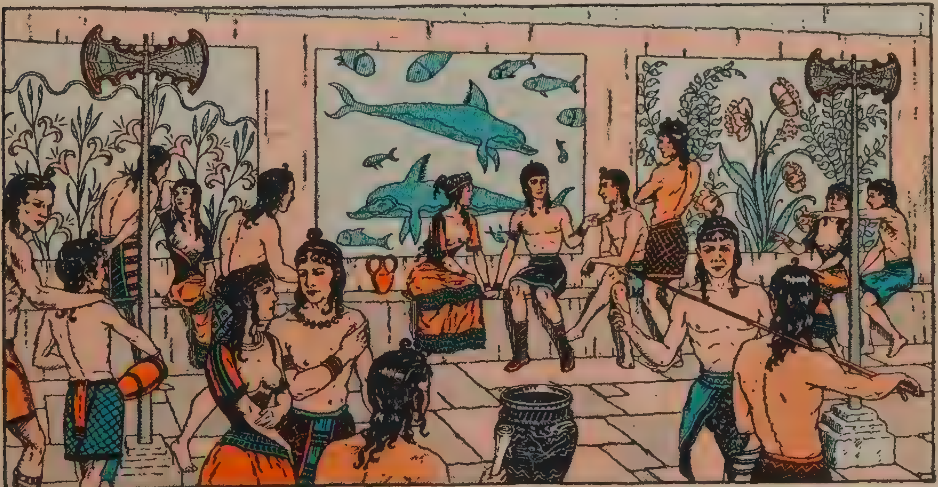


An earthenware bath tub with quaint design of cows and calves (Gurnia.) Crete had the first known bathrooms.

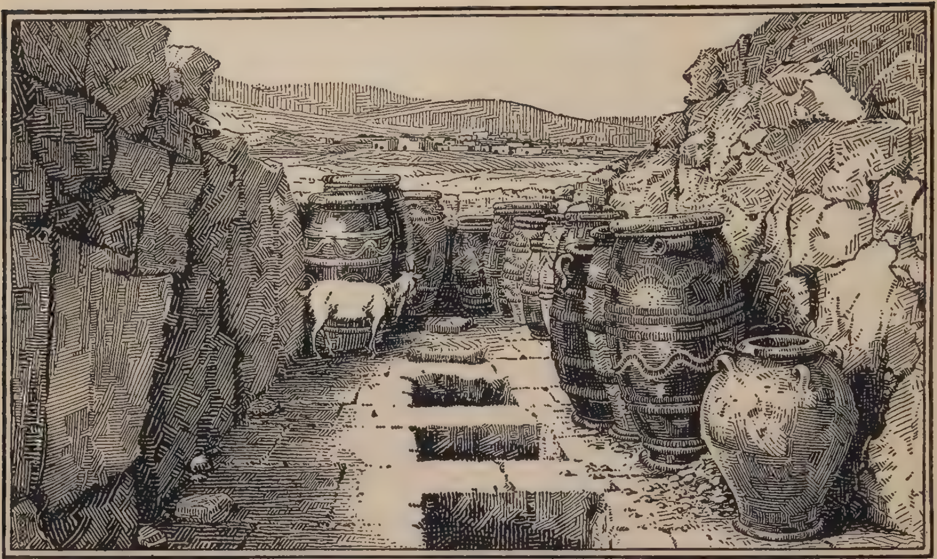
The Palace of Minos

On the following day, the envoy, attended by Cretan guides, inspected all the vast palace, that labyrinth of rooms, so remarkably jumbled together,—store-houses, offices, courtrooms, chapels, and halls of justice, quarters for court attendants, an inn to accommodate strangers, workshops for sculptors and potters, wine-makers, and threshers of wheat, courts for trade and exchange, barracks for the soldiers, store-rooms for chariots and weapons, courts to receive the people, school-rooms, rooms for the scribes, libraries, hallways, corridors, housing all together some hundred thousand people! No wonder the name of this palace, the *Lab'y-rinth*, house of the *La'brys* or Earth Mother's double-axe, had come to mean a maze, a bewildering mass of passages, out of which, unguided, no stranger could find his way.

To the west was the great West Court, where townsfolk, busily chatting, sat along a stone seat beneath gay-colored frescoes, each awaiting his turn to be received by the King.



The great West Court, where citizens waited to be received. At either side is the *La'brys* or double axe, from which the palace took its name of *Lab'y-rinth*. Remains of the seat along the wall may still be seen in Knossos.



On the West side of the Palace there was a wide granary, or store-house, running almost the entire length of the structure. Here were square stone pits sunk into the floor, some lined with lead and with stone covers for valuables, others of fitted stone for the storage of wheat and grain. Here, too, were a great number of large jars, nearly five feet high, twice as high as the goat in the picture and sufficiently large to have held the Forty Thieves or the soldiers of Thu'ti-y in their attack on Joppa. (See Vol. I, page 194.) All of these jars are decorated and some are quite elaborate with spiral designs and rope-work patterns. Handles, also in the form of rope, show how such enormous jars were transported.

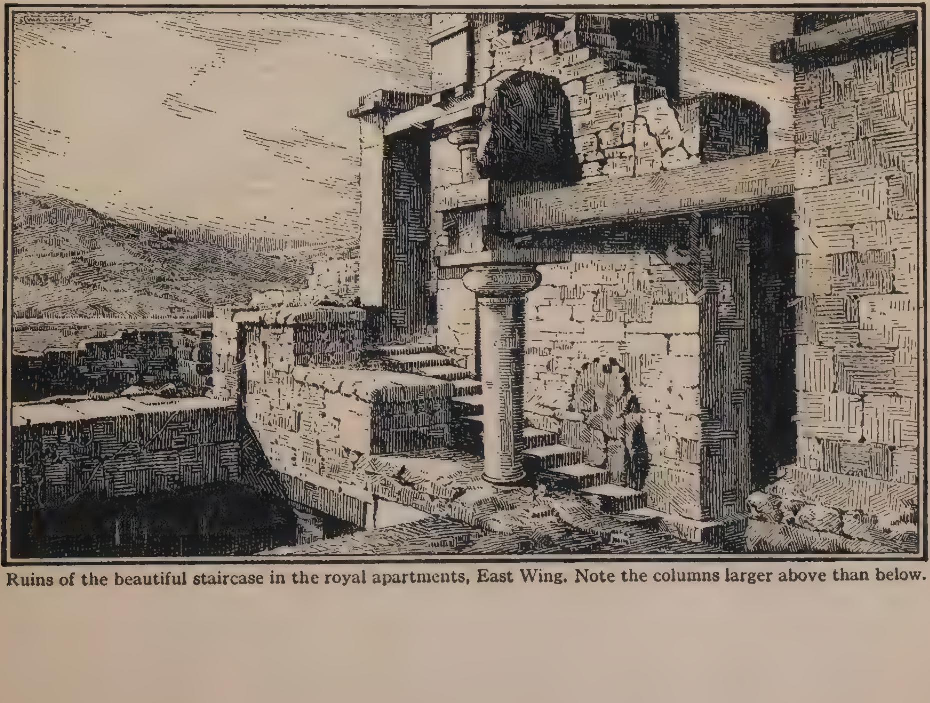
Such a storehouse or granary, was of tremendous importance in an age when money was not very common, and most of the revenues of the state were paid in produce. From his own supplies, the Priest-King of Knossos had to feed the royal family with its army of servants and retainers, and provide banquets for distinguished guests or visitors. Salaries of officials were often paid in foodstuffs, also, as were the craftsmen and artists of the palace. It was well, therefore, to have a goodly supply always at hand, and such was the reason for the great amount of space devoted to storage.

Between the West Court and the Central Court and running parallel to them, lay the imposing Long Gallery off of which opened storerooms, room after room filled with rows of tall, graceful pottery jars, handsomely decorated in Cretan spirals and coils and nearly as tall as man. Here were kept olive-oil, while in great pits in the floor were buried bushels of wheat, a truly enormous supply amid which stewards and slaves performed their daily tasks.

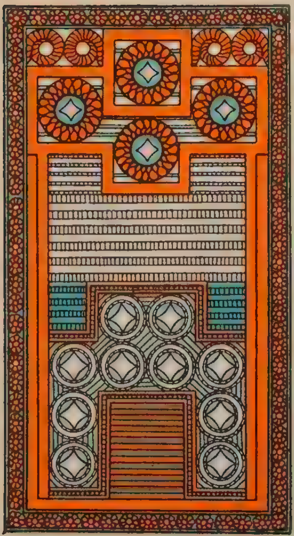
On the opposite side of this gallery, a blank wall shut off from sight all that array of rooms which opened in the other direction into the great Central Court. Here were the shrines and chapels, the repositories for images, the spacious reception rooms, with the ante-room and the beautiful little throne-room of the King.

Crossing the Central Court which seemed alive with people forever coming and going, the envoy and his attendants arrived at the Eastern Wing, which contained the living rooms of the Minos and his Queen. Here the ground fell away, dropping off abruptly to a stream in the valley below, so that five stories of chambers rose one upon another below the level of the court.

The envoy descended a flight of stairs, very spacious and easy, with square-cut balustrades and smooth, cylindrical pillars, larger at the top than they were at the base, after the curious fashion in vogue in the island of Crete. So he could visit at leisure an endless succession of chambers: for the King and Queen were not there, but had gone into summer residence in the little Royal Villa which looked down over gardens a few hundred yards away.



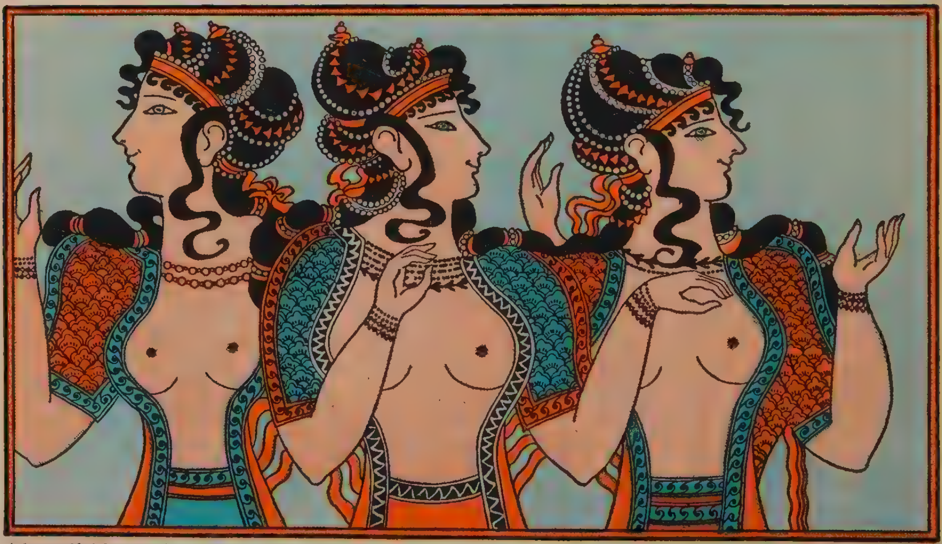
Ruins of the beautiful staircase in the royal apartments, East Wing. Note the columns larger above than below.



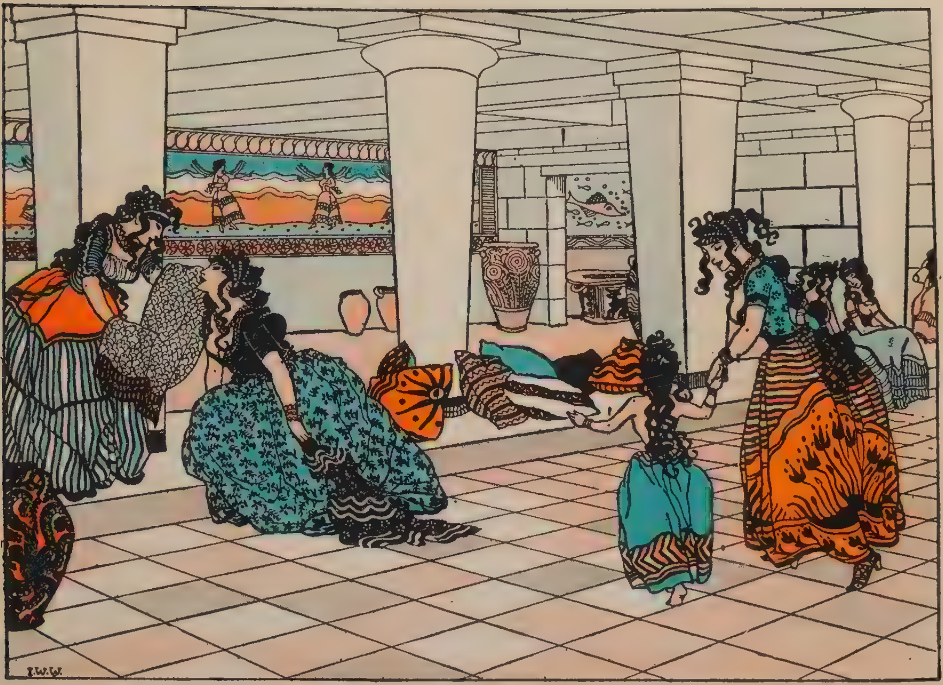
The King's gaming board, one yard long, a marvelous work of inlay, ivory, gold, silver, crystal, and blue enamel. Note the beautiful border of marguerites. Found at Knossos.

In one of the rooms thus vacated, the King's gaming-board had been left, a little gem of mosaic, blue and gold and silver, and glittering like glass.

The Queen's apartments were charming; here had been built for her a beautifully frescoed chamber opening off a court, and beyond in a further corner a pretty little bath-room with a tub of terra-cotta. Her boudoir which breathed the spirit of perfumed womanhood, was divided in two by pillars, along the base of which there ran a little raised seat bright with colored cushions. Here the maids-of-honor could sit and work at their embroidery, with chatter and merry laughter, as they waited on the Queen.



A beautiful fresco of court ladies from the charming apartments of the Queen in the palace of Knossos. The women wear elaborate dresses with puffed sleeves, skilfully embroidered in the most intricate patterns. Each has a gold necklace, bracelets, and elaborate hair ornaments. The costumes and jewelry of each lady are strikingly individual, although it is evident that custom demands a certain uniformity of costume.



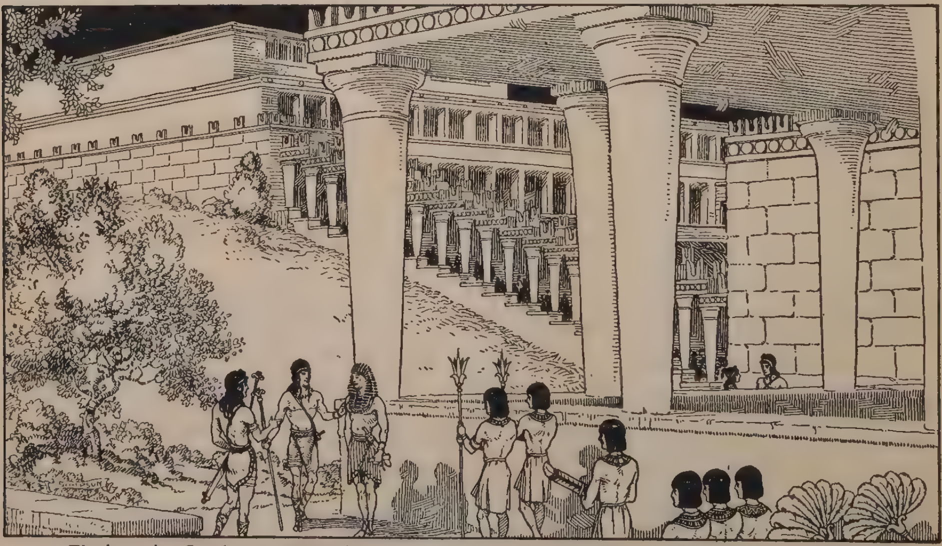
Attendants of the Queen chat over their embroidery as they wait before the chambers of their mistress.

Soft, subdued sunshine lit the room, filtering gently in through light-wells in the roof which furnished that indirect lighting everywhere used in the palace in place of windows and glare. In one of these light shafts a bird with long, graceful curving wings had been painted against the white plaster. Near the other, the sea had been brought in to the Queen; for here there were painted fishes swimming and dashing off foam-bells as they darted about through the water.

The gaiety of the room was charming beyond compare, and there on the northern wall, was a lively row of dancing-girls to enhance the joy of the scene. A happy woman this Queen must be, and a gay people were the Cretans,—no turbulence, no battles in the scenes they loved to paint, just flowers, and birds, and gaiety, and love of all outdoors.

Five flights of the great stone staircase ended on the lowest level with a beautiful colonnade, off of which opened one of the many halls of state, the dignified and impressive Hall of the Double-axes, whose great square pillars were carved with the labrys, or double-axe, which gave the palace its name.

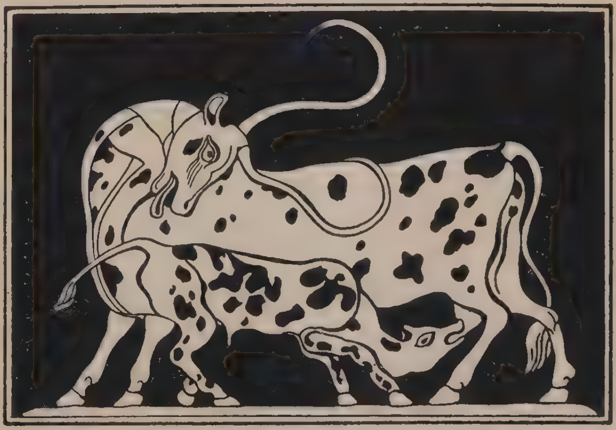
And now from this lowest level, the courteous Cretan conductors led the Egyptian strangers out through a postern gate, where they found themselves in the sunshine beside the stream in the valley, while the palace loomed up before them, climbing the slope of the hill. Skirting by an outer path the huge square mass of the building, they advanced to the great South Gate, where long, easy flights of steps, covered with pillared porticoes, rose up to the Western Wing. From here they climbed to the palace roof, whence they could view all the country to the blue sea lying beyond. Vineyards, orchards, and pastures, with the dusky green of forests, lay spread out like checker work in the scene unfolding below. To the north fell away the steep valley down which the road

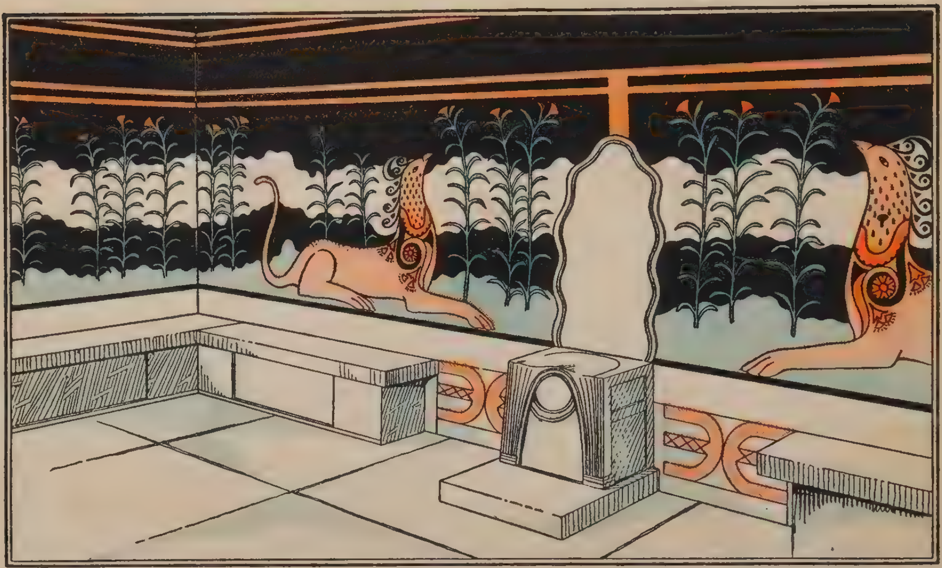


The imposing South entrance to the palace, approached by flights of steps with pillared porticoes.

ran to the sea; to the south lay the range of snow-peaks, Mt. Dicte and Mt. Ida, gleaming through faint pink mists against the soft blue of the sky.

Scattered throughout the island lay ninety other cities, nestling low in the valleys; for Crete is part of a mountain chain which the sea has covered over, so that only the peaks rise up to appear here and there as islands dotting the face of the water. From east to west there runs through Crete a great backbone of mountains with valleys, lying at right angles, dropping steeply down to the sea. The little towns in these valleys were cut off from their neighbors by perilous mountain passes. Too difficult was inland Crete, too dangerous its passes to form a path of adventure. The Cretans turned to the sea. There they had room to spread out, to fish, to trade, to travel. The sea had become their highway. And so they had carried their culture, their pottery work, and art to the islands and south mainland of the nearby Greek peninsula, to Cyprus, and to Syria, and even to Egypt itself. Crete had taught Egypt much and in turn had learned much from Egypt. Through Crete, Egyptian culture, side by side with Cretan, was drifting up into Greece and the hinterland to the north. Cretan colonists had gone to Sicily, to Italy, even as far west as Spain, and to eastward only the power of the mighty Hittite confederacy had kept them from spreading out further into Asia Minor itself.


A masterpiece of Cretan art, alive with naturalness and feeling. A colored porcelain plaque. (Palace Knossos.) See the goat and kids, page 27.



The frescoed throne room and the stone throne with remarkably Gothic lines, the most romantic find at Knossos.

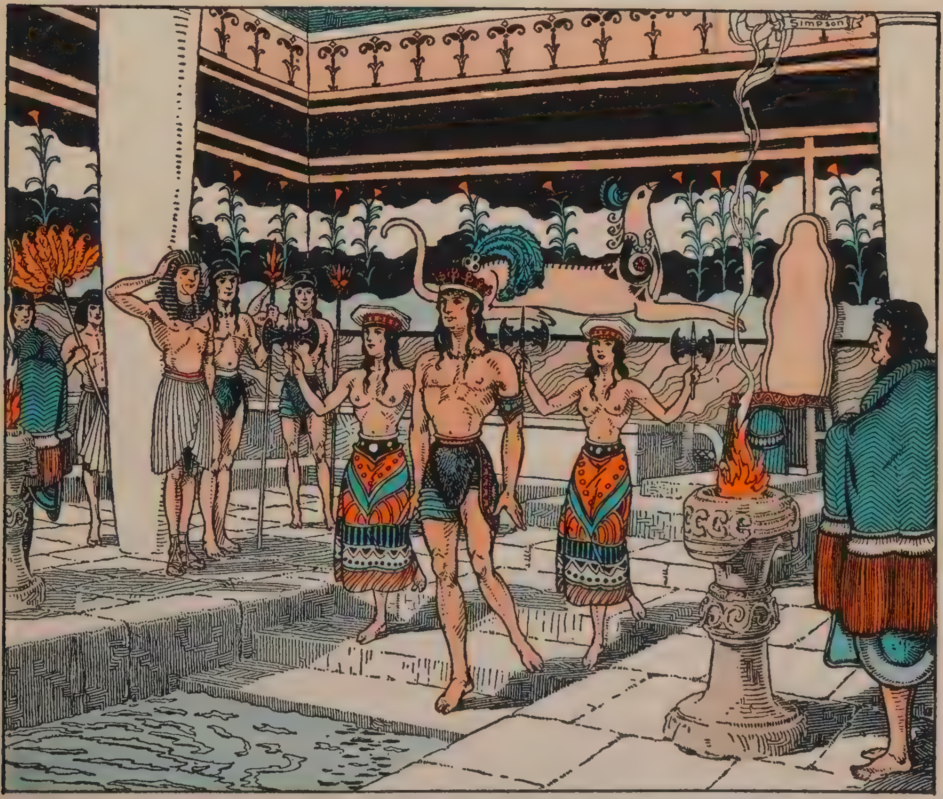
The Minos Receives the Envoy from Egypt

It was evening when the King of Crete received the Envoy of Pharaoh. The palace blazed with light,—great stone bowls of oil with many wicks on the margins, stood on tall stone standards and gave forth fitful flares that sent fantastic shadows chasing across the walls, and called into jubilant life a mischievous flock of high-lights and impish little reflections which danced on gold-plated bowls and vessels of copper or bronze.

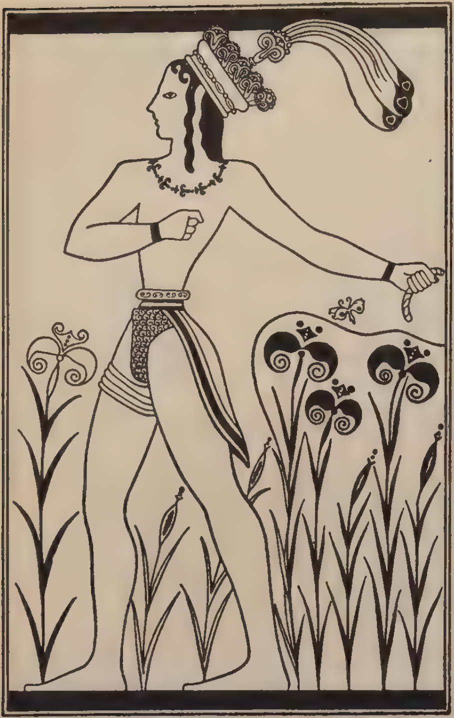
The workmen, officials on business, and common-folk from the town, who thronged the palace by day, had retired to their homes in Knossos or to the workmen's rooms in other parts of the palace. Soldiers of the guard and various court attendants were still to be seen about, but largely it was young noblemen, graceful, lithe, and slim, with priestesses, priests, and court-ladies in fashionably billowing skirts, who now filled the great Central Court.

Important Major Do'mos admitted the proper people up the four steps to the ante-room and into the Throne Room itself, an exquisite little chamber, its walls decorated with pictures of flowers and running water, while two proud guardian griffins lifted imperious heads crowned with regal peacock plumes, on either side of the throne.

In the center of this small room, a rectangular pool of water surrounded by cyprus wood columns and approached by a flight of steps, gleamed with a lustrous darkness in the flare from the great stone lamps.



Ceremonial purification by the Priest-King aided by priests in ritual robes and priestesses bearing double axes. For the costume of the King see page 40; for the priestesses, page 41; for the priest, page 21. The stone lamps were copied from lamps found at Knossos. This room and the throne as they are today are shown on page 38.

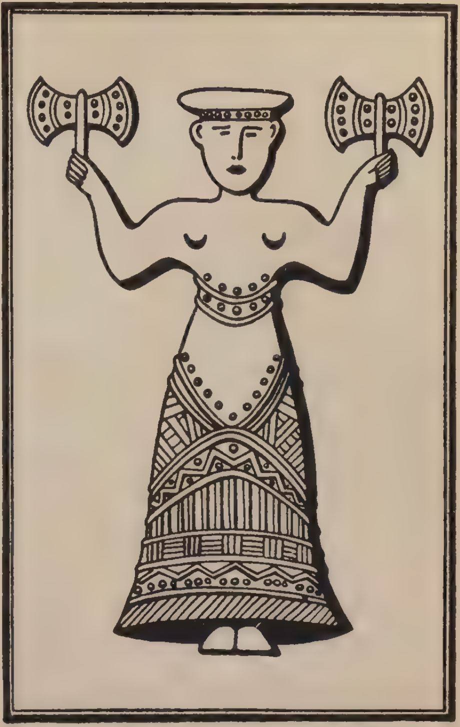


The Priest-King with fleur-de-lys crown and peacock plumes. A masterpiece from Knossos. (See front cover.)

The courtiers seated themselves on low stone benches with cushions which ran round the walls of the room, and here they sat laughing and talking till a Major Domo appeared to announce with ceremony the coming of the King and Queen. Silent and hushed in a moment, the courtiers rose to their feet, and as the royal pair appeared, followed by their attendants, they bowed themselves to the ground.

The Queen was a beautiful woman dressed in the very height of elaborate Cretan style, and the King was a regal figure, tall, lithe, muscular, slim, his waist drawn in very tight, his loin cloth short in front and fashionably cut behind in a jaunty, swallow-tail, a necklace of fleur-de-lys hanging down over his breast, and on his head a fleur-de-lys crown with gleaming, iridescent, blue-gold peacock plumes.

The King took his seat on the throne, the Queen sat down near by, and the Major Domo gave signal that the courtiers might rise again and stand in the presence of the King. Then the Envoy of Pharaoh advanced, and made obeisance before the throne, presenting the credentials which he had brought from Thebes. The King received the scroll and made a courteous speech with complimentary references to the Two Lands of the Nile. The Envoy of Pharaoh replied with compliments no less flowery in praise of the land of



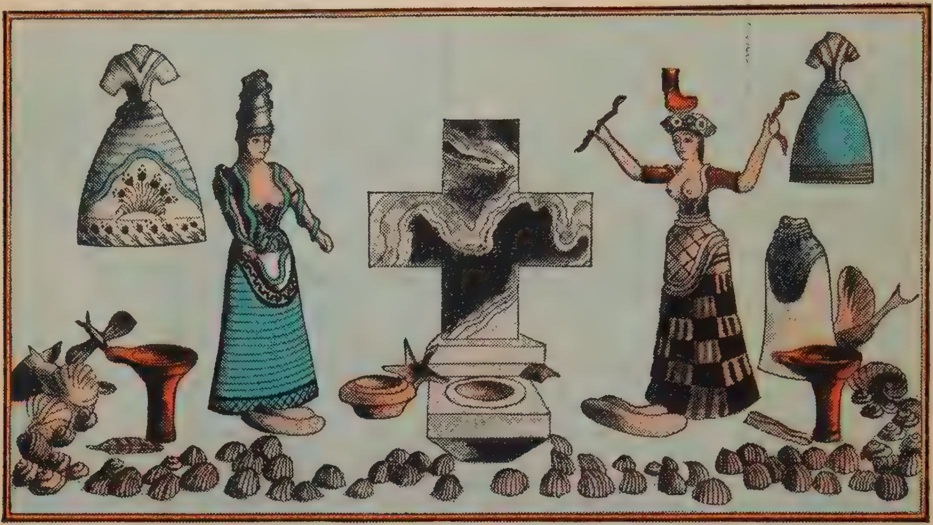
A priestess in a beautifully embroidered skirt holds two double-axes, the sign of the Earth Mother and her son.

Crete. This interchange of compliments successfully brought to a close, the Minos signalled two priestesses to advance to the throne and prepare him for the rite of purification; for he meant to go to the shrine and cement before the Earth Mother, the friendship of Egypt and Crete.

The priestesses came forward bearing in either hand the sacred double-axe, studded with small round knobs. Rising from his throne, the King took his place between them and solemnly advanced, while priests in their odd cloaks of ceremony ranged themselves in a row along the sides of the pool. Then priests and courtiers stood in the attitude of worshipers, with the right hand raised to the forehead and the left straight down the side. The King stepped into the water, washed his face and hands and sprinkled his shoulders and chest, while the priestesses on the step above began a chant that was taken up by the priests and other priestesses till it swelled throughout the room.

Having finished this sacred rite, the King ascended the steps again to lead the way to the shrine. Proceeding in ceremony with the Envoy at his side, he descended to the Central Court and marched to the sanctuary.

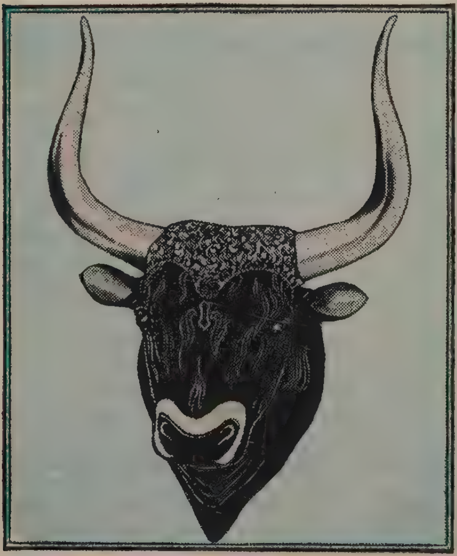
Here rose three small rooms distinguished by sacred pillars, flanked with sacred horns. On a block of stone in



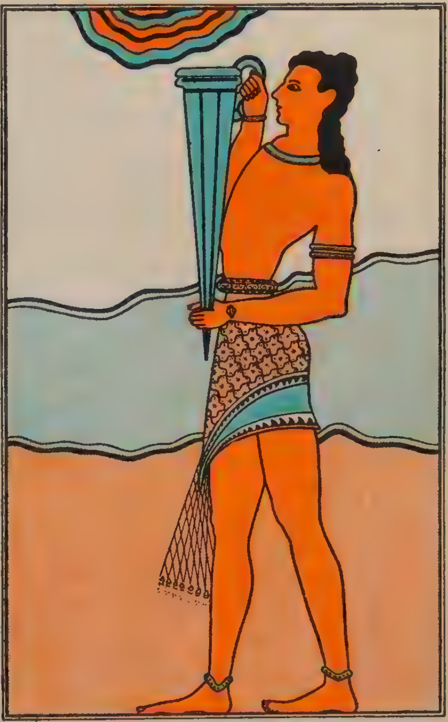
The altar of the snake-goddess with a cross in the center, the goddess at left and an attending priestess at right. Flying fish, sea-shells and other emblems of the sea have been placed on the altar as offerings. (Knossos.)

the central room the Earth Mother's symbols stood, a handsome marble cross, having its arms the same length, small shells and flying fishes, and little pottery figures of the goddess wreathed with snakes.

Before these sacred objects the King poured out a libation from a rhyton shaped like a bull, and then in the presence of all, he, the Priest-King of Crete, the living representative of the Earth Mother's bull-god son, called out on the great Earth Mother to cement the friendship of Egypt, with her chosen land of Crete.



A black stone bull's head with rock crystal eyes used as a libation vessel. Found at Knossos by Sir Arthur Evans.



This noble, youthful cup-bearer from a painted fresco at Knossos gives the best portrait of the ancient Cretans.

There followed a lively banquet in the private rooms of the King. Graceful groups of youths, cup-bearers to the Minos, passed about the tables with their long triangular jars. The food was extremely delicious—meat prepared in a very great variety of ways, puddings, fruit and cheese, fragrant drinks infused from various kinds of flowers sweetened with delicate honey, and wine of the very best, for the wines of Crete were famous, well-known throughout the world.

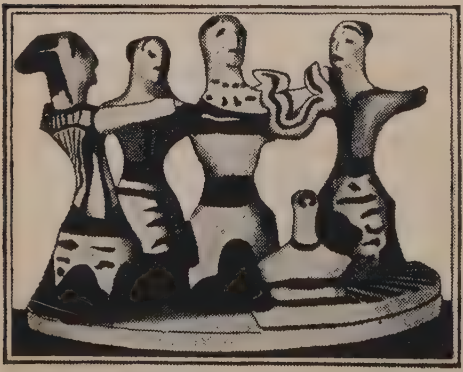
The next day after the Envoy had thus been received by the King, there were games to be held to complete the official festivities in his honor. In the morning the court assembled in the hall of the Royal Villa, the King's chief court-of-justice, which he also used as an audience hall when he dwelt there in summer-time. From here they went to the theatre which stood northwest of the palace approached by five great roads, and they took their seats ceremoniously in the richly draped Royal Box, which rose like a small square tower at the corner of the rows of seats.

These very shallow stone seats rising one above another below the level of the box, were already filled with spectators, five hundred gaily dressed people, laughing and talking together in the well modulated voices of those whose manners

The theatrical area or dancing ground near the palace at Knossos as restored under the supervision of Evans.

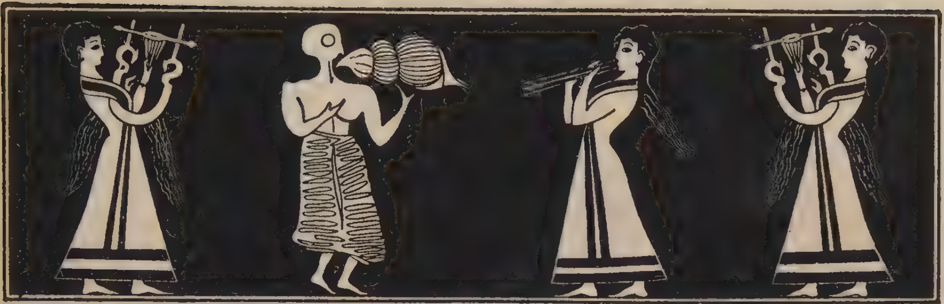
were good. On the other side of the square where no seats had been built, the common people stood and between them was the stone floor, so level and beautifully paved that strangers long remembered it as one of the beauties of Crete,—"the Choros (or dancing-ground) which Daed′a-lus wrought in broad Knossos for fair-haired Ar′i-ad′ne," as the poet, Homer, sang.

The performance began with dancing, bands of priests and priestesses moving and posturing slowly, then whirling a little more quickly, faster and ever faster, till they moved back and forth in a maze, singing and weaving about before a little altar, adorned with two sacred horns.



A crude terra-cotta group of women surrounding a snake-goddess priestess. Below are the doves of the Great Mother. These figures were found at Knossos.

Musicians played for the dance, standing apart from the dancers. Men strummed upon lyres and harps, blew

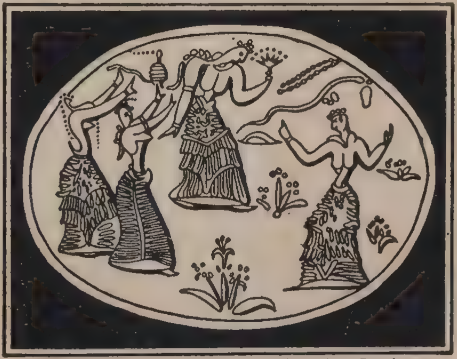


A musician blowing a conch shell, one with a double flute, and another playing a lyre as pictured by the Cretans.

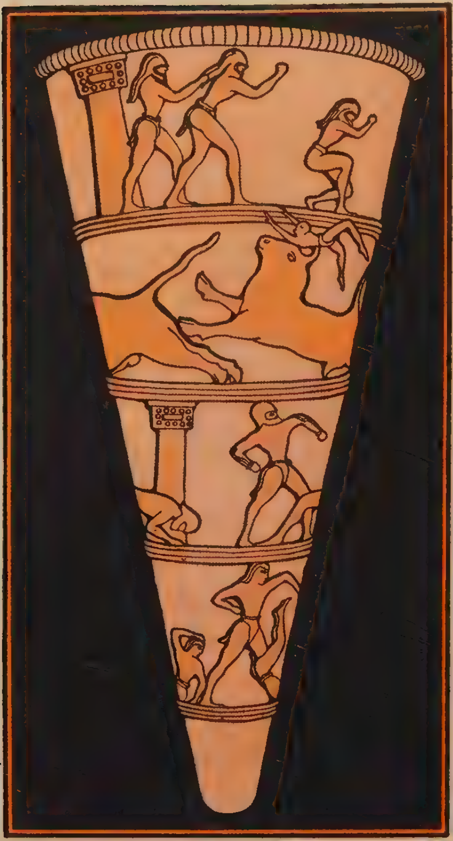
upon reeds and flutes, or drew from enormous sea-shells the haunting boom of the sea, while women, clashing their cymbals, likewise kept time with the dance. No matter how fast the dancers moved, the musicians kept perfect time, increasing the beat of their rhythm to the same mad speed as the dance.

At length the women withdrew, and the priests began dancing alone, seizing their figure-eight shields which they brandished wildly about, and struck with their bronze-headed spears so they made a mad clamor and din, to which they added wild cries, a frantic orgy of noise, such as they made at other times before the sacred cave to honor the Earth Mother's child, the infant bull-god of Crete.

The priests, in turn, gave way to a dance of the women alone, and now the priestesses danced with snakes coiled about their waists and wriggling down arms and wrists. They thus charmed the great Earth Mother, the Serpent goddess herself, to come and bless that assemblage, the envoy, the court, the people, and Minos, their great King.



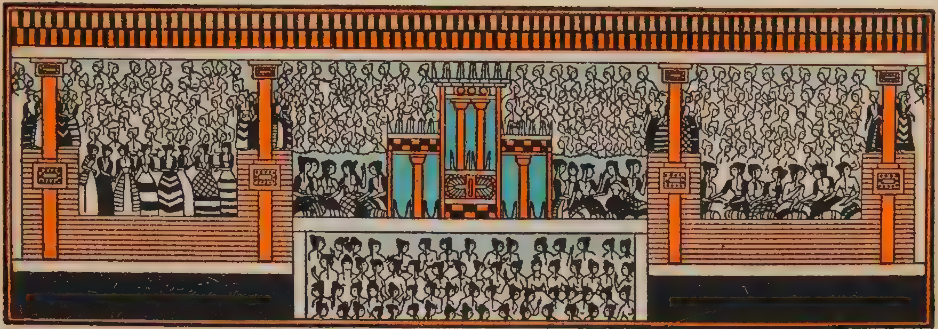
Four dancers from a gold ring found at I-so'pa-ta.



Athletic scenes pictured on a stone vase covered with gold leaf, found at Hagia Triada. The upper row shows middle-weight boxers with plumed helmets; the second row portrays an exciting moment from the bull-ring. In the third row are heavy-weight boxers with plain helmets and leather boxing gloves (*cestus*), and the last row shows the light-weights who fight with bare heads and hands. One has just been vanquished.

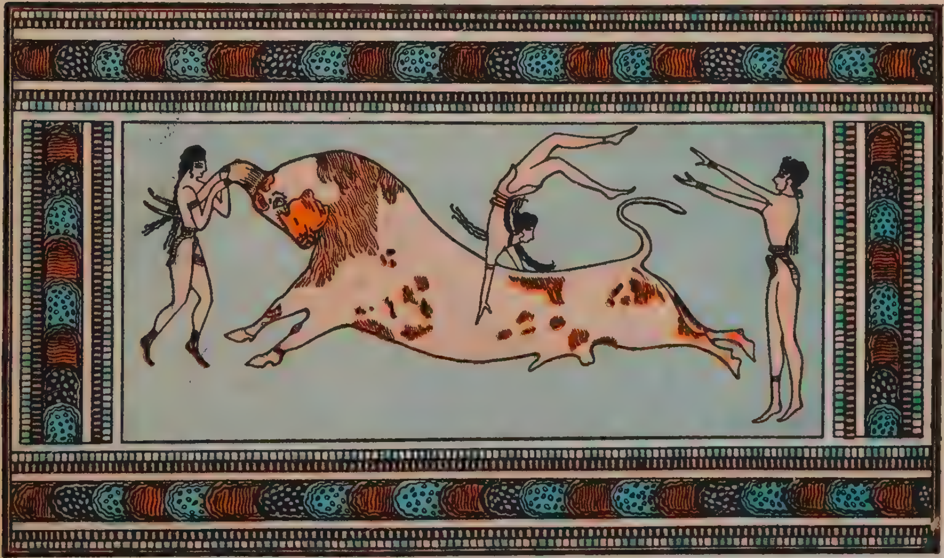
After the dance came boxing, races, and wrestling matches; but what the people most longed for, what gave them the greatest thrill was not to take place until after the noonday meal and siesta. This crowning event was bull-grappling of semi-religious significance in honor of the bull-god.

In the afternoon the courtiers assembled on a grassy terrace beneath a gay-colored awning, chattering together gaily as they sat on the slope of the hill. Attendants then drove into a natural arena before them, three heavy Cretan bulls, and soon bull-baiters appeared to tease the savage creatures, till they roused them to a fury, so they rushed upon their tormentors, snorting and lowering their horns. Then the bull-baiters left the ring and slim young athletes came forward to take a more dangerous chance. Lightly poised and bounding with the ease of rubber balls, they leapt on their lithe young limbs, buoyant, elastic, fearless, facing the furious beasts. The spectators held their breath. There were girls among those young tumblers, girls as supple and pliant, as fearless and strong as the boys.

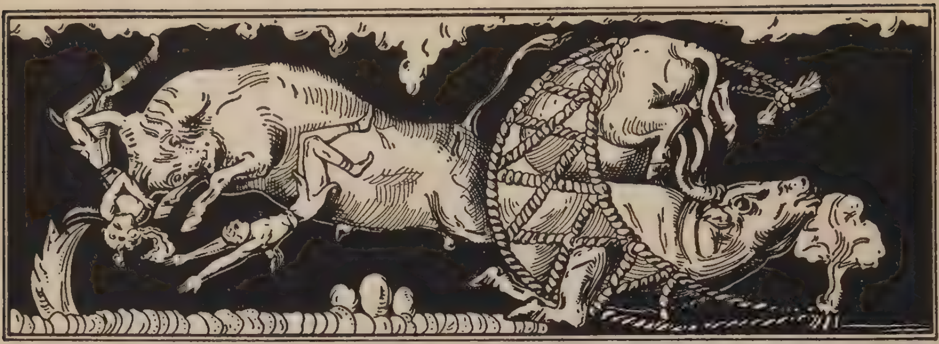


Cretans on a hillside beneath an awning, watch a bull-grappling contest. A remarkable picture of a crowd. (Knossos.)

The bulls rushed forward, snorting. One lowered his savage horns and rushed upon a young girl. The girl awaited him motionless, alert and perfectly poised. As he came directly before her and made a powerful lunge, she seized his horns in a twinkling and let him drag her along, while another girl sprang up and landed erect on his back, then turned a graceful somersault and sprang back again to the ground. The spectators applauded. Loud and long they cheered.

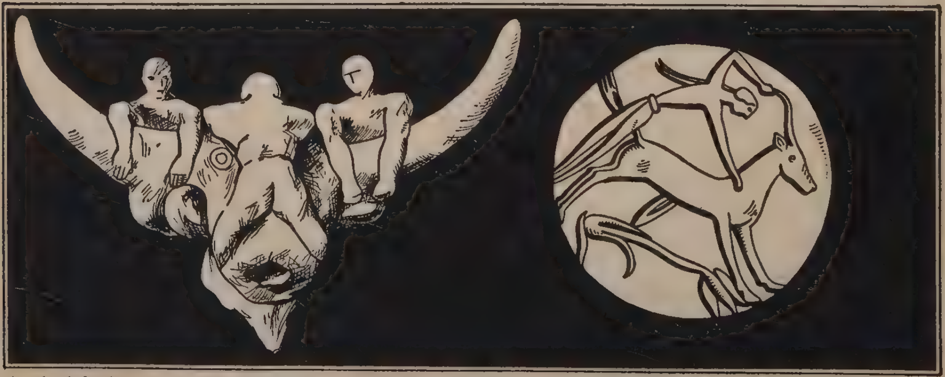


A bull-grappling fresco from the palace at Knossos which portrays the very spirit of alertness, poise and grace.



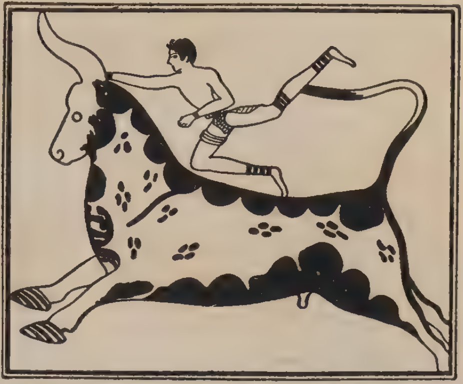
Bull-grappling from the Vap-phi'o Cup (see page 18). A girl has twined herself around the horns of a madly leaping bull. Another gymnast who has been standing on the back of a bull has been thrown to the ground, because the bull did not leap over a net toward which he was driven, but fell entangled in it. At the right, the trapped bull.

Another girl gave a leap and literally twined herself around the horns of a bull, holding one horn between her arms, the other between her legs, and clinging there tenaciously as the animal plunged about, madly tossing his head and trying to shake her off. Men threw themselves in all sorts of fantastic antics and postures around those dangerous horns. Some seized the horns in their hands, and held their bodies out stiffly parallel to the beast. Others stood on their heads on the unstable backs of the creatures and waved their legs in the air. Men jumped from one bull to another as they ran along at full speed. Three men flung themselves at once on the largest bull of all, one hung from



At the left three men all hang on the head of a huge bull (from a vase found at Kou-ma'sa. At the right the crudely carved, but expressive figure of a man holds himself parallel to a bull. (A seal ring, Athens Museum).

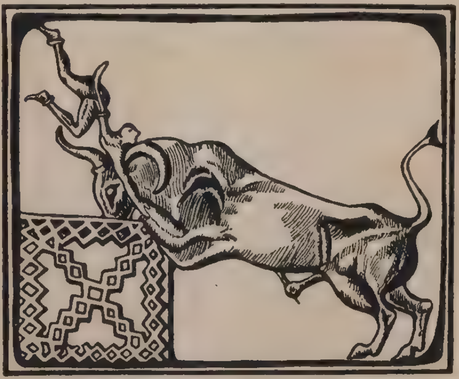
each of his horns and one hung from his head. There was nothing they did not do, nothing the fancy of man could devise that they did not dare to perform as the great beasts rushed and leapt, bewildered and crazed with fright.


An athlete performing gymnastic feats on the back of a bull. Found at Ti'ryns, now in the Athens Museum.

Again and again the spectators burst forth into rounds of applause. Nothing delighted them more! What a thrill there was in the danger! How they admired the skill, the dare-devil courage, the strength!

But every now and then there was one young toreador neither so strong, so fearless, nor so skillful as the rest. If one among them hesitated, feared to take his spring, did not provide the audience with their entertaining thrill, he was ridiculed, jeered at, made sport of, taunted, derided, mocked, until he was goaded on to do the dangerous deed even though, in so doing, the bull caught him up on his horns, and gored him to death in their sight.

A peace-loving, happy people, who painted no pictures of bloodshed, yet sat and watched youths and maidens pursue a national sport that sooner or later was certain to end for them in death! Dainty wasp-waisted ladies, in billowy beautiful skirts, saw boys and

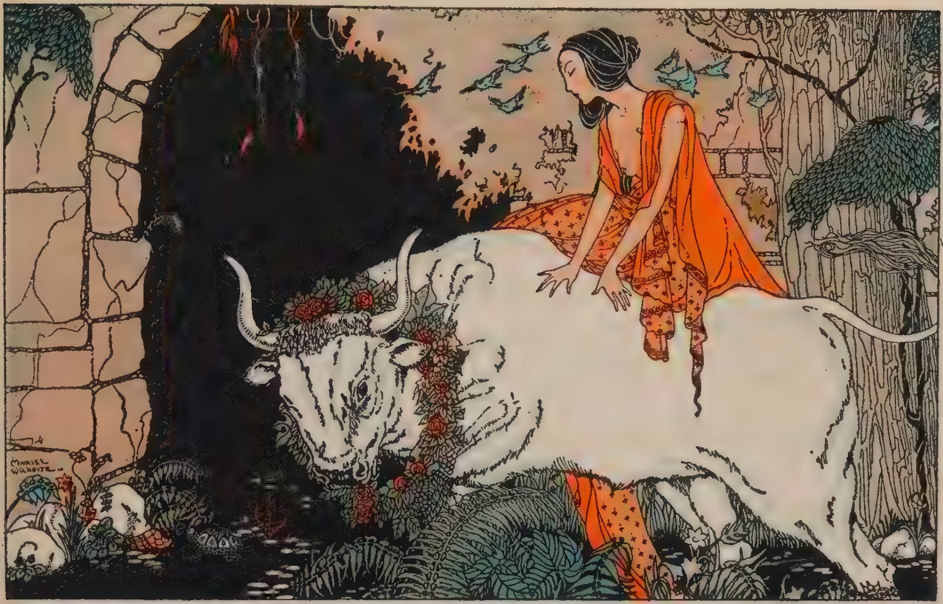

A wild bull has been enticed to a water trough, when a man springs down upon him and throws him to capture him for the bull ring. (A seal ring from Knossos.)

girls gored to death with no more than a moment's pity, and that gone as soon as some other more fortunate young athlete performed an interesting feat, and won their attention away from the crumpled heap of flesh being carried out of the ring.

Nor were all those young performers toreadors by choice. They did not all risk their lives for the pleasure of winning applause. Some among them were captives, taken from other islands or from the mainland of Greece, even from distant Athens. These had been kept in the dungeons beneath the palace of Minos, reserved and trained to make sport as their only chance for life on the days of the festival games. And every nine years, when the Minos went to the Dic-tae'an cave, there to renew his strength by communion with the Earth Mother, the games were of longer duration, demanding more youthful victims, more captives from foreign lands.

In the rude little village of Athens so far away to the northward, rumor was building up legends about the unfortunate captives, Athenian youths and maidens who lost their lives through the bulls. Fancy was filling the spaces where the unknown left gaps in the known.

To the Minos of Crete, however, bull-grappling was the climax, the best in entertainment he could offer the Envoy of Pharaoh. And so he cemented the friendship of Egypt with the island of Crete. Little did he guess, as he watched these games with the bulls, that as time went on in Attica there would develop a tale about all these doings in Crete, about his palace, the *Labyrinth*, and the captives sacrificed every nine years to some ferocious bull, a tale strangely true at bottom, though adorned and covered over with fantastic fruit of fancy, a tale for ages believed to contain no grain of truth, yet revealed by the ruins of Knossos itself, to have had a grim basis in fact:



Zeus in the form of a milk-white bull carries the Princess Eu-ro′pa from Phoenicia to Crete to become his bride and mother of Minos. The Greeks said the male-god borne by the Earth Mother of Crete was Zeus, their king of gods. The following story of the Minotaur and the Labyrinth was the tale told in much later times in Greece, but it developed from the actual facts of a bull-god and captive Athenians sacrificed in the bull-grappling games at Knossos.

The Tale of the Minotaur and the Labyrinth

There reigned in Attica in ancient days, a just and upright King named Aegeus (E′joos). He ruled in Athens and over all the tribes that dwelt upon the Attic plain; but Minos, King of Crete, in time came up against him in his conquering ships; and Minos was the son of Zeus (Zoos), the King of all the gods; for Zeus had turned himself into a milk-white bull, and carried off the maid, Eu-ro′pa, from Phoenicia unto Crete. And Minos was the son of fair Europa and great Zeus. Thus Minos was a mighty King, a monarch full of power, the worthy son of Zeus. He swept the Mediterranean with all his mighty fleet. He made himself the master of the islands, and the cities, and the warring mainland tribes. And so he came at last and conquered Aegeus. And all in Athens and in Attica he would have made his slaves had

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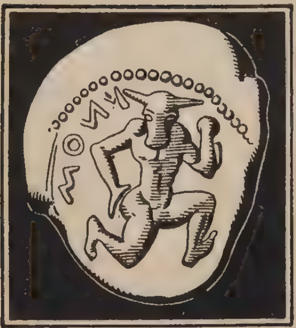
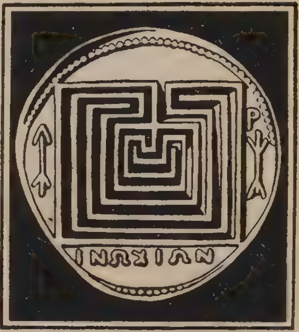


The Min′o-taur with a bull's head. A Cretan coin, showing how real the legend was in the period of coins.

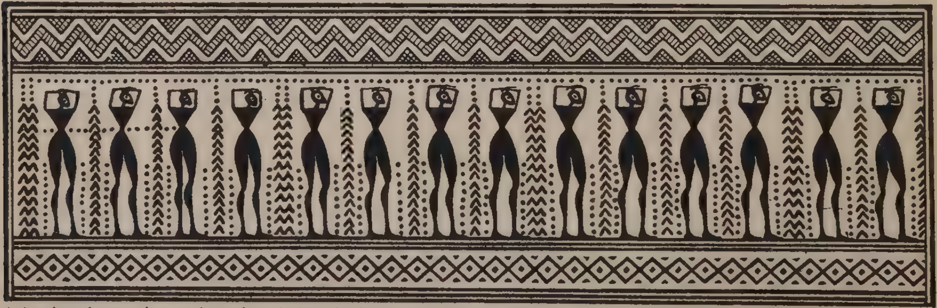


The Lab′y-rinth. A Cretan coin of the 4th cent. B. C. Boston Museum. A mixture of memory and romance.

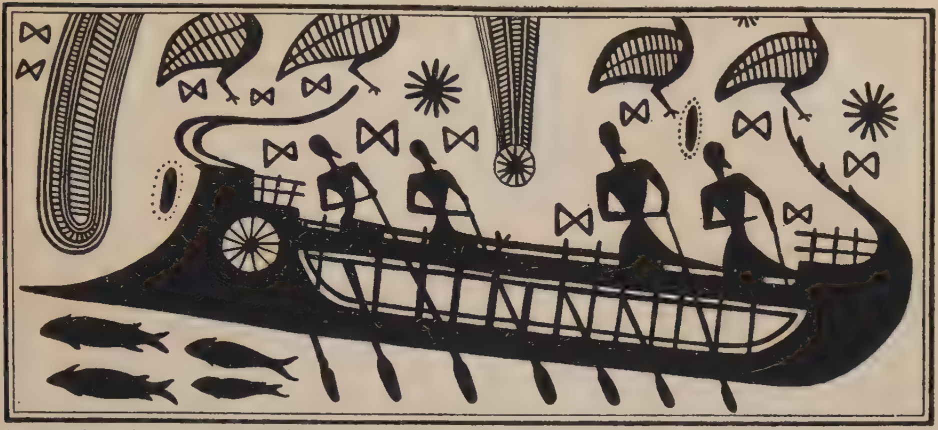
Aegeus not consented, in the sadness of his soul, to purchase freedom for his people with the promise of a fearful tribute, seven youths and seven maidens to be sent on each ninth year to feed the Min′o-taur, that cruel and savage brute who had the body of a man, but with the monstrous head and horns of a ferocious bull.

In Knossos, Minos had employed the greatest architect who ever dwelt on earth, the cunning workman, Daed′a-lus, to build for him the Lab′y-rinth, a huge, bewildering maze of twisting halls and corridors, through whose confusing turns and cleverly contrived deceits no one could find his way unguided; and here, within this Labyrinth, the Minotaur was kept, his thirst for human blood assuaged by captive youths and maidens brought from distant lands.

All Athens and all Attica lamented. To send their youths, and maids to such a fate as this! To grope in that dread maze. To meet the Min′o-taur and be devoured by him!



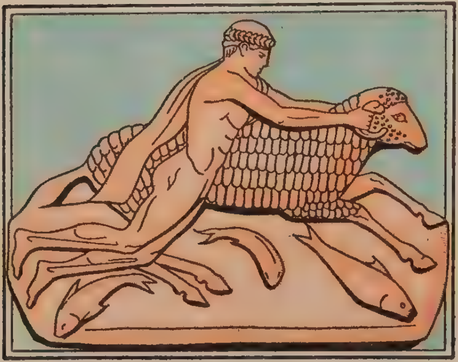
Athenians lamenting and tearing their hair, from an Attic vase, 9th century B. C. Compare the crudity of Athenian art at this period with the naturalness of Cretan art. Athens is still an unimportant backwoods village.



An Athenian ship such as that which bore the youths and maidens to Crete. From an Attic vase of the 9th century, B. C. The stiffness of men and fishes show the inferiority of Attic to Cretan art at this time.

Men wept and women wailed. And when the ship with that sad store of human tribute put to sea, her sails were colored black to show the sorrow in the hearts of all. Twice had this mournful ship borne off to Crete its precious freight of youths and maids. There seemed no help for Athens; no hero came to aid her, no strong man rose to save her, to deliver her from Minos and from the fearful burden of tribute such as this.

But now it chanced there dwelt in those same days in Troezen (Troi′zen), the youthful hero, Theseus (The′soos), son of great King Ae′geus, he who grew to manhood in his mother's care, she being a fair princess of the land. His father Aegeus, leaving Troezen in the days before the child was born, had placed his sword and sandals underneath a heavy stone, and bade the mother send her son to him as soon as he was old enough to roll away the stone. When, therefore, in the bounding strength of youth, the young man moved the stone and took unto himself the sandals and the sword, he started out for Athens to present himself before his sire; but on the way he sought adventures, fought with brigands, and marauders, tyrants, evil-doers, thieves.



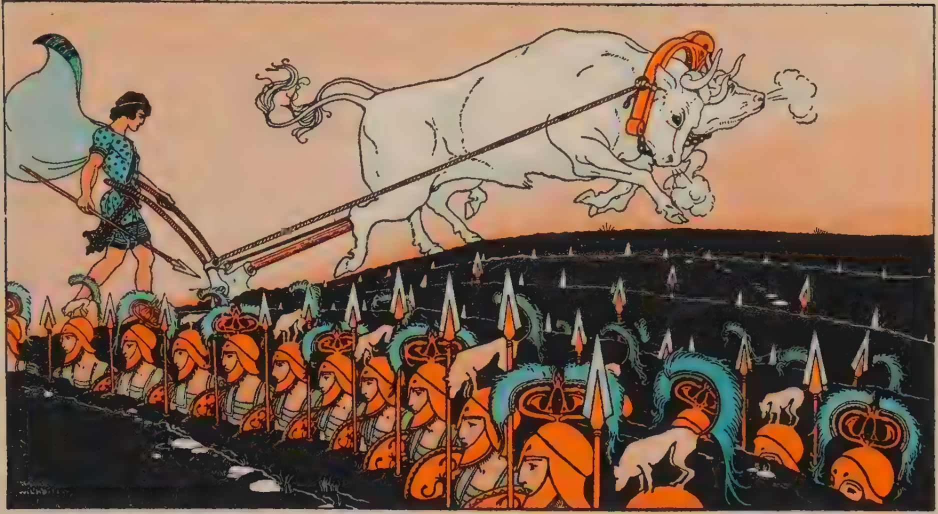
Phrix′us rides through the air on the ram with golden fleece. He and his sister Hel′le thus fled from their wicked step-mother who plotted their death, but Helle fell and was drowned in the strait called after her the Hel′les-pont. Phrixus arrived safely in Col′chis, sacrificed the ram to Zeus and hung the golden fleece on a tree where many heroes sought it. Jason was of the same family as Phrixus; therefore Jason took up the quest to recover the fleece from the King of Colchis who now claimed it. Terra cotta relief, Metropolitan, N. Y.

So came he unto Thessaly just at the time when Jason, youthful prince, was setting forth with his bold Ar′go-nauts to get the Golden Fleece, which hung in Col′chis in a sacred grove beneath a sleepless dragon's care.

So bold an enterprise could only flame the fire of Theseus' daring spirit and he sailed with these young heroes on the Argo, their good ship.

In Colchis, King Ae-e′tes swore to give the fleece to Jason if he first performed two tasks. First let him tame two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and hitch them to a plow; then let him sow a multitude of dragon's teeth, from which would spring a crop of soldiers who would fall upon him, armed and fierce. To these conditions Jason gave consent, but secretly he sought Me-de′a, daughter of the King, a sorceress and witch of mighty power. And he agreed to wed Medea if she, in turn, agreed to furnish him a charm wherewith to meet in safety these two terrifying tasks.

The people came together in the Grove of A′res, god of war, the King assumed his royal seat, while multitudes of people thronged the hillsides near. The brazen-footed bulls rushed forward breathing flames and fire that burned up all the grass, and every herb and flower. Their sound was like the roaring of a furnace, and they ran encased in smoke. But Jason stepped forth boldly. Theseus and the heroes trembled to behold him. He soothed the raging beasts; he stroked their heads with fearless hand; he slipped the yoke adroitly down upon their necks; he made them drag the



Jason in search of the Golden Fleece, sows dragon's teeth which spring up a harvest of armed men to destroy him.

plough. The Col′chi-ans were amazed. Theseus and the heroes shouted loud for joy.

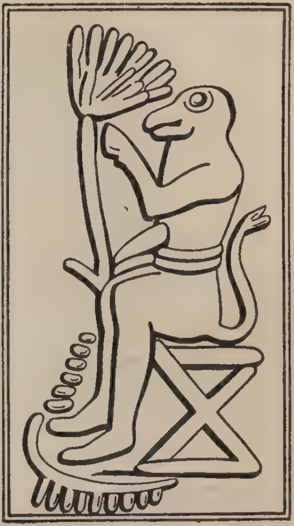
Then Jason sowed the dragon's teeth and ploughed them in with care. Scarce had he done so, when the clods began to move, and points of spears like grass-blades poked their heads up through the earth. Next, helmets with their nodding plumes came blossoming like flowers. Then shoulders, breasts and limbs sprang up, and soon appeared a harvest, warriors like grain, seething, undulating, as barley in the wind. No sooner were they sprung full grown above the earth, than, brandishing their spears, they turned and rushed on Jason. First he kept them off by using sword and spear; but finding them too numerous, he used Medea's charm. He took a stone and threw it straight into the midst of all those seething ranks, whereon the dragon's brood left off pursuing him and fell upon each other, fighting furiously till every one was dead.

Thereafter Jason went to seek the Golden Fleece, there where it hung beneath the sleepless dragon's care. He lulled the beast to sleep with drops of magic liquid brewed in secret by Medea. Then he seized the Golden Fleece, and hastening to the Argo, sailed at once for home, while with him went Medea, Theseus and his friends, the bold young Ar′go-nauts.

Arrived in Thessaly, Medea used her spells to give back youth and strength to Jason's father, Aeson, a venerable old graybeard. She boiled him in a caldron, with a reeking magic mixture. The old man's brother, however, who had usurped the throne because of Aeson's age, she caused to meet his death by tricking his three daughters to throw him in a caldron without the magic herbs, in hopes that he, like Aeson, might once again grow young.

But after all Medea did, both good and bad, for Jason, the youth put her aside, that he might wed Cre-u′sa the maiden whom he loved. The sorceress, enraged, then sent the bride as wedding gift, a deadly poisoned robe. She killed her own small children, fired the royal palace, and mounting her swift chariot drawn by writhing serpents, she fled away to Athens where she wrought with charms and spells till Theseus' father, Aegeus, took her for his bride.

Ere many months had passed, young Theseus now appeared, come after all his wanderings to the court of his great sire. But dark Medea, knowing well that she would lose her power if Aegeus should acknowledge Theseus as his son, so filled the mind of Aegeus with suspicions of the stranger that he never recognized him, nor even so much as dreamed that Theseus was his son. Indeed, the dark Medea wrought on Aegeus till, compliant to her wishes, he one day offered Theseus a cup of poisoned wine; but at the very moment when Theseus seized the cup, the old man saw his sword and recognized his son. He dashed the poisoned cup from Theseus' very lips, embraced the youth, and welcomed him, and took him to his heart, while dark Medea fled once



A Minotaur found in Crete. A seal impression of the time of Mi′nos. This and other gems discovered in Crete show that belief in such monsters was common at the period when the legend arose.

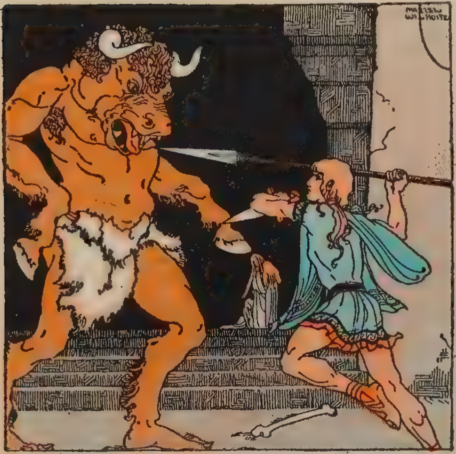
more from punishment deserved and wandered off to Asia never to return.

With feast and ceremony, King Aegeus publicly declared that Theseus was his heir; but Theseus, hearing how that fearful store of tribute was now about to sail, youths and maids of Athens bound to feed the Minotaur, determined to go with them, and despite his father's prayers, he vowed to find his way through that dread Labyrinth and slay the Minotaur.

The ship set forth with sad, black sails; but Theseus promised faithfully that he would change those sails to white in case he came back home victorious in the fight. Mid general lamentations and despair, the youths and maids set forth.

In time, they came to Crete, and on the dancing floor of that fair theatre which Daedalus had built, behold, they were brought forth to entertain King Minos as with some pleasant show.

Among the crowd who on that day beheld the piteous captives, was fair-haired Ar′i-ad′ne of the lovely tresses, daughter of the King of Crete. And Ariadne, seeing thus, the bold and handsome Theseus, was moved with love and pity. Secretly she sought him; she came by night and sought him; she begged him in his dungeon to let her help him flee. But this he would not do. He held his purpose firm, to kill the Minotaur and save the youths and maids. So Ariadne gave the youth a reel of thread as guide. This thread she bade him fasten on the door of that dread maze, and, step by step, unwind it as he went through those dark halls. She gave him too a sword with which to fight the beast.

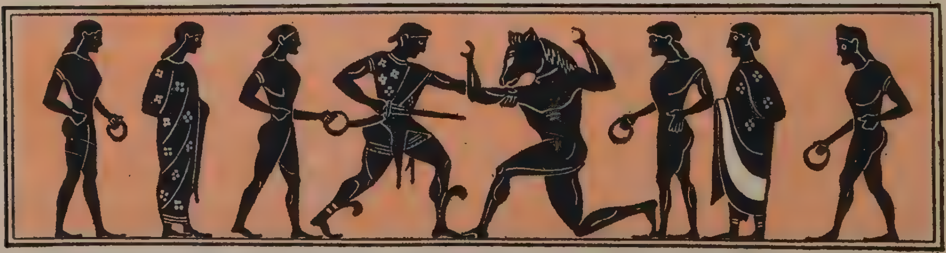


Theseus slays the Minotaur. The bull-god of Crete, the captives sacrificed to bulls in the bull-grappling games, the dungeons in the Labyrinth and the carvings of bull-headed monsters found in Crete give ample grounds for this story, so long believed to be nothing but a fable.

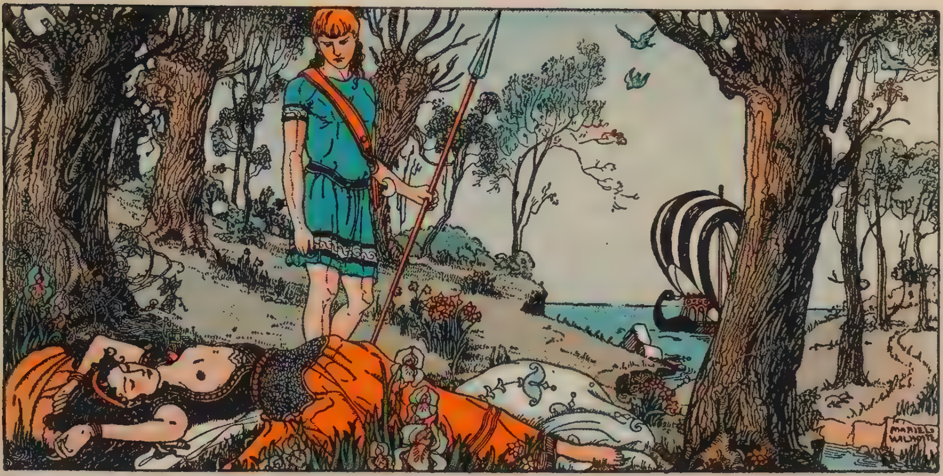
And Theseus straightway did as Ariadne bade. He fixed the thread full firmly and in secret then unrolled it, as the captives were compelled to march through all the turns of those dark passageways. And when the Minotaur appeared as fearful and ferocious as Jason's raging bulls, Theseus fell upon him and slew him with his sword. Then, following his thread, he led the youths and maidens safely from the maze, and taking Ar′i-ad′ne, they set sail at once, nor did they disembark until they came to Nax′os, where they went ashore to rest amid the beauteous bowers of that fair-shining isle.

But here it chanced the god of wine, the sporting Di′o-ny′sos, looked on Ariadne and desired her as his wife; Athene, powerful goddess, therefore ordered Theseus to yield her to the god. As Ariadne slept, young Theseus then obeyed; he fondly kissed his bride and sadly sailed away.

Meantime, the old King Aegeus, mourning, ever longing, had sought each day a cliff whence he could look afar across the stretch of sea and strain his eyes to catch the



Theseus slays the Minotaur. From an ancient black-figured Greek vase, now in the Boston Museum.

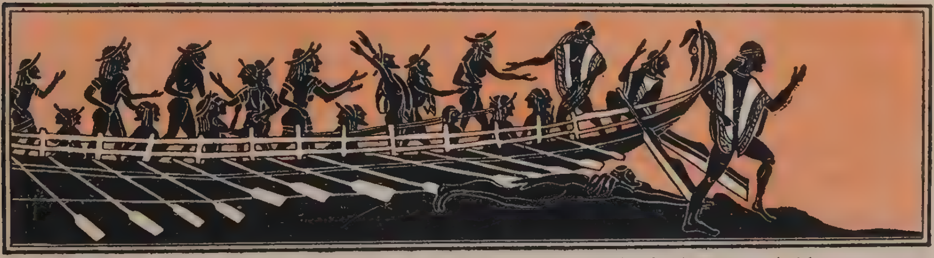


Theseus deserts Ar′i-ad′ne. Some versions of this legend give no reason for his desertion. Theseus is distinctly the Athenian hero, and in Athens women had no importance. They were property to be treated as men chose.

first sight of the ship returning home from Crete. One day he spied her coming. Shading well his eyes, he looked with beating heart. What color was her sail? Ah, was it black or white?

But Theseus, in excitement at the thought of coming home, had quite forgot, alack! to change his dead-black sail. Old Aegeus saw at last,—the sail, the sail was black!

"My son is dead!" he cried and leaping from the cliff he sprang into the sea which henceforth bore his name, the Ae-ge′an Sea. Thus Theseus, home in safety, found his father dead. In mourning, he became at last the King of Attica, and there he ruled with justice, making one the scattered tribes.



The arrival of Theseus' ship at Delos. Note the hats and the man swimming in the water. A 6th century vase.

In Knossos meantime, Daed′a-lus, who built the Labyrinth, lost favor with the King, so Minos seized the architect and cast him and his son in prison in a tower, hid far within the maze. But clever Daedalus was far too active in his mind to mope in misery, dejected and forlorn. From that high prison he would fly! He dreamt of making wings for Ic′a-rus, his son, and likewise for himself. Then let them fly to freedom far away in distant lands! So from the windows of their tower, they snared the birds that passed, and plucking off the feathers, fastened these in shape with wax, till each had made himself a graceful pair of wings.

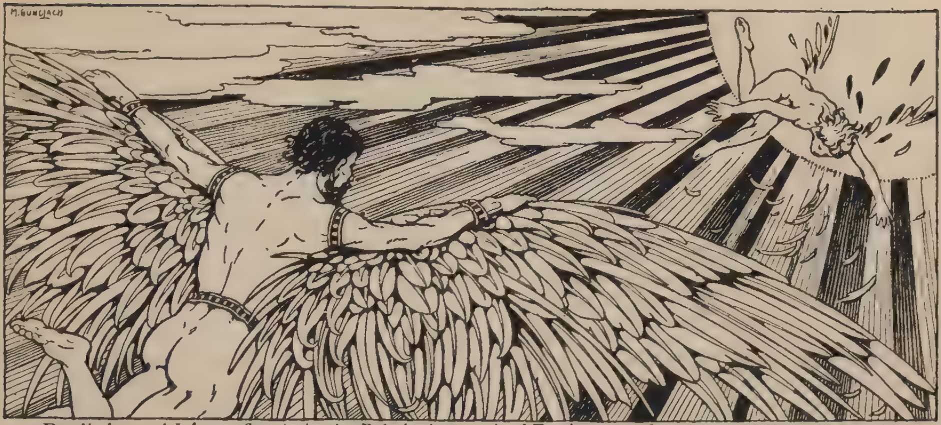
When thus the work was done, the artist tried his wings and found himself buoyed up. Then firmly he fastened the other pair to the shoulders of Icarus, and gently he taught the youth to fly, as a bird tempts its young from the nest. When all was prepared for flight, Daedalus kissed his son and thus he earnestly spoke, the tears welling up in his eyes:

"Icarus, my son, we are about to do what no man has done before, to fly along through the air. I charge you keep at a moderate height; for if you fly too low the damp will clog your wings, but if you go too high, the heat will melt the wax and your feathers will fall away. Go moderately, as I do, and you will be safe from harm."

Then rising on his wings, Daedalus flew from the tower, looking back, as he flew, to see how Icarus followed and how he managed his wings.

As they flew, the ploughman stopped work to gaze, and the shepherd leaned on his staff, astonished at the sight.

High over the vessels of Minos, set to prevent their escape, they flew in perfect safety, feeling the joy of freedom, afloat on the beaten air. Sa′mos and De′los they passed, spread out like jewels in the water, but then, the boy, exulting, intoxicated with feeling the freedom of that swift movement, gave way to undisciplined youth, darting boldly and suddenly



Daed′a-lus and Ic′a-rus fly. As in the Babylonian myth of E-ta′na, men first dream of flights in the air.

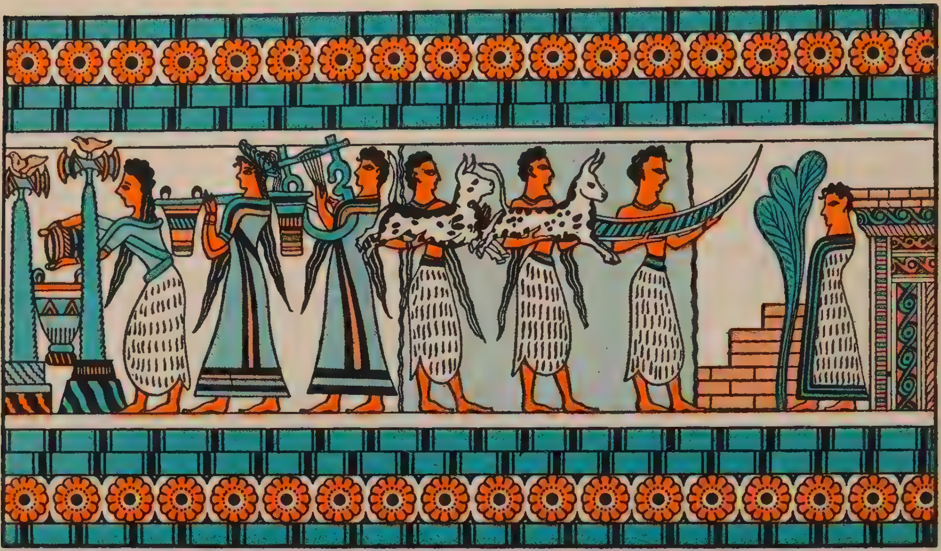
upward, disobeying the words of Daedalus and rashly directing his course straight upward toward the sun.

Slowly the wax began to melt, one feather after another dropped down from his wings. But the boy, still rash and unthinking, soared nearer still to the sun.

At last every feather was gone, the boy flapped his arms in vain. There was nothing to bear him up.

With a thud, he fell into the sea and was drowned, and the father, lamenting bitterly, landed to bury his body, then went on alone to Sicily where he offered his wings to the gods.

Hearing of this escape, the Minos, in a rage, set out to recapture his prisoner, demanding of the King of Sicily that he give the architect up. The King pretended willingness to surrender the clever Daedalus. He received the Minos with honor and ordered him a bath. But the King had three young daughters who loved and respected Daedalus and wanted to protect him. So they secretly entered the bath room and drowned the great Minos of Crete, as he sported himself in the tub. So died at the hands of women, that Minos who took the tribute of Athenian youths and maids to feed the Minotaur, but Daedalus lived to do many great works in Sicily and in Greece.

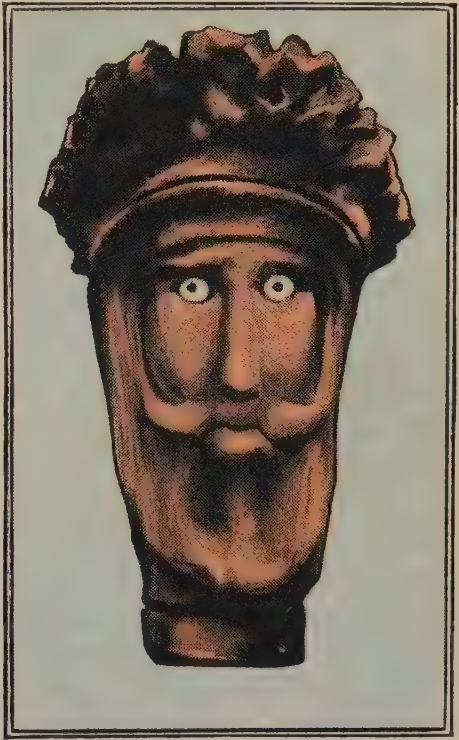


A sacrifice to the dead in the days of the later Cretan kings, from a sarcophagus found at Ha′gi-a Tri-ad′a. At the right, the mummy of the dead stands before his tomb. The first priest bears a ship for the last voyage of the dead. The next two priests bear calves for sacrifice. Three priestesses, one with a lyre, offer sacrifices at the shrine of the Earth Mother. The priestess in goat-skin skirt with snakes twined about her body pours liquid offering into a vase that stands between two double axes surmounted by doves.

Fire and Destruction
(About 1400 B. C.)

The later kings at Knos′sos were weaker than the earlier rulers; gradually My-ce′nae and Ti′ryns and other cities on the mainland as well as certain islands lying in the Aegean, drove out their Cretan governors and entered the world of trade, taking commerce away from Crete.

The energy and enthusiasm of the once powerful Cretan race seemed to have disappeared; the army was reduced in size, and even the navy, that for so long had been the pride of the island, was allowed to grow foolishly small. As long as they were able to live peacefully and luxuriously in their handsome palace rooms, these later Cretan rulers seemed to be satisfied to let the world outside their island go its way as it would. Long years of leadership and peace had made the people too indolent, too confident of their power.



Head of an A-chae′an chief found in Crete, made of stag-horn with eyes inset. The long beard and mustache are utterly different from the clean-shaven Cretans. Homer refers to these people as "long-haired Achaeans."

News quickly spread abroad that the old strength of Crete was gone. Then long-haired A-chae′an chiefs who had come down from the north and conquered the people on the mainland, plundered the islands subject to Crete and oftentimes as pirates preyed on the ships that passed between Knossos and distant ports.

As the years passed by and the kings of Crete made no attempt to get back the empire they were losing, Mycenae and Tiryns grew constantly in culture, strength, and power. Under the leadership of their long-haired Achaean chiefs, their commerce and trading increased until they became so wealthy that artists and craftsmen from Knossos were brought across to the mainland to work in the royal palaces and important halls of state. In these cities the art of the painters and the skill of the craftsmen of Crete had all the opportunity for the growth now lacking in Knossos, and as the Egyptian Pharaohs came to see what was occurring, they ceased their trading with Crete, and now had dealings directly with the cities on the coast. This meant the end for Knossos. Mycenae had now become the most important city in the whole Aegean world.

Then Knossos was attacked! Without a navy large enough to protect the shores of the island, without walls to guard the palace, she had no protection whatever. Gathering together their armies, the long-haired chiefs of the mainland put their men into ships and made a surprise attack about 1400 B. C.

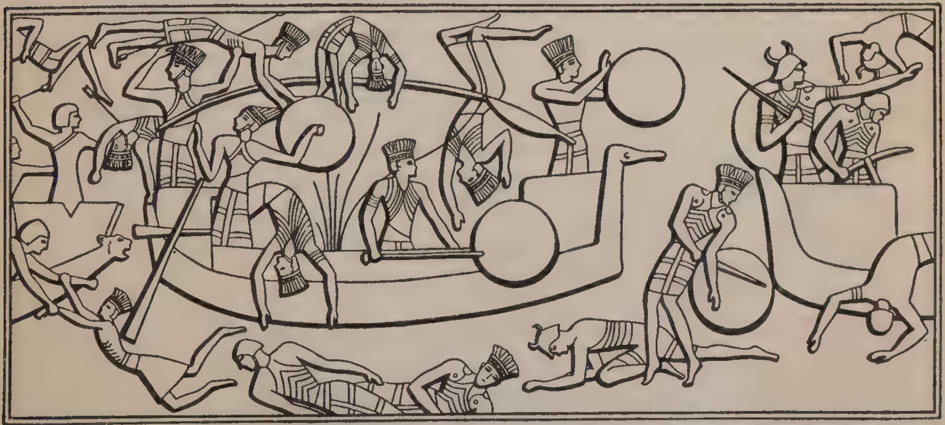
News came on a sudden, borne by wild-eyed messengers, that a host of bearded marauders had landed on the soil of Crete, that soil which in 2000 years had seen no hostile army and been troubled by no worse foes than some small pirate fleet. Hot on the heels of the messengers, the enemy appeared, swarming up the valley in terrifying numbers, men already drunk with the certainty of success, their fingers itching to pillage this rich and powerful city that for so long had lorded it over all the lands around.

At sight of that fearful host, men in the palace at Knossos began to flee in a panic. A gang of stone-masons dropped their tools and fled in terrified haste. Sculptors left vases half finished, jewel-workers threw down a necklace which they were setting with gems. Members of the court hurried with the King to the Throne room, there to beseech the aid of the great Earth Mother of Crete. But there was no time for their rites. In the midst of the ceremony, they were obliged to flee, flinging aside sacred vessels which fell in a heap to the ground, to lie there through three thousand years until discovered today. The Queen's gay and charming apartments and her dainty little bathroom were left alone and pitiful to tell their tale of happy peace interrupted and shattered in a moment of great surprise.

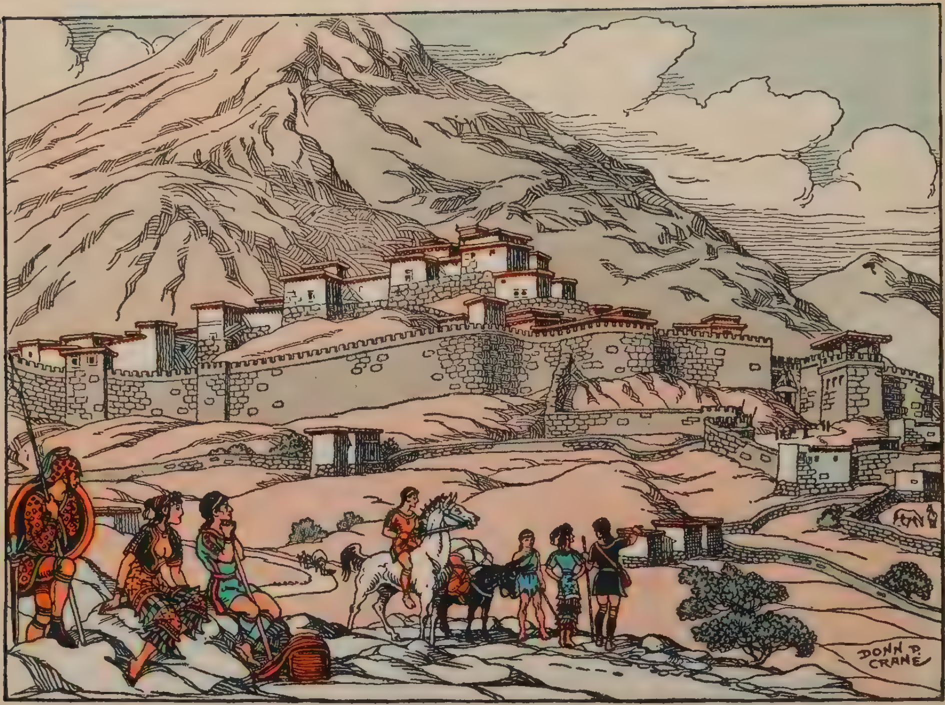
Torches were flung in the jars where the olive oil was stored. With a roar, the flames shot up and rushed about through the palace. Running from room to room before the advancing fire, the invaders slew fleeing Cretans. They pillaged, smashed, and murdered, and did not leave the place till the walls began to crumble, when they ran away to a distance and watched those great walls fall with a scattering of showers of sparks that leapt high into the air. The glorious palace of Knossos was now but a blackened wreck, its beautiful frescoes broken, its works of art buried deep in the charred and smoking heap.

Other cities on the island also suffered from the foe, and many a center of art, of industry, and commerce was pillaged by these invaders. Numbers of Cretans fled to other lands over the sea. Only a few remained, and for some two hundred years, workmen of this poor remnant dwelt in unburned parts of the palace paying tribute to towns on the coast.

Sudden, swift, and dreadful was the fall of this once mighty city, a thunderbolt appearing from a calm and quiet sky; but the freedom, beauty, and naturalness which the Cretans attained in their art were to live again in the Greeks, and their love of the sea was likewise to be passed on to the Greeks, becoming the means by which Greek ideas of beauty, democracy, and freedom were scattered throughout the world.



A boat-load of Cretans, scattered by the destruction of Knossos, fighting with Egyptians (from Medinet Habu, Egypt, see Vol. I, pages 390, 236). Cretans settled in Spain, Cyprus, Mi-le′tus, and Phi-lis′ti-a in Palestine. Joining with other sea-rovers they became half pirates and in the reign of Ram′ses III bore down on the coast of Egypt. The boat in the center with goose-neck prow holds Cretans, now become Philistines and clad in leather skirts with feathered helmets; the man in the boat at the right, with the horns of the moon on his helmet is Sar-din′i-an; to the left, in the boat with the lion's head prow, are the Egyptians. Philistines, either struck with arrows or hurled from the Egyptian vessel, are falling through the air in peculiar postures, while one Sardinian and several Philistines have fallen into the sea. At the left an Egyptian is having a hand-to-hand tussle with a Philistine who is in the water. The Egyptians drove back the Cretans. Intermarrying with other peoples, the Cretans died out as a race, but the freedom, beauty and naturalness which they attained in their art, their orderly methods of government, as well as their love of the sea, were passed on to the Greeks and through them became a permanent possession of the world.



The strong-walled fortress of Golden My-ce′nae whose glories were revealed by Heinrich Schliemann. (After Chi′pi-ez.) To the right between two projecting towers may be seen the Lion Gateway which is shown on page 69.

II

The Beginning of Greece

The Strength of Mycenae

(About 1400 b. c. to About 1200 b. c.)

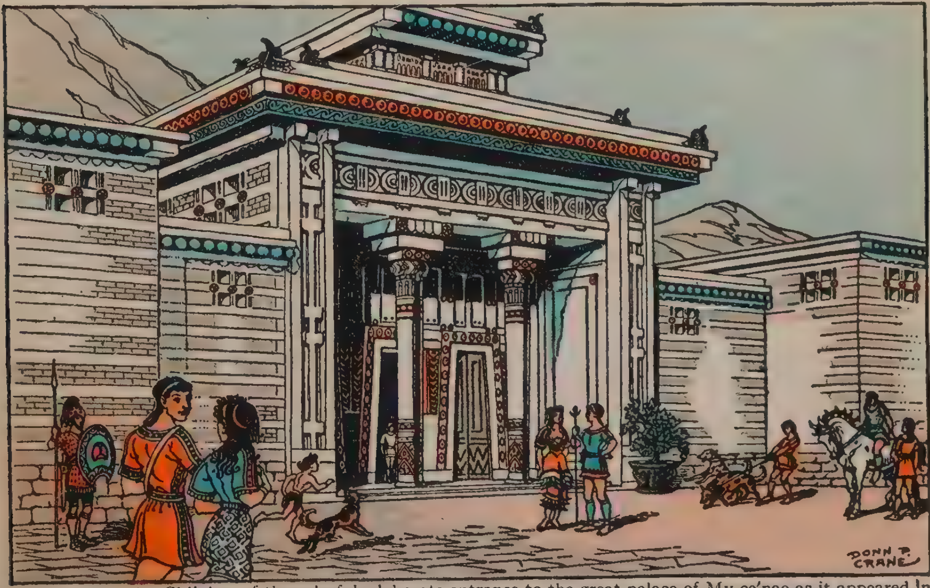
The center of life in My-ce′nae, city of A-chae′an chiefs, was a strong-walled castle and fortress, very different, indeed, from the unprotected palace where the peace-loving Kings of Crete had passed their days in Knos′sos mid gardens and spreading lawns.

Frowning fortifications crowning a towering hill, declared to every stranger that the men of this mainland city on the Pel′o-pon-ne′sian Peninsula were rugged men of war. Early

Aegean people had settled in Mycenae near the Gulf of Argos long before the Achaeans had come down from the north, gained control of the coast-towns and mixed with the native tribes; but because the Gulf of Argos faced the island of Crete, Mycenae was one of the first coast-towns to fall before the Cretans, accept a Cretan governor, and feel the powerful influence of Cretan culture and art.

Other towns in the Pel′o-pon-ne′sus, Argos, Mi′de-a, Ti′ryns, Corinth and smaller places, likewise soon fell to Crete; and it was the chiefs of these towns who in days of Cretan decline, drove out the Cretan governors, accepted the overlordship of the powerful King of Mycenae, and finally came with a host to burn the palace of Knossos, and put an end forever to the glories of ancient Crete.

On the top of a hill nine hundred feet high, the Great King of Mycenae built a fortress-palace containing enormous storehouses, well filled with weapons and food, and



Reconstruction by Chi′pi-ez of the colorful, elaborate entrance to the great palace of My-ce′nae as it appeared in the days of the Great King. This reconstruction is based upon excavations and tomb decorations.

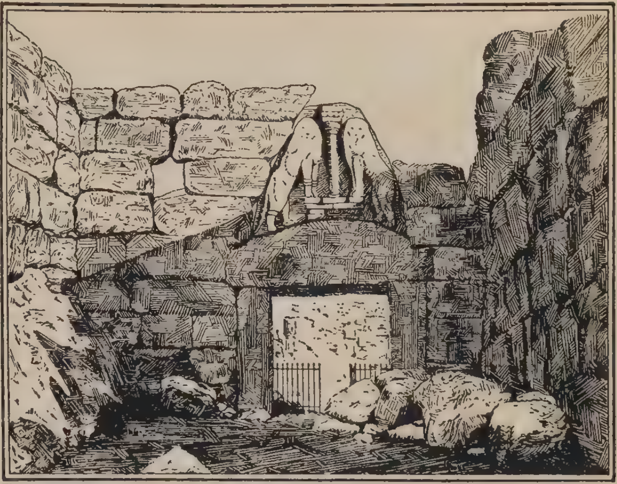
housing a host of people after the custom of Crete. From the roof of this palace, the guards of the King could watch the gulf below and the wide-spreading plain of Argos, or, facing about to the northward, could follow the narrow, stone road which led through the hills of Corinth over ravines and mountain streams up into the heart of Greece; for the Great King was not above sallying forth to raid passing caravans or force a payment of tribute from strangers in the land.

The buildings of the palace and city were all enclosed within walls gigantic in their size, an inner wall and an outer wall, varying from ten to twenty-six feet in thickness and built of huge blocks of stone. Through the center of one of these walls there ran a covered stone passage which led to a pool of water that lay at the foot of the hill. Soldiers of the King could thus be supplied with water as well as with food and arms in case of attack and siege.

So high and thick were the walls in the towns of Mycenae and Tiryns, that when the Greeks in later days saw their gigantic ruins, they did not think it possible that they had been built by men. Such enormous stones, they said, could only have been lifted by giants,—Cy-clo′pes with one great eye gleaming in their foreheads.

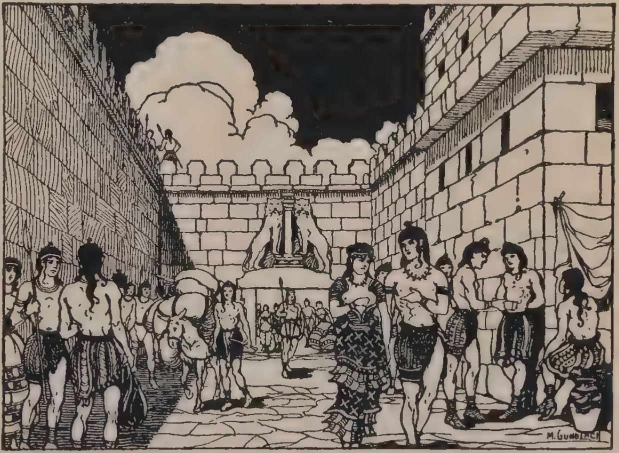
The two gates of Mycenae were both well fortified. The more important of these, approached from outside by a road that led between two high walls, was called the Lion Gate, because it bore at the top a large triangular stone, carved with two powerful lions standing on their hind legs on either side of a pillar, and representing the power of the great Earth Mother of Crete.

In the days of the city's greatest power many different people thronged the narrow stone roadway which passed through the Lion Gate. Manufacturing, commerce, and trade had made Mycenae rich, and war had made her power-



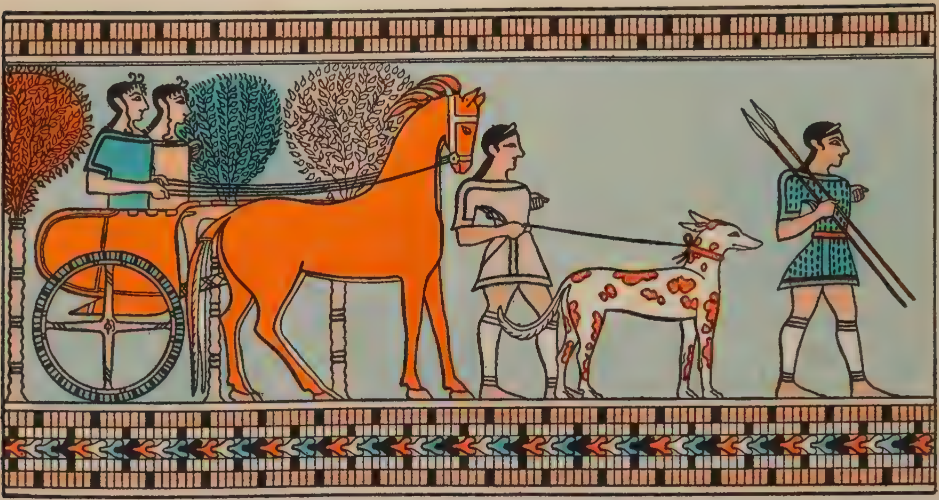
The great "Lion Gate," the main entrance in the massive walled fortress-city of My-ce'nae, as it appears today, impressive and majestic.

ful; so into the crowded market-place that lay just within the wall, came messengers from subject cities, envoys from all great countries, merchants and traders with caravans of ridiculous little mules, so heavily loaded down that only their heads appeared, with their long fuzzy, twitching ears above the bundles and bales. There were farmers from the countryside bearing produce on their broad backs, craftsmen with objects for trade, scribes with their small clay tablets, laborers and slaves, and here, there, everywhere in this pulsing, jostling throng were the soldiers of the King. Soldiers guarded the gates, soldiers kept order in the city, soldiers pushed aside the mob, and conducted distinguished visitors to the gate of the palace itself.



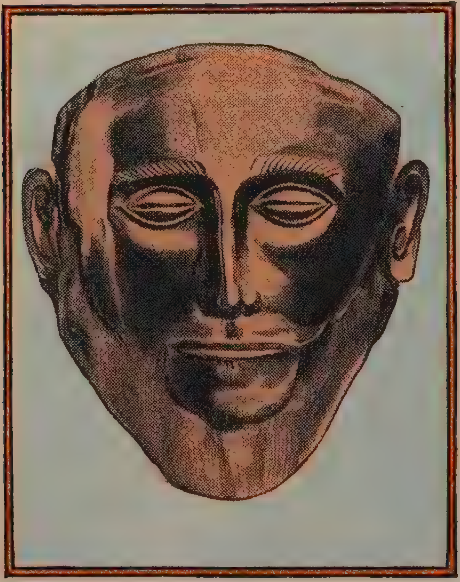
The "Lion Gate" as it was 3200 years ago, when people from all the world thronged the roadway entrance to My-ce'nae. The two lions, guarding a central pillar are a symbol of the Cretan Earth Mother.

These warlike men of Mycenae took pleasure in hunting and fighting, and they differed in many re-



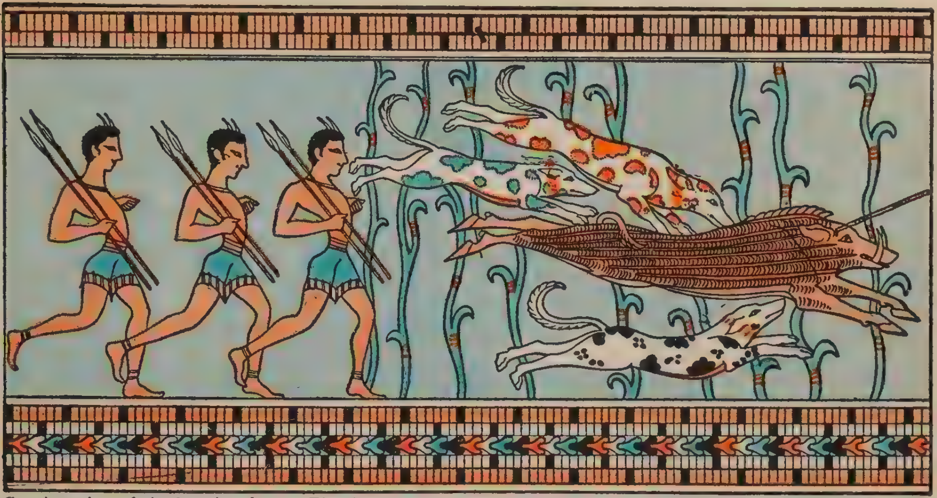
A hunting scene fresco from Ti'ryns. The men wear knee trousers, a new feature, characterizing the mainland.

spects from their peace-loving neighbors of Crete. Some of them shaved like the Cretans, but a great many let their beards grow or raised elaborate mustaches. Instead of short loin cloths, they wore knee trousers with tunics which reached to the middle of the thighs and flared out below the belt. In addition, cloaks were worn whenever the weather was cold. The women wore billowy skirts as they had on the island of Crete, or quaint, picturesque pantalettes, elaborately ruffled, extremely gay in color, and embroidered in handsome designs.



Exquisite gold burial mask from graves at My-ce'nae.

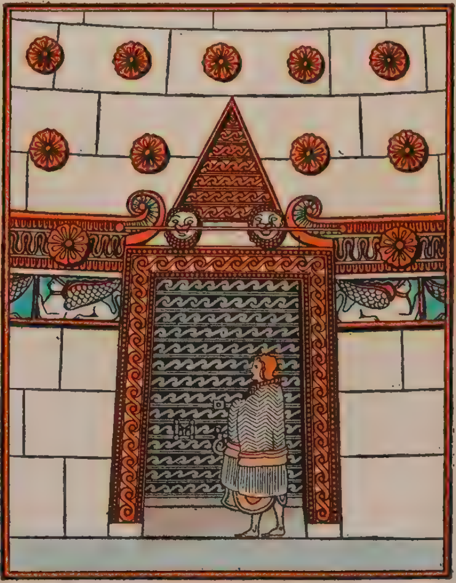
Close to the Lion Gate a double ring of stone slabs enclosed the old shaft graves



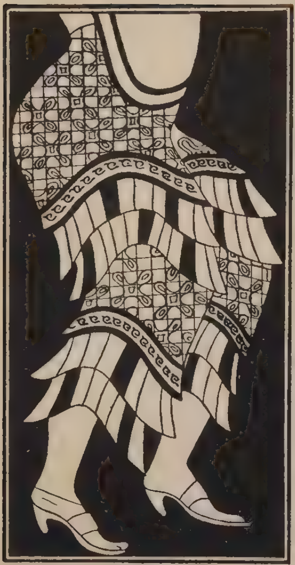
Continuation of the hunting fresco. The dogs and boar are remarkably drawn. Hunting was a favorite pastime.

where the earlier kings were buried, their faces covered with masks made of beaten plates of gold. By their sides were buried bronze swords finely wrought with gold, silver cups, vases, and ornaments, a fortune in precious metal and expert craftsmanship.

But the bee-hive tomb of the Great King, he who conquered Crete, surpassed the shaft tombs in glory. On a ridge in front of the palace a bee-hive shaped tomb had been dug, and was approached through the side of the hill by a very long passageway, which ended at a door. Inside, the tall dome was decorated with gleaming gold and ivory, while bronze rosettes were inserted at intervals in the stone.



Interior of the tomb of the great My′ce-nae′an king.

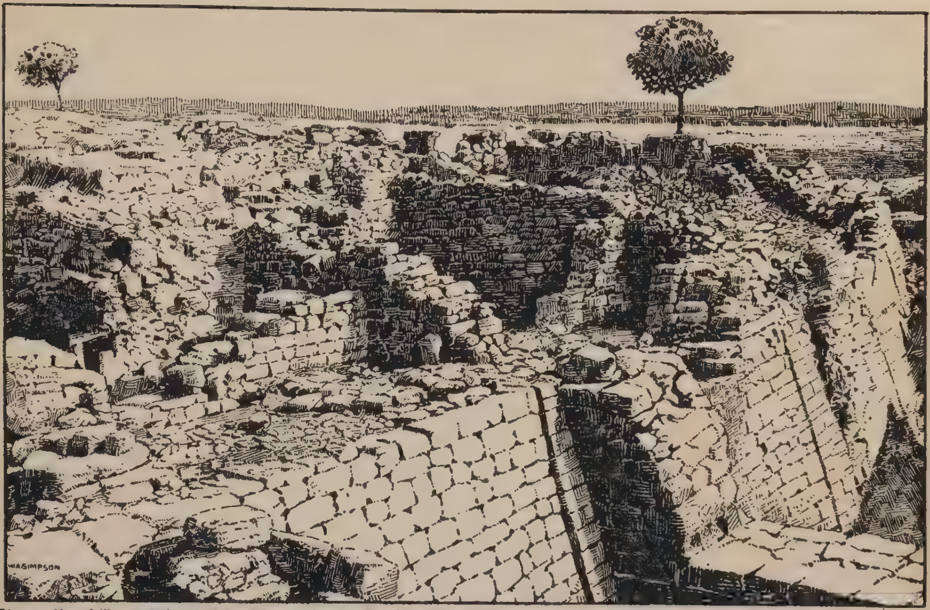


Quaint ruffled and embroidered pantalettes worn by women. Note also the high heel shoes. (A Fresco.)

Women apparently wore both the full skirts and these picturesque pantalettes. See the left-hand seal on page 27, found at Mycenae. Note how different this costume was from the flowing robes of Greece.

Passing these graves, the visitor went on up the hill to the palace, where he entered the Court of the Soldiers, and saw beyond him a hall in the center of which stood a hearth, that very important requisite of every house on the mainland, where the climate was often cold. Out from the Court of the Soldiers, there opened a vast array of corridors, stairways, and halls with Cretan decorations like those in the Palace of Knossos. The women's rooms, however, were built entirely separate from the apartments of the men and were not connected with them as in the palace of Crete.

Such was golden Mycenae in the days of her greatest glory. Later, when memories of Crete began to fade in the land, the Achaeans fell back again to their ancient beliefs and customs. They began to burn their dead instead of building tombs, and with each passing year, they thought less of the great Earth Mother of Crete and more of Zeus, her son, and a vast horde of gods and goddesses created by their fancies when they wandered the grass lands of Asia, with other Aryan tribes. These gods and goddesses were beings more powerful than men, but in other ways shared all the human passions of men, partiality and changeableness, injustice, jealousy, rage. They had no moral code, but followed their own impulses like the weakest of humans on earth, taking sides with heroes and mingling in human affairs exactly as they chose. And of all these, Zeus, the thunderer, the sky-god of the prairie wanderers, was the great chief and the king.



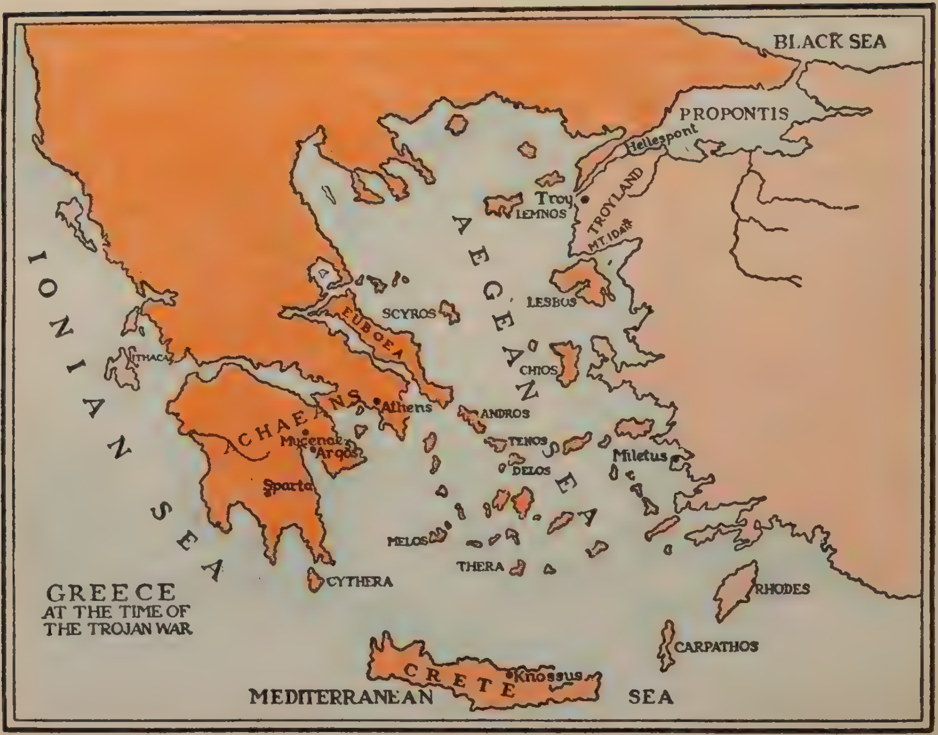
The walls of Troy defended by Hector in the Tro′jan War. For generations scholars believed that the Trojan War was only a myth conjured up by the fancy of poets; but Heinrich Schliemann, a poor young German boy taught himself to read Greek while he clerked in a grocery store, and the heroes of Homer became so real to him that he decided the city of Troy must actually exist and that when he grew to manhood, he would set out and search for it. Scholars scoffed at the idea, but Schliemann was firm in his determination, and when he made a fortune in oil, he journeyed to Asia Minor and began searching for Troy, with no other guide than the descriptions in his Homer. In 1870 he discovered the city and began excavations there triumphantly proving the Trojan War to have been a fact.

A few years later he began excavations at Mycenae, the home of Ag′a-mem′non, and he not only proved Mycenae to be a "city rich in gold," as Homer had said, but he also revealed the connection of this ancient civilization with Crete. This wall, which was the actual defense in Hector's day, was the sixth city. The ruins of five more ancient Troys lay buried beneath it, and three younger Troys lay above it.

The Trojan War

(About 1192 B. C.)

After the A-chae′ans had made themselves masters of Greece, they turned their longing eyes eastward toward the coast of Asia Minor across the little islands that dotted the Aegean Sea. The powerful Hit′tite confederacy which had once controlled that coast had been destroyed forever; so the Achaeans thought they could easily take possession of the land. But though they conquered the islands, they could not settle colonies or establish trading posts upon the opposite coast. The city of Troy on the Hel′les-pont, that strait through which ships must pass from the Black Sea to the Aegean, blocked every attempt to advance.


BLACK SEA
PROPONTIS
Hellespont
Troy
LEMNOS
TROYLAND
MT. IDA
AEGEAN SEA
LESBOS
SCYROS
EUBOEA
CHIOS
ANDROS
TENOS
DELOS
Miletus
IONIAN SEA
ITHACA
ACHAEANS
Athens
Mycenae
Argos
Sparta
MELOS
THERA
CYTHERA
RHODES
CARPATHOS
CRETE
Knossus
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
GREECE
AT THE TIME OF
THE TROJAN WAR

My-ce′nae and the lands across the Aegean Sea which the Achaeans wished to conquer. Troy where the famous battle was fought; the Hellespont which brought Troy its wealth; Mycenae, city of Ag′a-mem′non, leader of the host; Sparta, home of Men′e-la′os and the stolen Helen; Argos whence came Di′o-med; Ithaca, island of Odysseus.

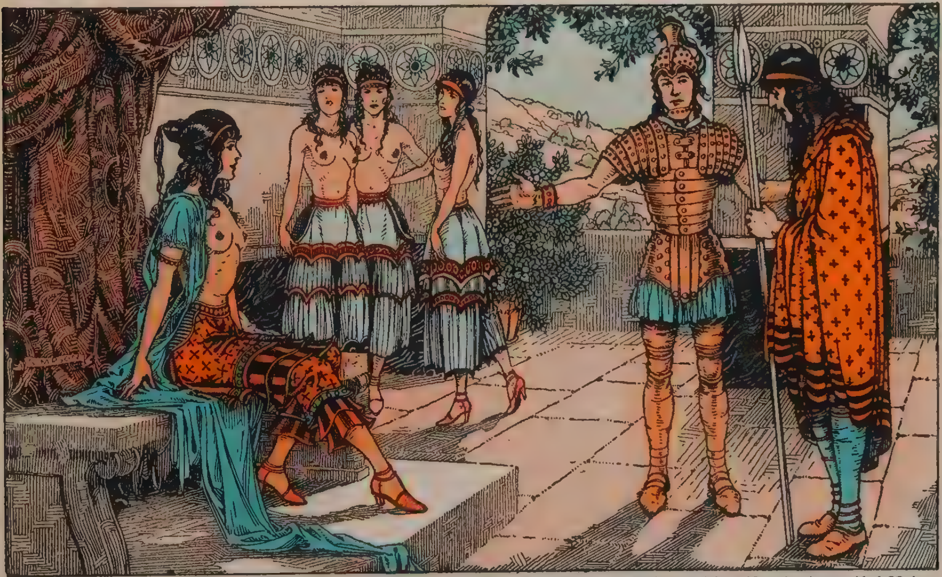
It was not that all this western coast belonged to the city of Troy. Only the Tro′ad, the land directly south of Troy, was governed by Trojan rulers; but treaties and agreements with other cities of the coast bound them all together in a union which the Achaeans had not the strength to break.

Troy was the leader of the cities because she possessed more wealth. A vast amount of trade passed between the Black Sea countries and the Mediterranean lands, and every time a ship sailed through the Hellespont, the rulers of Troy collected taxes or tribute from it,—wine, swords, gold, and horses, timber, silver, wild asses. Then, too, due to lack of sailing winds at certain seasons of the year, ships would often lie idle for weeks, becalmed in the Hellespont.

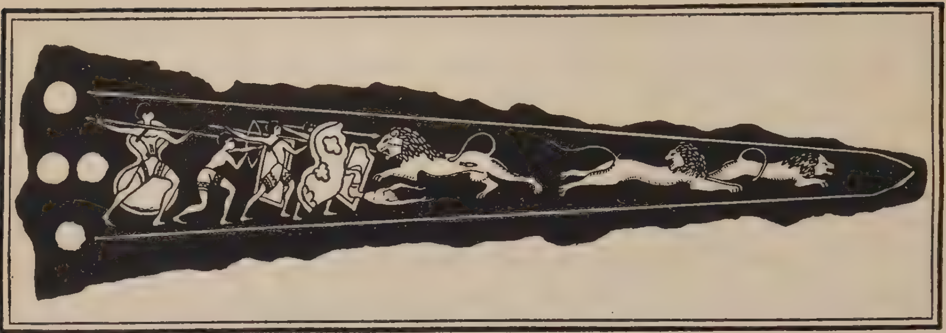
The Trojans supplied these ships with food and other necessities, and so they constantly grew in commerce and in wealth.

On top of a mound beneath which five other ancient Troys, destroyed by fire or warfare, lay buried in a heap, the Kings of Troy built a fortress, where they lived with all the comforts of the rulers in Mycenae. A massive wall, twenty feet high and made of square blocks of stone, like the great wall at Mycenae, encircled the fortress-palace; it had a brick rampart on top, and at intervals all along its course there rose up high square towers.

This was the stronghold which the long-haired Achaeans must capture before they could settle in Asia Minor, and yearly they built up their armies until they thought they were strong enough to defeat the men of Troy. Excuse for war soon came. Ag′a-mem′non was King of Mycenae; Men′e-la′os was King of Sparta and possibly Paris, the Prince of Troy, did indeed carry off Helen, the wife of Menelaos.



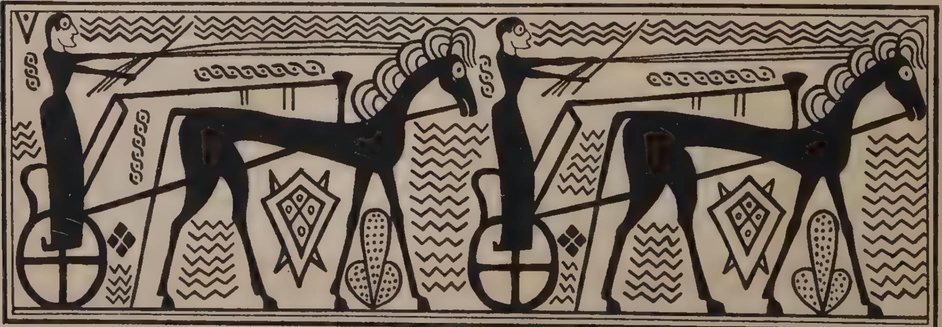
The warlike King Men′e-la′os of Sparta receives Paris as a friend and presents him to his wife, the beautiful Helen.



A bronze dagger inlaid with gold and wrought with marvelous vigor and skill. Warriors charge maddened lions, protecting themselves behind huge ox-hide shields of the type used in the Trojan War. Shaft-Graves, Mycenae.

This excuse, or some other, caused the jealous ambitions of the ever-expanding Achaeans to flame into sudden war. They went and laid siege to Troy. The struggle was hard and fierce, and lasted over a year. But at last the armies from Greece defeated the Trojan hosts; Troy was captured and burned to the ground, and the coast of Asia Minor was opened up at last to settlement and trade.

It was a mighty victory which the Achaeans had won, and the minstrels made up many songs about the heroic struggle, singing these songs for centuries as they wandered from city to city, embellishing them, enlarging them, stretching out the time of the siege from one to ten long years and dragging in gods and goddesses who helped friends and hindered foes, loved, hated and were wounded exactly like mortal men.

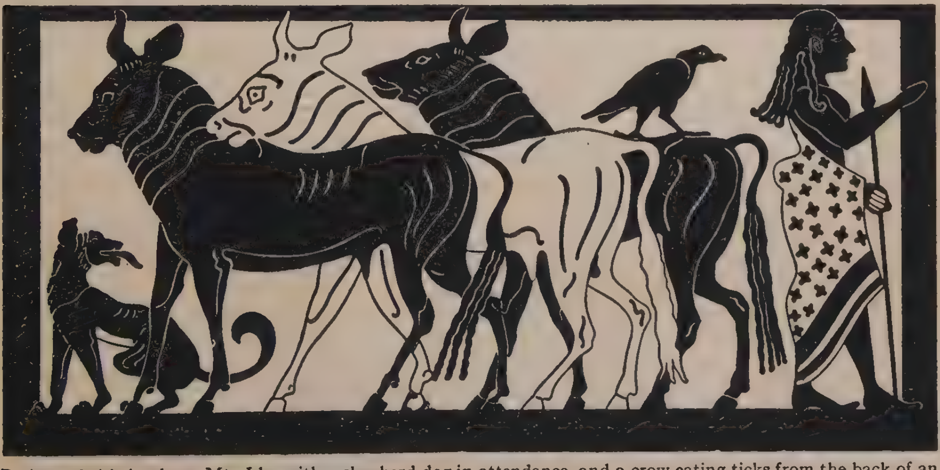


A procession of chariots such as those used in the Trojan War; from a 7th century Attic vase. Munich.

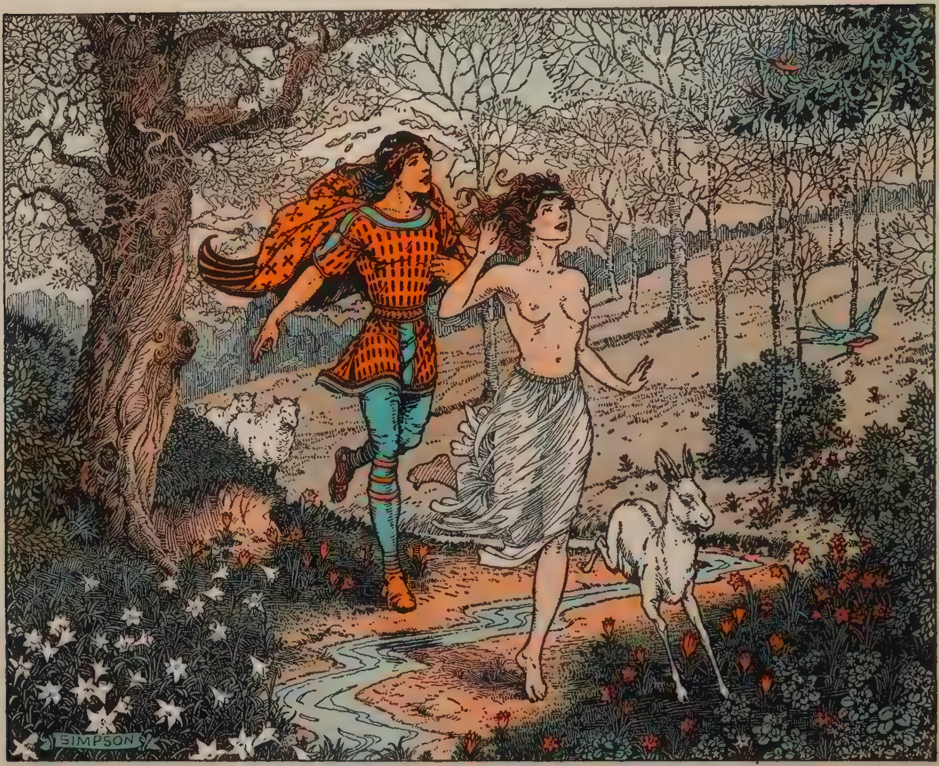
The Greek Minstrel's Tale of the Trojan War

In days when gods came down to earth and mingled in human affairs, an infant son named Paris was born to King Pri′am of Troy and Queen Hec′u-ba, his wife. But neither father nor mother wanted the babe just born, because they had been warned in a dream that the child would one day bring a great misfortune on Troy. And so King Priam ordered his slaves to take the babe to Mt. Ida and leave him alone to die on the barren crags of the mountain heights beneath the cold snows of the peak.

Nevertheless, it chanced that a shepherd, following his flock, found the deserted babe smiling in innocent joy, and the shepherd, moved with pity, wrapped the babe in his sheepskin and tenderly took him home. In the rude hut of this poor herdsman, the princely child grew to manhood, graceful and godlike of form, following flocks and herds across the mountain meadows and tempting the nymph Oe-no′ne from her grottoes and cool retreats to play with him mid the woodland wilds that were fresh with crystal springs.



Paris tends his herds on Mt. Ida, with a shepherd dog in attendance, and a crow eating ticks from the back of an ox. A primitive painting on a 6th cent. B. C., vase from Troy's neighbor state of Ionia. Not yet do men and women wear the draped dress of later Greeks. They are nearer the Mycenaean period and Paris wears a long figured cloak.



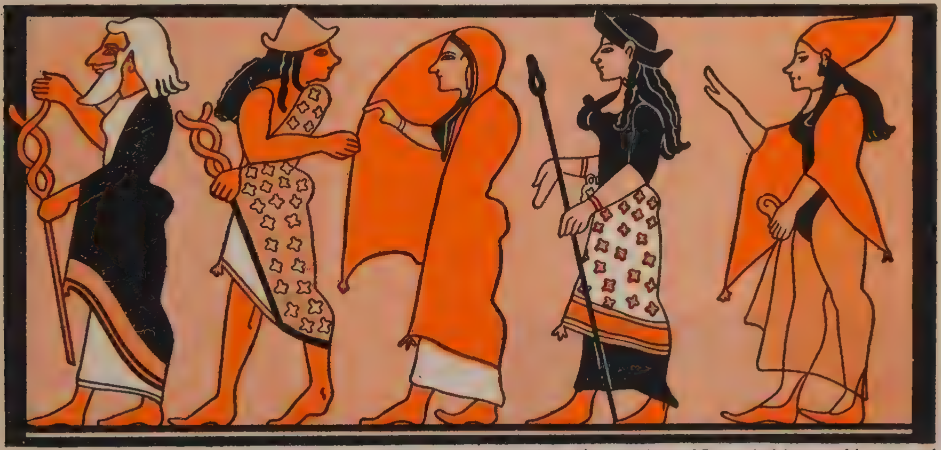
Paris and the nymph Oe-no′ne race light-heartedly through the woodland wilds of Mt. Ida fresh with springs.

Happily passed the days for Paris and fair Oenone, wandering in green meadows, racing like glints of sunlight through forests and shady groves, resting by rushing brooklets, plucking crocuses, violets, lilies and asphodel, laughing, light-hearted, swift-footed, innocent, youthful and gay.

But one unfortunate day there suddenly came to Paris three goddesses from Olympus,—He′ra, the imperious, white-shouldered Queen of the gods; blue-eyed Pal′las A-the′ne, the bright-haired Goddess of Wisdom; and laughing Aph′ro-di′te, Goddess of Love and Beauty, soft-eyed and fair of neck.

Not long before at a wedding, Ati, the Goddess of Discord, who had not been asked to the feast, had thrown into the gathering of guests an apple marked "For the fairest," a golden apple of discord that stirred up strife at once; for Hera, Aphrodite and Pallas Athene all claimed the golden apple and fell to quarreling with clamor, till Zeus, the King of the Gods, afraid to decide the matter, had sent them to Paris, the herdsman, to seek a judgment of him.

Hera told the youth that he was no herdsman in fact, but the son of King Priam of Troy and she promised him power and riches if he would declare her the fairest. Athene promised him wisdom, glory and renown, but Aphrodite, laughing, softly whispered that she would give him the fairest woman on earth if he would only award the golden prize to her. And Paris decided in favor of laughing Aphrodite; so Hera and Pallas Athene went away in a rage.



He'ra, queen of Heaven, A-the'ne, goddess of Wisdom, and Aph'ro-di'te, goddess of Love, led by an old man and Hermes, the messenger of the gods, seek Paris that he may judge which is the most beautiful. Stately Hera draws aside the mantle which covers her head—Athene follows slim and elegant in her helmet-hat—and last comes chubby Aphrodite, with saucy snub nose, smart turban and cape, pointed red shoes and a transparent skirt. From the vase, page 77.

After the fall of Crete, when the Earth Mother lost her importance, the old Achaean gods came more and more into prominence. As men in the very beginnings of ordered thinking began to seek for causes beneath the outward appearance of things, they could not escape striving to understand the power that creates, sustains and regulates the world, from which emanate the thought and life of the universe, and being unable to conceive of that power so diversified in its manifestations, as one God, they perceived its various attributes and qualities as these appeared in human experience and personified each as a god or goddess—making separate gods to be the source of Wisdom, Productivity, Beauty, Love, Strength; separate gods to rule the sun, the earth, the sea. Achaean minstrels worked out a whole scheme of loves and hates and relationships among these gods and goddesses and gradually the Greeks accepted this host of gods as set down by He'si-od in his *Theogony* and Homer in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

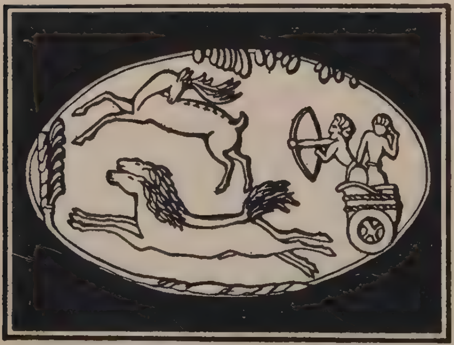
But now a change came over Paris. He knew that he was the son of a king and his simple life on the mountain no longer satisfied him. Deserting faithful Oe-no′ne who loved him with all her heart, he left the cool grottoes and meadows, the forests and crystal springs, and went down the mountain to Troy. There he made himself known to his father, and the King rejoiced so deeply to see his son alive, that he quite forgot the old prophecy and took the youth to his heart.

As a prince of Troy, young Paris heard many a tale of Helen, the wife of King Men′e-la′os, the fairest woman in Greece, indeed in all the world. And Paris determined to go and see with his own eyes this marvel of womanly grace.

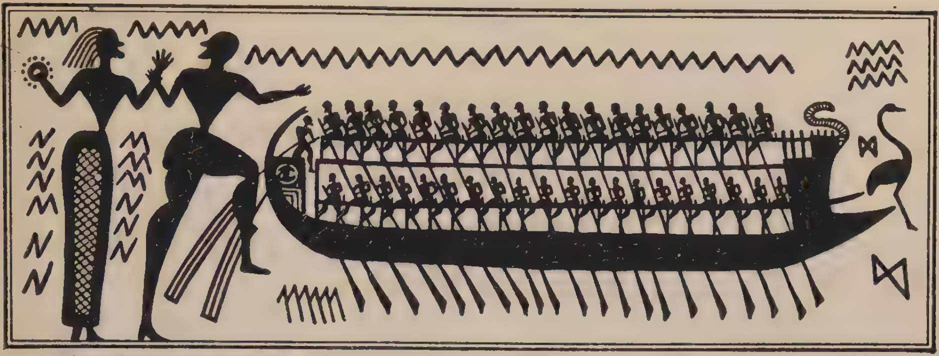
King Menelaos made festival with hunting and games of strength in honor of young Prince Paris; but Paris looked on Helen and was seized with a madness of love. Menelaos then being obliged to go on a mission to Crete, Prince Paris robbed his palace, bore Helen off to his fleet, and under the protection of soft-eyed Aphrodite, he took her home to Troy.

When Menelaos returned, his anger and rage knew no bounds. He sent envoys off to King Priam to request the return of Helen and all the stolen treasure; but Priam, blind to the faults of his son, refused the just request.

There was nothing for Menelaos to do but prepare to make war on Troy. Accordingly, he sent messages to other kings and princes throughout the land of Greece. All were mighty warriors, heroes like himself, and all had at one time been suitors for the hand of the beautiful Helen.


A spirited hunt such as that with which Menelaos entertained Paris. Gold seal-ring. Shaft-Graves, Mycenae.

Among these chiefs was O-dys′seus, the famous King



Paris carries Helen off to his boat. Triangular figures crudely painted on an early vase from Thebes, Greece.

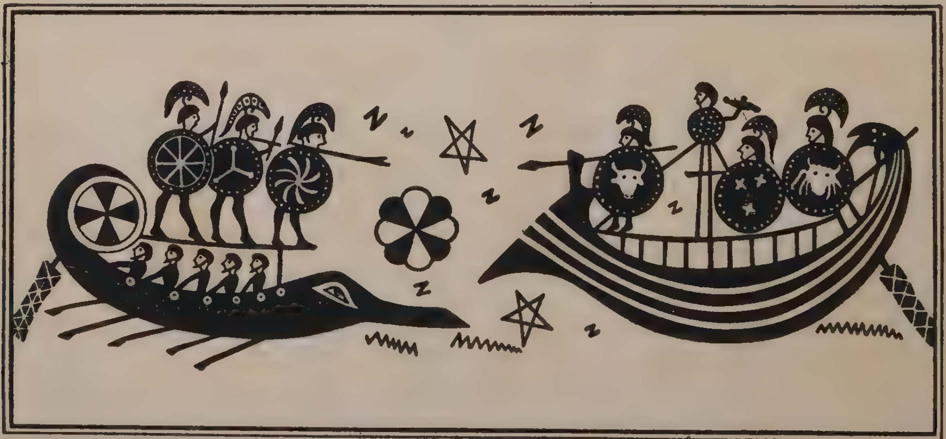
of Ithaca, nobly born and sage, a hero brave in war and wise in counsel, who did a thousand things well. Ere Helen had chosen her husband, Odysseus had proposed that every suitor who sought her hand should take an oath to protect her in any case of need. Menelaos now called on these chiefs to come and fulfill their oaths, and many responded at once; but Odysseus himself had now married his faithful wife Pe-nel′o-pe, and, happy with her and his son, he sorely regretted his oath. When the chief Pal-a-me′des came to urge him to join in the quest, he pretended that he was mad, and hitching an ox and an ass to his plough, he madly sowed salt for seed. Palamedes, however, placed Te-lem′a-chus, the infant son of Odysseus in the path of his father's plough, to see if the great Odysseus was in reality mad. Coming upon his son, the father turned his plough aside, thus proving that he was sane. Having now no further excuse for refusing to go to Troy, Odysseus at last made ready and set out to join the host, vowing likewise to win to the army the strong and skilful Achilles, the greatest warrior of Greece, a fiery and glorious youth.

Achilles was son of King Pe′leus and the sea-nymph The′tis of the silver-feet, who dwelt in the depths of the sea. When the boy was a babe, his mother had dipped him in the

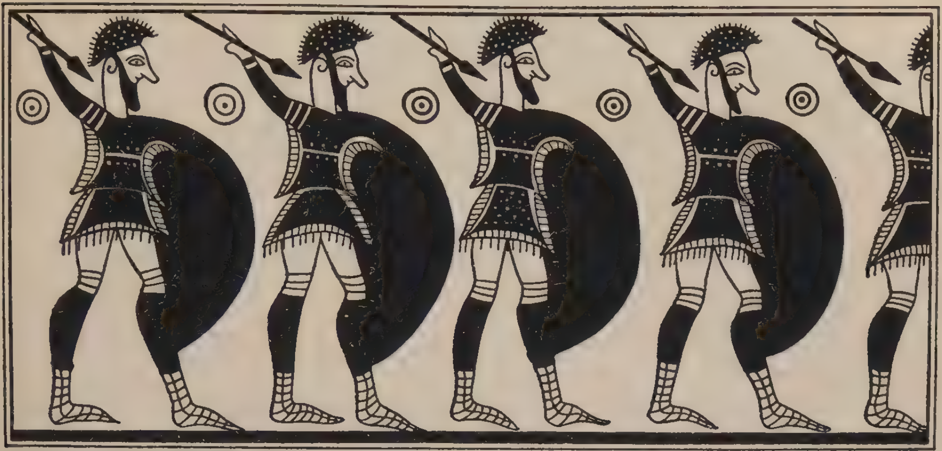
Styx, the River of the Underworld, to make his body proof against any fatal wound, but when she heard news of the Trojan war, she realized that the heel by which she had held her son, had been untouched by the stream, and so left one spot on his body where he might still be wounded to death. Dressing him up as a maiden, she hid him among the daughters of King Lyc-o-me′des of Scy′ros, hoping thus to keep him from hearing about the war.

But Odysseus wandering about in search of the famous Achilles, disguised himself as a peddler, offering for sale a tray of womanly trinkets and finery among which lay one shining sword. In time, he came to Scyros and offered his wares to the maids. But while the real King's daughters handled the bracelets and ear-rings, Achilles in maidenly garments, seized at once on the sword and brandished it with all the skill and strength of a powerful man. So Odysseus discovered the hero and won him to join the host.

For two years the heroes prepared for their expedition to Troy, but at last boats and men lay ready. A thousand ships rode the waters with a mighty assemblage of men.

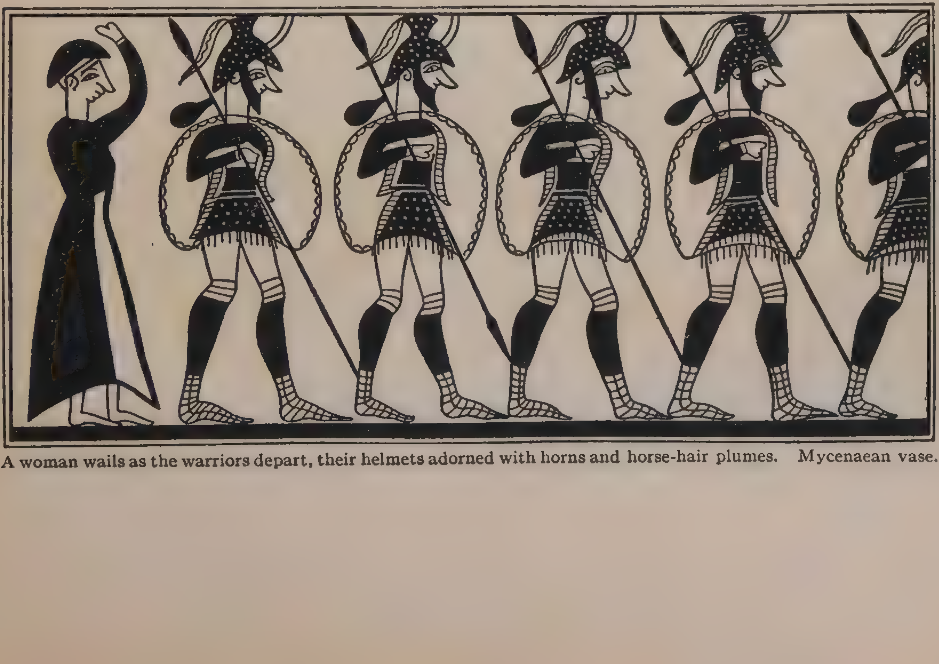


A war-galley with three helmeted warriors, attacks an enemy ship. The galley soldiers have small round shields, the enemy warriors have shields which cover their entire bodies. All bear the devices of their owners. (7th cent. B. C.)



Such warriors as gathered for the Trojan War. They wore trousers, round caps, and fringed leather coats.

Thither came wise old Nestor, master of persuasive speech; thither came Di′o-med, King of Argos; Ajax, famous for strength; Odysseus, crafty and wise; I-dom′e-neus, King of Crete; the warlike Menelaos; his brother, the King of Mycenae, wide-ruling Ag′a-mem′non, Commander-in-Chief of the host; and finally godlike Achilles with his soldiers, the Myr′mi-dons, and Pa-tro′clus, his dearly loved friend, his comrade in danger and toil. Thither came one and all.

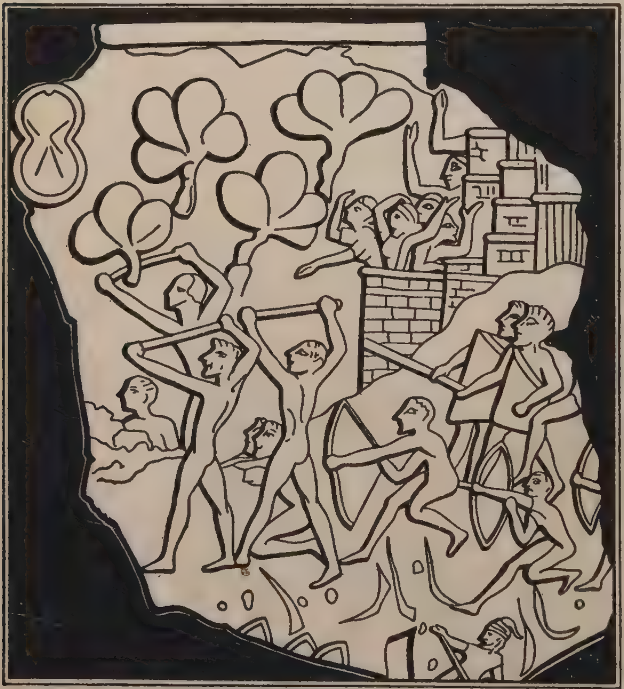


A woman wails as the warriors depart, their helmets adorned with horns and horse-hair plumes. Mycenaean vase.

The well-oared ships of the host clove through the waves to Troy. But scarcely had the Achaeans set foot on Trojan soil when the Trojan army, led forth by Hector, brother of Paris, engaged the invaders in battle. The Achaeans were victorious and drove the Trojans back, compelling them to take refuge within the walls of Troy.

For nine long years the Achaeans laid siege to the city of Troy, with many conflicts hard fought, the fight of men encountering men with brazen spears and helms. The gods mixed in affairs, quarreling on high Olympus, the heavenly home of the gods, and descending to earth in various forms to save their favorite heroes, or deceive and trick their foes. Aphrodite favored the Trojans because of the judgment of Paris; Hera and Pallas Athene, for the same reason, favored the Greeks.

Then came the famous tenth year of the war, the most important of all, a year so full of events that poets for ages sang the heroic deeds of those days, and Homer, the greatest poet of Greece, two hundred years after the war, made one great poem, the *Il'i-ad*, out of all those scattered songs.

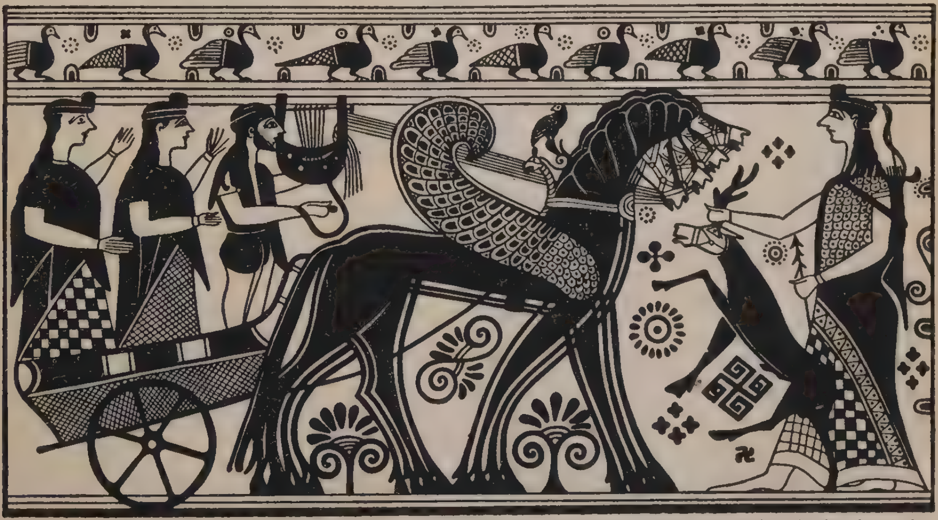


How Troy was defended. A siege scene on a silver vase from Mycenae. Women on the house-tops encourage the warriors below. Homer's tale of this struggle, the *Iliad*, was so called from Ilium, the ancient name of Troy.

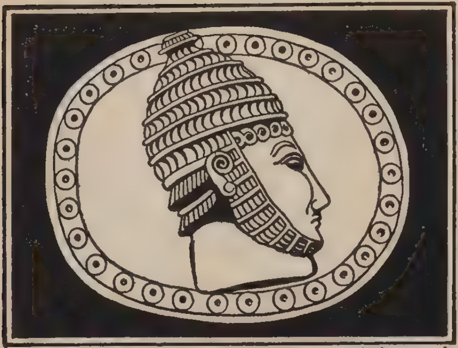
Homer's Tale of the Il′i-ad

On the plains of wind-swept Troy, the long-haired Achaeans, brazen-mailed, lay camped beside their ships. The walls of Troy held firm; but the enemy scoured the country round and seized rich store of spoil. And so, as battle-spoil, there fell to Ag′a-mem′non, King of men, the fair-cheeked maid, Chry-se′is, daughter of old Chry′ses, priest of Phoebus Apollo, the bright-haired god of the sun. And Chryses came himself unto Agamemnon's tent with all the sacred emblems of Phoebus-of-the-silver-bow. And Chryses begged the King of men to give his daughter back, but Agamemnon with haughty words refused to yield the maid. Therefore did Phoebus Apollo send a pestilence upon the Achaean host to avenge the insults to his priest.

Pestilence, dark and dread, smote the Achaean host till all were in despair and a council of chiefs was called to deliberate by what means they might stay the wrath of Phoebus. Achilles boldly said that Agamemnon, King of men,



The sun-god Phoebus Apollo, with his lyre, accompanied by two maidens stands in a quaint chariot drawn by winged horses. His sister, Artemis, goddess of the chase, offers Phoebus a deer. (7th cent. B.C. vase.)



An ivory head of a warrior from Mycenae. Ag′a-mem′-non, King of Mycenae, must have looked like this.

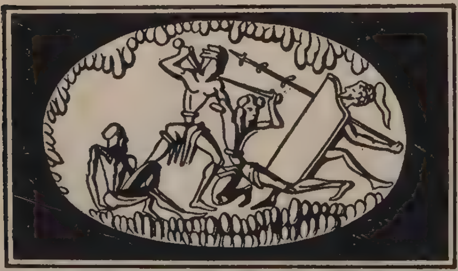
had brought this woe on all by stubbornly refusing to give up the maid Chry-se′is. Hard words then arose; Achilles fiercely called wide-ruling Agamemnon the greediest of men, wine-bibber with a deer's heart, and the forehead of a dog!

And Agamemnon, full of wrath, consented to return Chry-se′is to her sire to save his host from death; but in his rage, thereafter, he sent unto Achilles' tent and took from him Bri-se′is, the fair-cheeked maid Achilles loved, Achilles' spoil of war.

The goddess-born Achilles, full of rage, then sought his ships and threatened in his anger to go home. He nursed his wrath and brooded by his ships and would not come to council with the chiefs, nor to the war, but suffered idleness to eat his heart away.

Swiftly from the waves of the gray deep emerging like a cloud, his mother, The′tis-of-the-silver-feet, came to comfort him; and climbing the Olympian height she made her suit to Zeus, the cloud-compelling Lord of Heaven, that he should grant the Trojan host the victory until the humbled Greeks repented and heaped honors on her son.

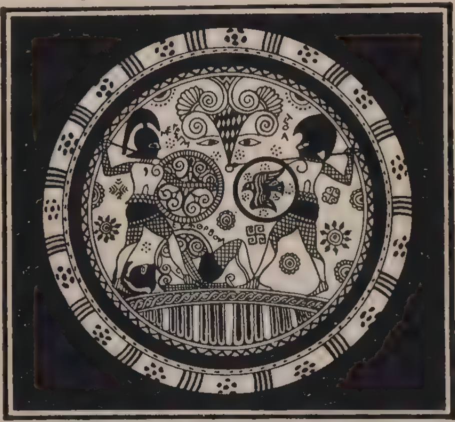
To this great Zeus agreed, and when the battle din arose with clash of brazen spears and ox-hide shields, with mingled chants and groans of those who slew and fell, the victory fell to Troy.



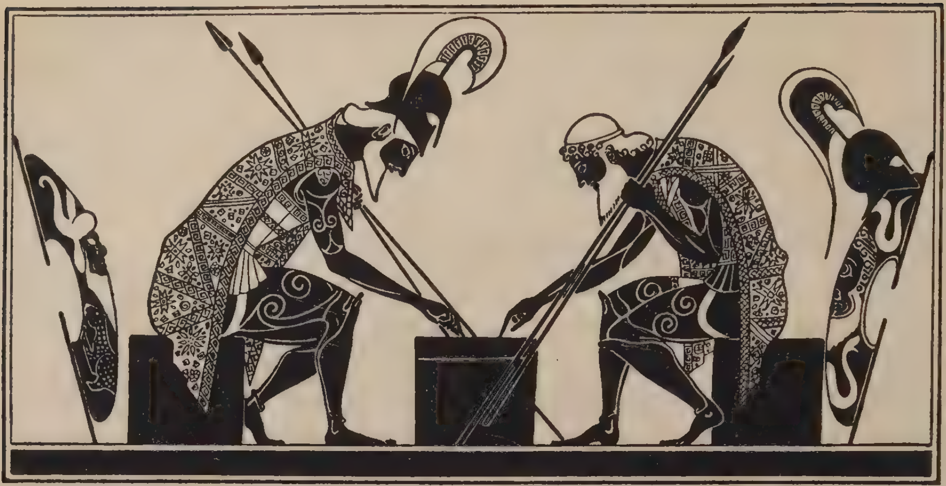
Warriors fighting. A gold seal ring from Mycenae. One warrior has a lance and the huge shield that characterized Homer's heroes. The warrior forced to his knees has a sword; the man about to strike him, a dagger.

The warlike Menelaos challenged graceful Paris, nobly formed, the follower of women, to meet him in a single combat, daring him to make the white-armed Helen prize of victory to him who won. And they two met and fought, and Menelaos won the day, and seizing Paris by the horse-hair crest upon his helmet, Menelaos dragged him through the dust toward the Achaean camp, the ox-hide helmet-band nigh choking Paris, till fair Aphrodite came and broke that band and bore her favorite away wrapped in a cloud. Then Menelaos found the empty helmet only in his powerful hand, while Aphrodite set the graceful Paris down within his perfumed chamber there to rest at ease upon his well-carved couch, in beauty and attire resplendent, not like one returned from combat with a hero, but like one who goes to mingle in the choral dance. And unto Paris Aphrodite brought fair Helen in her perfumed robes, that he, the cause of all that war, might dwell at ease while heroes fought.

The Trojans, great in mastery of steeds, drove back the brazen-mailed Achaeans till they left their camp and sought a final refuge in their ships, besieged within their fleet of anchored galleys as the sons of Troy had been besieged behind the walls of Troy. No man save great Achilles did those Trojans fear and since the gleaming armor of Achilles shone no more among the Achaean host, the Trojans fought with fury which the Greeks could not withstand. In vain did Ag′a-mem′non send to great Achilles' tent, returning to him fair Bri-se′is and entreating him to join his comrades in the field.



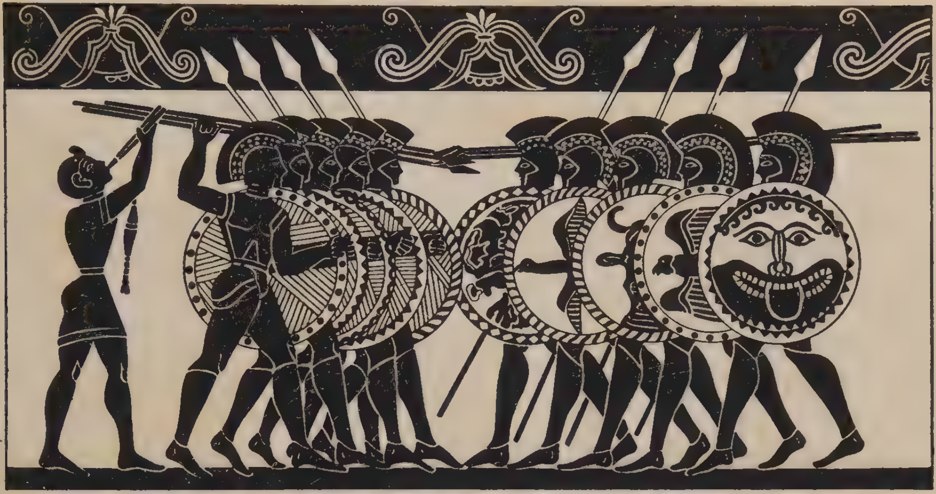
Menelaos fights Hector. The Greek tales allow the Trojans only two great heroes, Hector and Aeneas. Note the beautiful shields. From a plate of the 7th cent. B.C., now in the British Museum in London.



Ajax and Achilles play at draughts. Achilles, inactive in his tent, has laid aside his helmet which rests on his shield. The shield of Ajax is behind him. A vase painted by the famous early vase-painter, Exekias. (6th century, B. C.)

Achilles sulked and turned a deaf ear to the prayers of all his friends. He would not join the fight.

Great Hector, the man-queller, son of Priam, King of Troy, did mighty deeds of valor in those clamorous days. In vain his wife An-drom′a-che besought him not to seek such dangers in the field, the while his little son, afraid to see his father in his crested helm of war, turned from him weeping, with no offer of a farewell kiss. Great Hector fought till every long-haired chief of the Achaean host regarded him with fear, and dreaded to encounter him in glorious fight. Aeneas too, the son of Aphrodite and An-chi′ses, did great deeds for Troy, and though strong Ajax fought with furious might against the sons of Troy, and Di′o-med, bold warrior, even fought against the gods themselves, attacking Aphrodite when she cast her shining robe to hide Aeneas from his foe, the brave Achaeans fought in vain. The sons of Troy pressed through the rampart which the Greeks had built around their galleys and with flaming brands bade fair to burn that whole great fleet of ships.

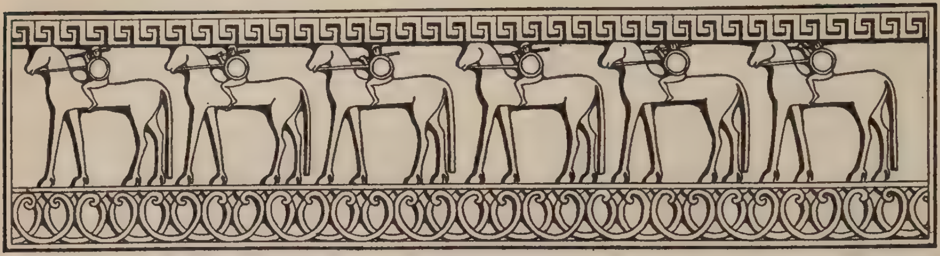


Two armies clash in battle. The shields of one army, which are seen from the front, show the various identifying armorial devices of the warriors. A flute player plays a military tune. A Co-rin′thi-an vase. 7th century, B. C.

Then in despair Pa-tro′clus, dearest comrade of Achilles, went and stood beside his friend and shed hot tears for Greece as when a fountain sheds dark waters streaming down a precipice. The great Achilles saw and pitied him, and in this last extremity of Grecian woe, he did at last agree to let Patroclus wear his suit of mail, that, seeing it again amid the Achaean host, the sons of Troy might fear and think Achilles had returned to fight.

The while Patroclus donned the shining armor, great Achilles roused his Myr′mi-dons and bade them fiercely fight beneath the leadership of his beloved friend. They, newly armed, marched forth in warlike order and in highest hope to fall upon the foe.

Patroclus, fierce as A′res, god of war, that curse of humankind, did charge the squadrons of the foe and many a warrior laid he in the dust. Before that well-known armor of the great Achilles did the Trojans leave the ships and flee, till crested Hector of the beamy helm made great Patroclus halt to fight with him. And Hector pierced Patroclus with



Horsemen from a Cretan frieze. Such were the "horse-taming sons of Troy, great in mastery of steeds." The long-legged horses and tiny riders look like a caricature of how a man feels the first time he rides a horse.

his spear, and drove the weapon deep so that he died. Then Hector stripped Patroclus of the great Achilles' mail and in that shining armor clothed himself, the while a mighty struggle waged around the body of the fallen Greek, great Ajax bent on bearing it in safety to the camp.

And when Achilles learned the fate of his beloved friend, loud were his cries. He showered the ashes of the hearth upon his head and with them soiled his noble face. Prone in the dust he lay and tore his hair. His goddess mother heard his cries and came to share his grief. And now he vowed that he would go and fight those bold, horse-taming sons of Troy, his foes; and Thetis promised with the morrow's dawn to bring him a new suit of mail to take the place of that which now great Hector wore.

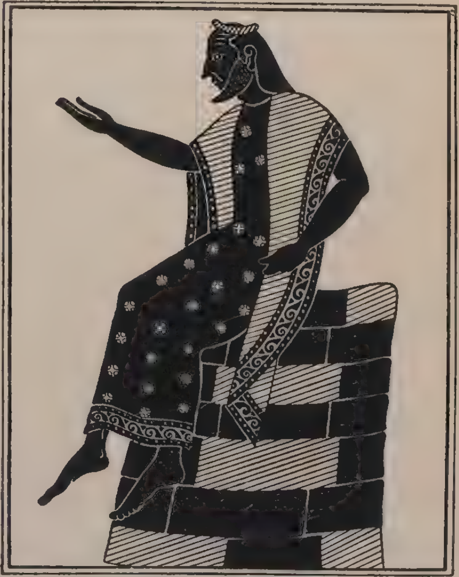
So did she seek Olympus crowned with snow, to ask of Vul′can, that lame god who was the smith and armor-maker of the gods, that he should forge before the morrow's dawn a new and glorious suit of mail. In saffron-colored mantle from the tides of ocean rose the morning to bring light to gods and men, when The′tis reached the fleet and brought the gift of Vulcan to Achilles, her great son.

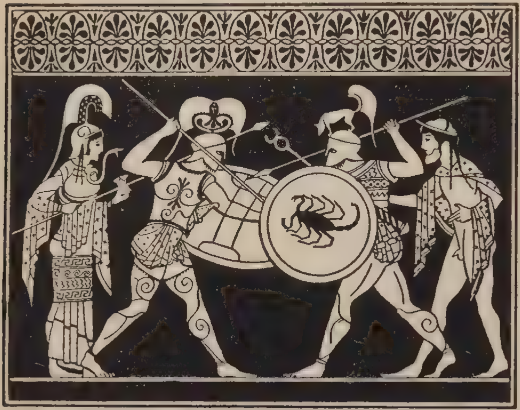
And now the Greeks had brought the body of Patroclus to the camp, and fierce Achilles in his grief vowed that the funeral rites should never be performed till he had brought the body of great Hector to the pyre of his dead friend.

In shining armor clad, the sorrowing Achilles then renounced his wrath and once again was reconciled to Ag′a-mem′non, rushing forth to put new spirit in the hearts of his sad host. He chased and slew the Trojans and their firm-paced steeds, but ranging through the thick of fight, sought only Hector. And the gods came down from heaven, warring each with other for his favorite son.

The aged Priam from a lofty tower beheld the large-limbed son of Pe′leus range the field and saw the Trojans all tumultuously fly. With bitter cries he came down from the walls and ordered men to open up the gates and let the Trojans in, but then to shut them fast and keep the chasing Greeks barred out. Thus were the Trojans driven within the walls like frightened fawns, and there dispersing, cooled their sweaty limbs, and quenched their eager thirst, and rested on the battlements.

Achilles, like a race-horse, scoured the plain; but Hector stood to face him, nor would he enter in the opened gates beside his fleeing men. In vain the aged pair, King Priam and Queen Hec′u-ba, entreated their dear son from where they stood upon the walls, to seek safe refuge through the gates. They moved great Hector not. He stood and waited for his mighty foe. But when Achilles came, his armor flashing lightning as he moved, a sudden dread made Hector tremble in his limbs. He turned and fled,


Priam on the wall. From a very ancient Greek vase.



The combat of Achilles and Hector. Athene stands behind Achilles to help him and Apollo prepares to assist Hector who has a scorpion insignia on his shield and wears a helmet surmounted by a fox. Vase painting, 530 B. C.

and fierce Achilles swift-of-foot gave chase. Three times around the walls they ran, until A-the′ne, jealous goddess, halted Hector with a trick. She took the form of Hector's bravest brother and appeared just at his side; so Hector thought to have the aid of this bold hero, and he stopped to face Achilles and do battle with the foe. But when he hurled his spear and missed, and turned to take another weapon from the brother at his side, he saw that brother vanished, understood the trick, and knew at last his hour of death had come.

"Yet will I not inglorious fall!" he cried. And with a clash of arms he rushed upon the foe. But fierce Achilles pierced him with his spear and stripping him of that fine suit of armor which Patroclus once had worn, he tied the body by its heels behind his car and dragged it toward the Grecian camp in shame and ignominy trailing in the dust.

The royal mother saw and tore her hair; she flung her lustrous veil away and uttered piercing shrieks. No less the father who so loved his son, made piteous wailing, and in all the streets of Troy the people wept aloud.

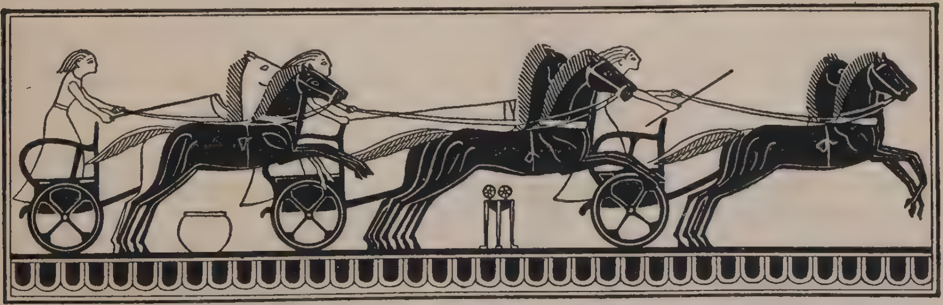
Meantime An-drom′a-che, brave Hector's wife, sat in a recess of her splendid palace-halls and wove a web of brilliant hues on which were scattered flowers of rare device, and she had given her bright-haired maidens charge to place an ample caldron on the fire that Hector, coming from the battle field, might find a warm bath ready to his use. She heard the shrieks and wails upon the tower. In every limb she trembled and she quickly dropped the shuttle saying to her maidens "Come with me!" When thus she reached the tower and saw her husband dragged away before the city-walls, she fell in breathless swoon down to the ground, and when she gained her senses once again, she mourned her fate, her country ruined, she herself a captive, and her little son on charity dependent for his bread.

Meantime within the Grecian camp great Agamemnon sent the mules and men from all the tents to gather wood, and make for brave Patroclus a huge funeral pyre. And when the pyre was made, there came in funeral march, the Myr′mi-dons in brazen mail, the charioteers with cars, a crowd of men on foot, and just behind the corpse, Achilles weeping, with his head held in his hand.

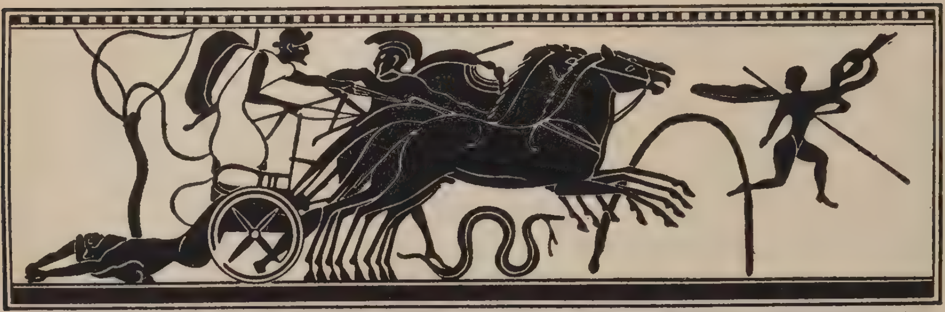
When they had reached the pyre, the great Achilles cut his amber locks and sighing, turned his eyes upon the dark blue sea and said: "Since I no more shall see my native land, let this slain hero bear my locks away."

He spake and in his dead companion's hand, he placed the hair while all around were moved to deeper grief.

Then followed chariot races, wrestling, boxing, archery, and last a funeral banquet ere the chiefs retired to rest. But great Achilles neither ate nor slept for thinking of his friend.



Chariot races at the funeral games of Pa-tro′clus. Athenian vase painting by Kli′ti-as, 6th cent. B.C. Even before the A-chae′ans came into Greece an ancient Achaean custom required races and athletic contests at the funeral of a chieftain. Each chariot in the picture has three horses, although it is difficult to find all their legs.

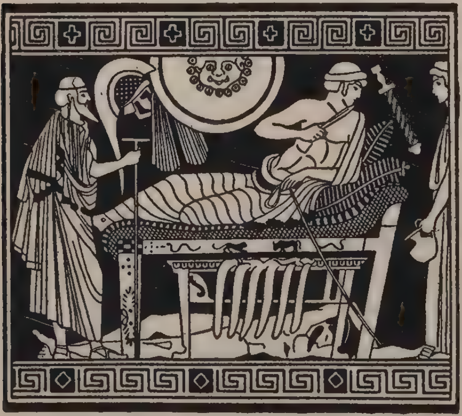


Achilles drags Hector's body around the tomb of Patroclus, the mound above which hovers Patroclus' ghost fully armed. The three-horse chariot is driven by a charioteer spurred on by Achilles at his side. Early Attic vase.

Before the dawn he rose and twice around the tomb of dead Patroclus dragged the body of great Hector in the dust.

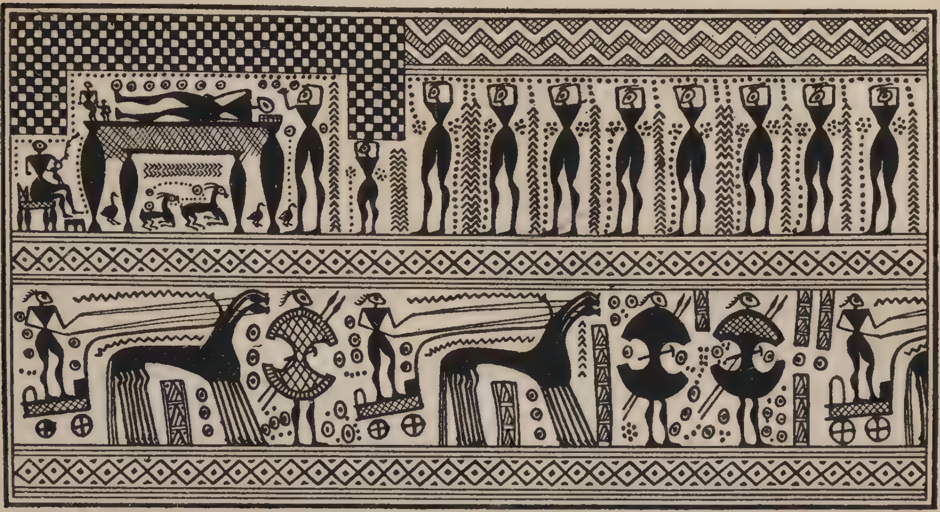
King Priam on that same sad night, descending to a fragrant chamber, cedar-lined, high-roofed, and stored with things of price, prepared to ransom back the body of his son. He took rich cloths and garments, with ten talents in gold, and loading these into a chariot drawn by mules, he set forth for the Grecian camp with only one companion, quite as aged as himself.

But Zeus, the King of gods, beholding this old father in such grief and woe, was stirred with pity in his heart and sent his son, swift-footed Hermes, with command to drive King Priam's car and take him safely to Achilles' tent.



Priam begs for Hector's body which Achilles has placed under the table. Achilles turns away unheeding.

Before the fierce Achilles did the old man make his plea. He kissed those dreaded hands that had destroyed so many of his sons, and great Achilles, moved at last by sight of his white locks, gave back to him the body of his son, with pledge to grant a truce for Hector's burial rites.



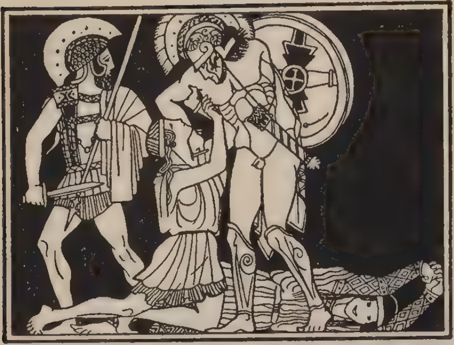
Funeral rites for a hero. Crude triangular figures from an ancient Athenian vase (8th century B. C.). The hero lies on his bier. A woman and child appear to stand on the bier at his feet, but as they are made so small, they are meant to be shown standing beside him at a distance. Another woman and child sit beside the bier; on either side women wail. Below is a procession of chariots each with three horses. The wheels which are on opposite sides of the chariots are painted side by side. The warriors wear horse-hair plumes and carry huge shields with crescent indentations in the middle to allow their arms free play. Such was the funeral of Hector.

Now when the litter bearing Hector's body neared the gates of Troy, and was descried by watchers on the walls, the people in a stream came swarming forth to gaze once more upon their hero's face. Until the sun went down there was no small abatement of their grief.

Then speedily they yoked the mules and oxen to the wains and toiled nine days to bring the trunks of trees to make a pyre before the city-walls, and on the tenth they brought the corpse of Hector from the town with many tears, and laid it on the wood, and flung the fire to light the pile.

Now, when the rosy-fingered Dawn looked forth, the people, at the pile of glorious Hector, quenched the funeral fires with dark red wine, and gathered up his bones to place them in a golden urn. O'er this they drew a coverlet of purple robes, and laid it in a grave, and reared the tomb. Then they returned and in the halls where Priam dwelt, were feasted royally. Such was the mighty Hector's burial rite.

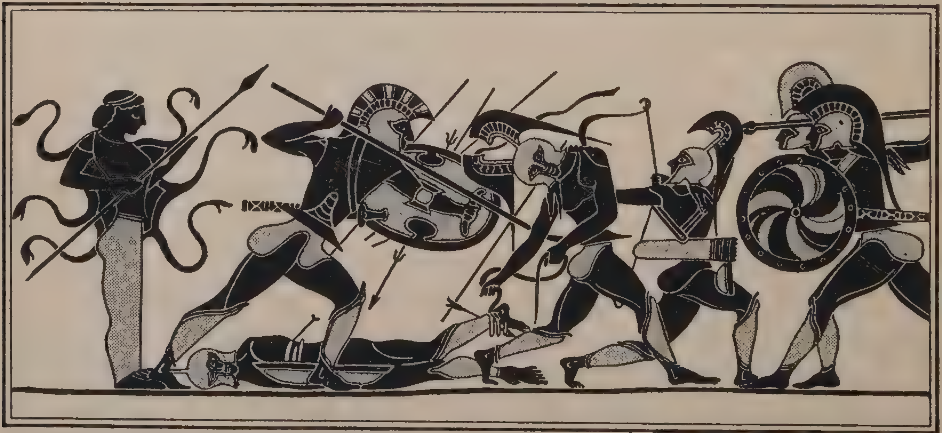
The Fall of Troy



Achilles slays Pen′the-si-li′a, warrior Queen of the Amazons whom he secretly loves. On the ground an Amazon in Oriental costume. Cup in Museum at Munich.

But not by death of Hector and Pa-tro′clus was the Trojan war to end. New allies came to Troy, an E′thi-o′pi-an Prince and that fair warrior maid, Queen of the Am′a-zons whom fierce Achilles slew.

Thereafter did Achilles, having seen Po-lyx′e-na, the daughter of King Priam, wish to wed her, and he entered Troy to make negotiations for the marriage in the temple of bright Phoe′bus. As he stood unarmed, sly Paris shot a poisoned arrow at his foe and took his aim at that one spot where he was vulnerable, his heel. The arrow struck full home, and sent its poison quickly through his blood. So was Achilles slain most treacherously, and Ajax and Odysseus came to take his body back by force to the Achaean camp that they might honor with fair funeral rites the greatest hero of their host, godlike Achilles, goddess-born.

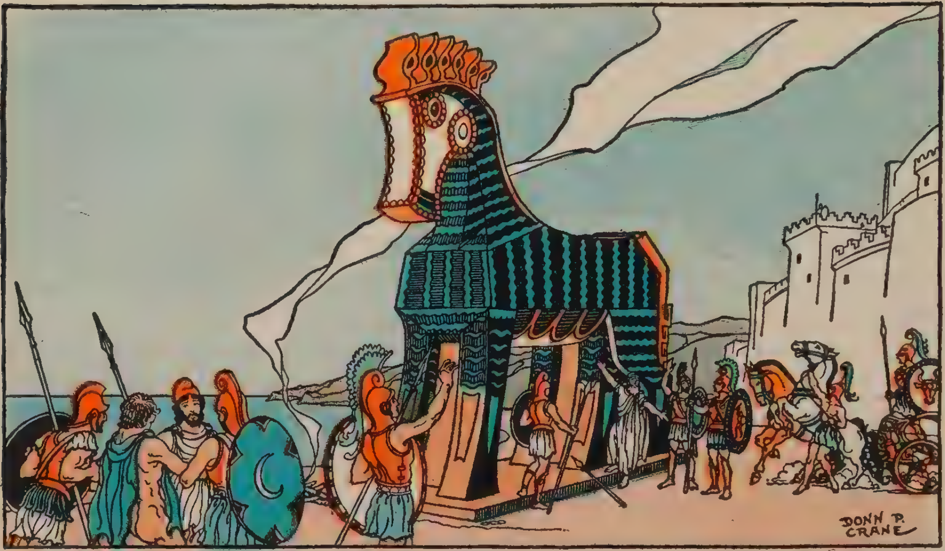


The fight for Achilles' body. One Trojan has already been pierced by Achilles' defender, while archers and spearmen advance. Athene with her Gorgon's head shield from which writhe live snakes stands guard over Achilles. (A vase.)

But in the course of future fights was Paris likewise by a poisoned arrow struck. And when no mortal might could save him, he remembered one whom in his happy days he had forgot,—Oe-no′ne, once loved bride, whom he had wedded in the woodland wilds of Ida fresh with springs, and whom for Helen's fatal beauty, he had left. Her now he sought, to beg that she would heal him of his wound, but fair Oenone, well remembering all the wrong that she had suffered, would not yield to his request. She sent him back to Troy to die, then, sorrowful and quick repenting of her harsh refusal, followed him with remedies, yet came too late to save him, finding him already dead. Whereat for grief, she hung herself and died.

And still the war dragged on. Odysseus and the hero, Di′o-med agreed to enter Troy and seize the sacred statue of Athene, which men said had fallen from heaven and so protected Troy that none could take the city while the statue stayed within its walls. Fair Helen saw the bold Achaeans steal the image and she recognized Odysseus but gave no alarm; for still her heart had sympathy with them and yearned at times for Menelaos and those happy days before rash Paris came and stole her from her home.

Yet with the statue gone, great Troy stood firmer than before, and now the vast Achaean host, long wearied by ten years of war, despaired of ever taking Troy by force. By craft of sage Odysseus, did the Greeks resort to tricks. Pretending that they meant to lift the siege, a portion of the galleys sailed away and hid behind a neighboring isle. The men thus left behind constructed a huge horse of wood and then they caused it to be noised abroad that this great horse was offered as a gift to win back favor of Athene and to pay the goddess for the statue stolen by them. In fact the horse was filled with well-armed men, and when they left it standing on the plain, the last remaining Greeks withdrew.



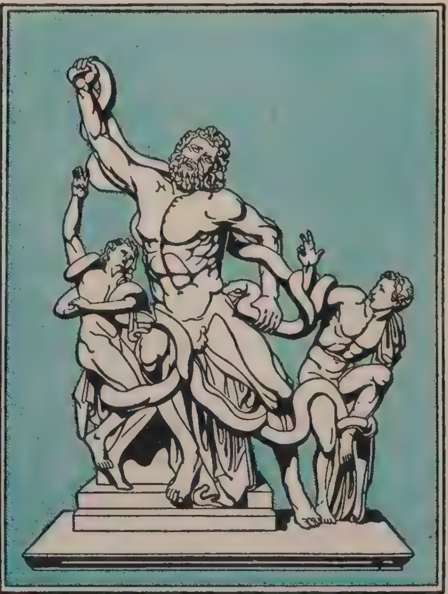
The Trojans find the horse left by the Achaeans on the plains of Troy. See how the Achaeans drew horses, page 100.

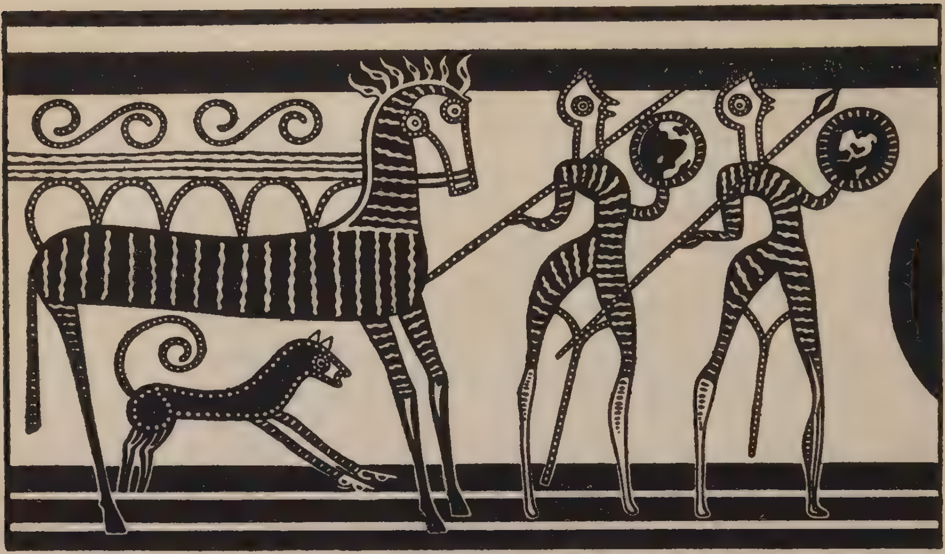
Rejoicing thus to see the camp abandoned and the ships withdrawn, the Trojans opened wide their gates and swarmed upon the plain. Just here had the Achaeans camped, there had the tent of fierce Achilles stood! What joy to see them gone! All wondered at the horse—what could it mean? Some recommended that they take it as a trophy to the city; others fearing treachery gave counsel that they leave it where it stood. While thus they hesitated, one, La-oc′o-ön, the priest of great Po-sei′don, stepping forward, said: "What madness, citizens is this? Have you not learned enough of Grecian fraud to be on guard against it? For my part I fear the Greeks and most when they are offering gifts."

It chanced then that a group of people dragged before the sons of Troy a prisoner just taken, an Achaean, one who said his name was Si′non and, with protestations, falsely vowed the chief Odysseus hated him, and so had sailed away and left him there to die. The wooden horse, he said, was truly a propitiatory gift to blue-eyed Pallas Athene, made so huge expressly for the purpose of preventing the good sons of Troy from taking it within their walls, a prophet having said that if the Trojans took possession of the horse, they would most certainly win victory over their Achaean foes.

As if to prove that Sinon's lies were true, two serpents at that moment rose from out the sea and crawling slowly, neared the spot where stood La-oc′o-ön with his two sons. These serpents fell upon the children first, enfolding them within their suffocating coils. The father struggled with his hands to tear the slimy snakes away; but slowly and relentlessly they overwhelmed the priest and strangled him and his two sons. The people looked on this event with awe. Herein, they saw the evidence that powerful gods on high were punishing Laocoön because he counseled that the sons of Troy should not take in the horse, whereas, in fact, the serpents had been sent by great Po-sei′don, master of the sea, who always showered his favors on the Greeks and slew Laocoön for having told the truth.

The sons of Troy now looked upon the horse as on a sacred object. Wide the city gates were opened; yea, they even tore a hole in their strong fortress wall to let the horse pass through. Beneath the horse's feet were rollers placed, while ropes of hemp were thrown around its neck. Then slowly did the monster move, young youths and maidens dragging it along and singing songs of joy as thus they went.

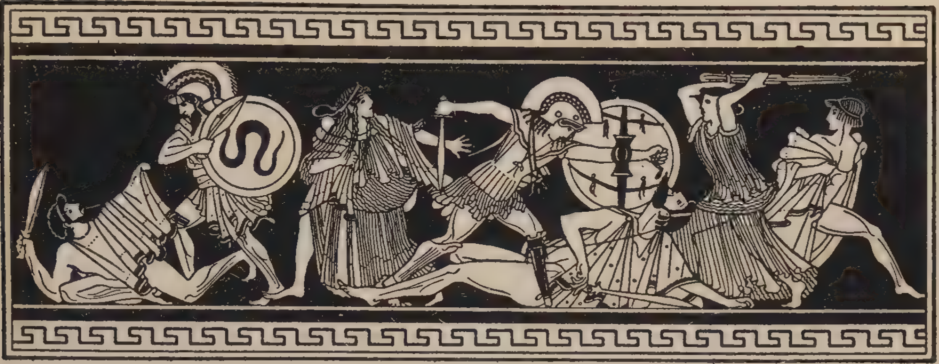

La-oc′o-ön and his sons, by command of the god Poseidon, who favored the Greeks, are crushed by serpents because he told the Trojans the truth (A famous marble statue now in the Vatican at Rome).



Very quaint figures of a horse, a dog with beautifully curled tail, and warriors with shields. A vase from Ti'ryns.

Each time the monster halted might men hear the sound of clashing arms within; yet none gave heed nor hearkened to those warning sounds. With acclamations and triumphal songs, the Trojans dragged the horse within their walls, and closed the day with festivals and joy. But in the night the traitor, Sinon, opened up a secret door within the horse's side. Then there came forth the band of armed Achaeans who had hidden in the beast. They ran and opened up the city gates and let their comrades in, they having, under cover of the night, brought back their ships. The Greeks thus entered Troy; they fired the city, and they put the people to the sword. And so was Troy subdued.

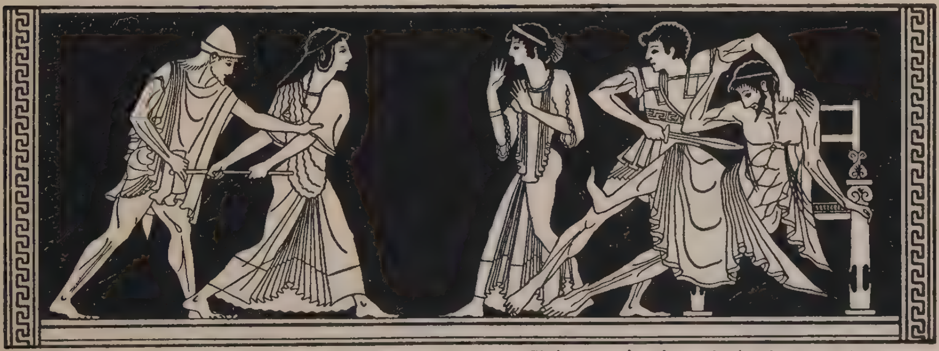
King Priam with his daughter and his wife, for refuge, sought the altar of great Zeus; but thither wounded and pursued, his youngest son came running. As he died, King Priam hurled his spear at him who slew the boy, but by that slayer of his son, the King himself was slain; and Hec'u-ba, the Queen, was with her daughter led a prisoner to Greece.



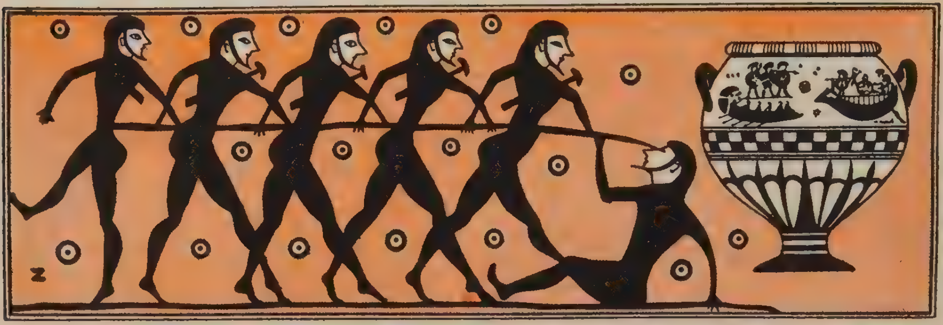
The sack of Troy, a vigorous picture painted on a cup in a much later time by the master Bry'gos.

Thereafter, warlike Menelaos entered Troy and found fair Helen, lost to him for twelve long years. They two were reunited once again and were among the first to leave the shores of wind-swept Troy for home. Storms drove them here and there from shore to shore, to Cyprus, Egypt and Phoenicia, but in time they came to Sparta safely, there resumed their royal dignity, and there in splendor reigned.

Wide-ruling Ag'a-mem'non, home again in rich Mycenae after all these years of war, was murdered by his wife, the haughty Cly'tem-nes'tra, she having in his absence turned her heart to love Ae-gis'thus. Other chiefs of that vast host met likewise with adventures as they made their journeys homeward o'er unknown and storm-tossed seas.



O-res'tes stabs his father's murderer, while a servant restrains Cly'tem-nes'tra from slaying her son with an axe.

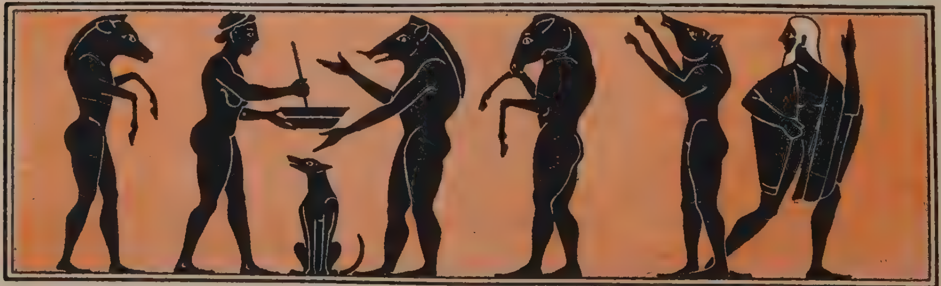


The companions of O-dys'seus on his perilous voyage are shipwrecked on the island of Sicily. In a cave near Mt. Aetna, they find the man-eating Cy'clops, Pol'y-phe'mus, who devours a couple of their comrades. Under command of Odysseus they bore out the single eye of the giant while he sleeps. Note Odysseus' ships on the vase. (7th cent., B.C.)

Homer's Odyssey or the Wanderings of Odysseus

Ten years O-dys'seus wandered o'er the deep, laboring 'gainst wind and wave, to bring his comrades safely home, and ever longing in his heart for fair Pe-nel'o-pe, his wife, and sweet Te-lem'a-chus, his little son. Oft was he tempest-tossed and cast upon strange, savage shores, now where that fierce, man-eating Cy'clops dwelt, now where the cruel enchantress Cir'ce turned his men to beasts, and now in that sleep-laden land where eaters of the lotus-flower did tempt unwary men to waste their days in dreams. And when he had o'erpassed these dangers all, his ship was wrecked, and he was borne, the sole survivor of his men upon the shores of fair Ca-lyp'so's Isle.

The bright-haired nymph Calypso found the storm-worn hero on the beach and led him to the grotto where she dwelt,

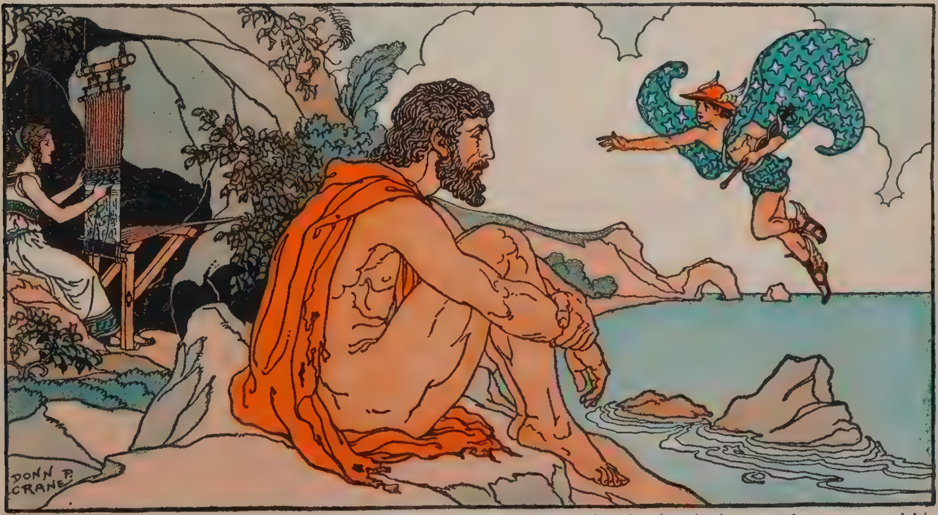


The enchantress Cir'ce gives Odysseus' men a magic drink which changes them to beasts. Vase 6th cent. B. C.

a lovely spot hid far within a depth of greenery. Calypso made the days to pass in joy, and there awoke within her heart a love for this wise hero, cast by shipwreck on her shore, nor would she lend her aid to find him any boat wherein he might once more embark upon the deep. Then went Odysseus to the craggy rocks that edged the shore and there sat sorrowing alone, as with his tear-wet eyes he gazed far off across the sea, and wished that he might conjure up a well-oared galley, flying swift before the wind, to take him home.

While thus Odysseus yearned and sorrowed on Calypso's isle, Athene, his protectress, mindful of his woes, sought out her father Zeus to plead his cause before the King of Gods. And Zeus sent Her'mes, his swift-footed son and messenger, who wore the wingêd sandals on his feet, to bid Calypso aid Odysseus in the building of a raft, and leave him free to start once more upon his journey home.

O'er land and sea did Hermes fly and down he plunged unto the deep, to skim its surface like a hovering seamew that will often lightly dip her pinions in the waves.



The nymph, Ca-lyp'so weaves in her cave. Odysseus sits on the rocks looking longingly over the sea toward his home. Hermes, the messenger of the gods, approaches, skimming the waves as he flies with his winged sandals.

Soon he perceived Calypso's cave. A fire burned brightly on the hearth, and far was wafted o'er the isle the fragrant smoke of cloven cedar burning in the flame, and cypress-wood. Meanwhile, in her recess, the nymph was sitting at her loom, and singing sweetly as full busily she threw the golden shuttle through the web she wove.

"Zeus sends me to thee, nymph," swift Hermes said, "to bid thee send Odysseus hence with speed."

With words of woe Calypso wailed her lot, but since none could withstand the purposes of Zeus, she yielded up her will and promised to obey. She sought Odysseus out and told him how she meant to give him means to build a raft, but ah! she cautioned him if he but knew through what great dangers he must pass, not all his longing for Penelope and home would ever lead him forth to face them all. Yet that great-hearted hero said, "Let come what will, I go; for in my bosom dwells a patient mind; how much have I endured and much survived in tempests on the deep and in the battle; let this happen too!"

Now when the Child of Dawn, Au-ro'ra, rosy-fingered, looked abroad, Odysseus donned his mantle; and the nymph, Calypso of the amber hair, robed all in silver-white with golden girdle at her waist and filmy veil upon her head, led forth the hero to that corner of the woods where grew the tallest trees. Two score tall trees Odysseus felled; he squared their trunks and smoothed their sides and built himself a raft, with woven work of willow boughs to guard her sides against the dashings of the sea. Then came Calypso bringing canvas and stout ropes wherewith he rigged a sail, and thus his vessel all complete, he launched her on the deep. Calypso gave to him a skin of dark red wine, a skin of water, and a basket stored with choicest viands; and Odysseus bidding her farewell, cast loose his moorings as he spread his canvas joyfully to catch the breeze.

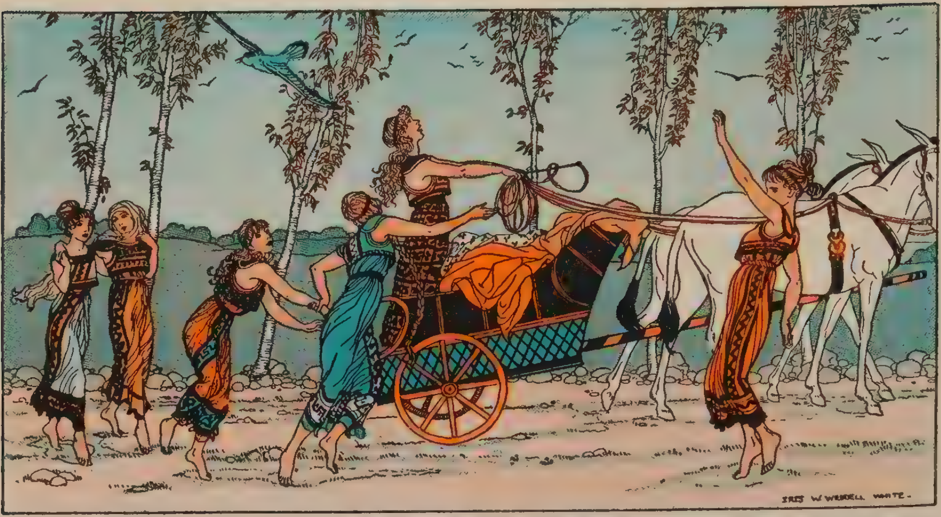
For seventeen long days he fared in safety on his craft, until the far Phae-a′cian shores came full in sight, where it had been foretold his sorrows should at last come to an end. But now Po-sei′don, ruler of the sea, who held Odysseus ever in enmity, saw him at last about to land and so escape forever from the realm he ruled; and in fierce wrath, Poseidon urged his steeds with flowing manes on through the deep to where Odysseus stood. He spake, and round about him called the clouds, he roused the ocean, summoned all the hurricanes of all the winds, and covered earth and sky at once with mists, while from above, the night fell suddenly.

A huge and frightful billow from on high crashed down and whirled the raft around, the while it washed Odysseus from the deck. A savage rush of all the winds together snapped the mast in twain; the yard and canvas flew far off into the deep. The billow held the hero long, but struggling through the waves at last, he reached his battered craft and sprang once more on board. As thus he clung in such a woeful case, a silver-footed nymph beheld him, and in pity, rose up from the deep, to perch upon his raft, in form a bird.

"Let go thy raft," she cried, "and swim for the Phae-a′-cian shore."

Odysseus heard and plunged obediently into the deep. Two days and nights among the stormy wayes he lay, but on the third day reached a rocky shore with beetling crags and walls of rock, against which he was well nigh crushed to death. Then just in time he came upon a smooth and quiet shore within a little cove, and there he crept up on the beach and found a pleasant wood that crowned a height above a stream. Within the wood he heaped up for himself a couch of leaves, flung down his wearied limbs, and slept.

And while he slept, Athene, his protectress, took upon herself the shape of a young maid, attendant on Nau-sic′a-a, fair daughter of Phae-a′cia's King. And thus she spake:

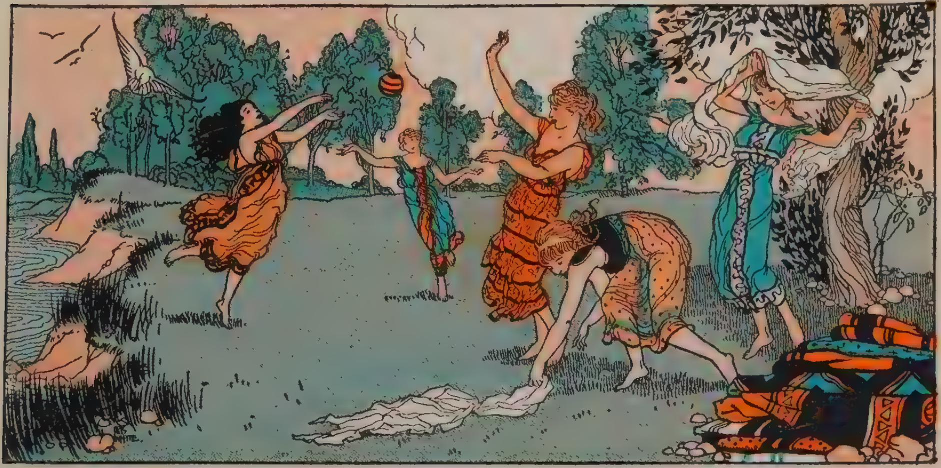


Nau-sic′a-a takes the contents of her hope-chest to be washed. The naive simplicity of these Homeric days is shown in the way this princess goes herself to wash the garments prepared for her wedding. Soon she and her maids will have all this dainty lingerie in the stream where they will wash it by stamping it with their feet.

"Nau-sic′a-a, has then thy mother brought thee forth a careless housewife? Thy marriage day is not far off, and yet the garments thou hast all prepared have not been washed. Tomorrow with the dawn, make suit to thine illustrious father that he bid his mules and car be harnessed to convey thy girdles, robes, and mantles to the washing place, where we will wash them clean;" for so Athene meant Odysseus should be found and saved.

Nau-sic′a-a, thus prompted, with the morning light arose and went to seek her parents. By the hearth her mother turned her distaff 'midst her maids; her father on the threshold was preparing to go forth and meet his chiefs in council. Modestly the maiden proffered her request, and soon, obedient to the King's command, the servitors made ready in the outer court the strong-wheeled chariot, and led the harnessed mules beneath the yoke. Within the polished car, Nau-sic′a-a and her maidens gaily piled the shining garments, while the good Queen-mother filled a hamper full of pleasant meats and flavored morsels for the day's repast. Nausicaa then lightly climbed into the car, seized in her hands the scourge and shining reins, and urged the good mules forward, while her maidens trooped with merry laughter round the wain.

Now when they reached the river's pleasant brink, they loosed the mules to browse upon the grass, and took the garments out to fling them in the stream, thereafter trampling them with hasty feet in frolic rivalry, as was the manner then of washing clothes. And when the task was done, and all the garments cleansed, they spread them out along the beach to dry. In sportive mood, they bathed themselves within the river, splashing sparkling jets of spray in one another's faces, mischievous in mimic battle. Donning once again their robes, they spread their noonday meal upon the grass beside the river's brink, and ate of it with busy talk, then, casting their light veils aside, they played at ball. Now here, now there, the little ball went flying through the air, while all those lithe and graceful figures leapt and swayed and bounded, twinkling in the light.



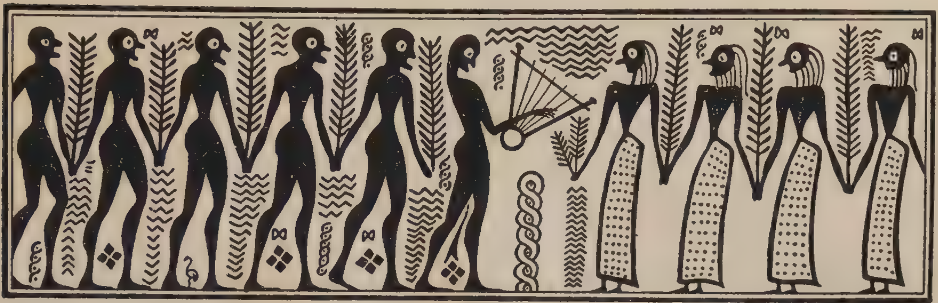
Nau-sic'a-a and her maidens play at ball, not knowing that Odysseus sleeps out of sight in a nearby thicket.

At length, white-armed Nau-sic′a-a flung back her hand and cast her ball at one of her young maids; but missing aim, it went beyond the maid and fell into a whirling eddy of the stream. Then all those pretty players shrieked aloud, and by that sound Odysseus was awakened from his sleep. Arising from his couch of leaves, he issued from the thicket, and at unexpected sight of such a ragged stranger, all the maidens fled. White-armed Nausicaa alone maintained her place, and unto her Odysseus told his tale, beseeching pity, while he begged that she should give him some old robe wherein to wrap himself, and lead him to the town. Much moved, Nausicaa did bid her maidens bring a cloak and tunic with a cruse of oil, and then to leave the stranger there to cleanse and clothe himself. And when Odysseus had anointed all his limbs with oil, and donned the garments she had given, he appeared of such a stately size and such majestic mien that fair Nausicaa knew well his tale was true. She bade him follow her until they came nigh to the town, and then, lest men should jeer at seeing him, a man, amidst her crowd of maids, she bade him wait within a little poplar grove outside the walls and make his further way alone.

As thus he passed the city-gate, Athene cast a cloud of darkness over him, that no rude dwellers in the city should do him any harm. Unseen, but seeing, he beheld wondering, the haven and the gallant ships, the market place where heroes thronged the halls, long, lofty, and beset with palisades.

And so he came at last before the splendid palace of Al-cin′-o-üs, King of this pleasant land, nor did that friendly veil of darkness fail to shelter him from curious eyes, until he came where sat the King and Queen, and falling, clasped the good King's knees.

"O great Al-cin′o-üs," he begged, "send me once more to Ith′a-ca, my home!"

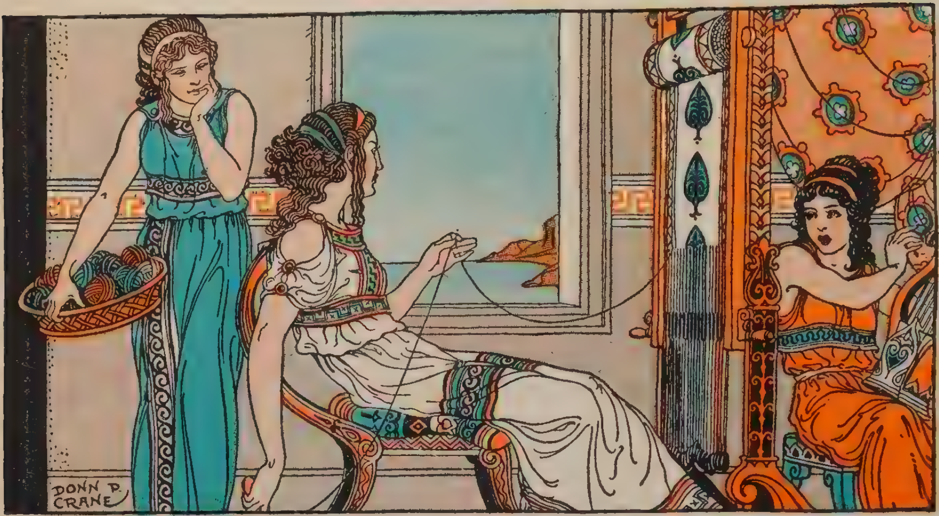


A festal chorus carrying boughs. So was Odysseus honored in Phae-a′cia. (Athenian Vase of the Homeric period.)

Then did the great-souled King raise up the hero, promising protection, as he seated him upon a silver-studded throne. Next day at dawn, he led Odysseus to the market place beside the harbor filled with ships. There gathered likewise all the great Phae-a′cian chiefs, and when Alcinoüs had told them how this nameless stranger sought their aid to take him to the home from which he had so long been torn, it was agreed that all should feast together in his honor for that single day; whereafter they would load the suppliant with gifts and take him home.

There followed then a splendid feast, with singing from the silver tongue of one blind bard, with graceful dancing of the lithe-limbed youths, and feats of wrestling, running, discus-throwing, in the which Odysseus much excelled. When this was done, the good Phaeacians loaded down their guest with gifts; he paid his grateful thanks unto Nau-sic′a-a, the King and Queen, and was conveyed aboard a well-oared ship. Phaeacian rowers bore him on across the deep to Ithaca, and while he slept they set him and his treasure both on shore and left him on his native soil without awaiting thanks.

When he awoke, Athene suddenly appeared to tell him news of home. For during those long years that he had been away, his true and faithful wife, Penelope, had been beset by suitors who, against her will, were bent on forcing her to marry one of them, and while they waited, thinking surely



Pe-nel′o-pe, the faithful wife of Odysseus, weaves a robe for her father-in-law, having told her vehement suitors that she would not wed with anyone until the robe was done; but by night she ravels out all that she weaves by day, in order to put off the evil moment when she must choose Garments in the days of Odysseus and the siege of Troy were not the flowing robes in which Greek art later clothes Homeric heroes and heroines. Their garments of handsome figured materials were nearer the styles of My′ce-nae′an days.

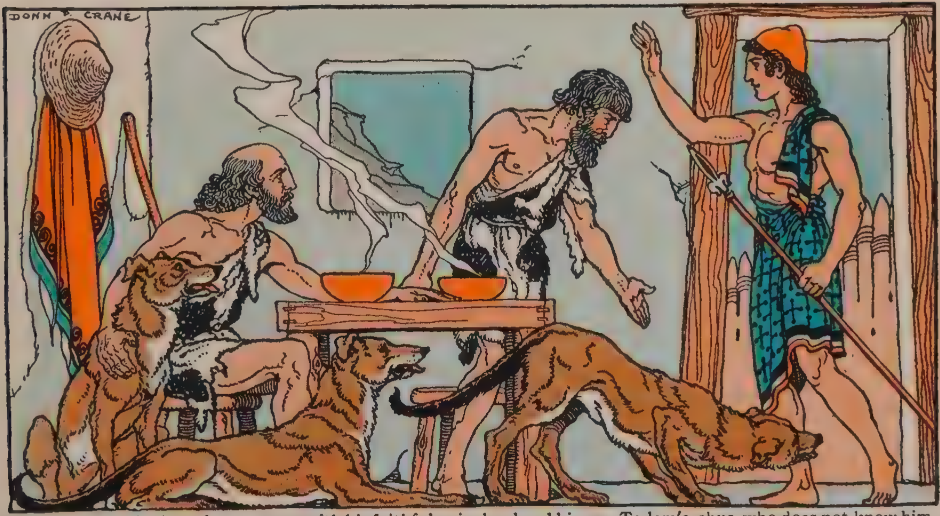
that Odysseus must be dead, they filled the hero's palace hall with revellings, and lived in riotous extravagance upon his beeves and swine and wine. Penelope, the faithful, sought from day to day to put off wedding one of them; for in her loyal heart she never yielded up the hope that some day great Odysseus would come home again. Upon her loom she wove a robe for old La-er′tes, her good father-in-law, and every day she told the suitors that she would not wed until the robe was done; but every night she raveled out the work that she had done, and so the days passed on. The suitors chafed at her delay, but fair Penelope remained a faithful wife.

Her son Te-lem′a-chus, now grown to manhood, had gone forth into the world to seek some certain news of his beloved father, but the suitors hated young Te-lem′a-chus; for well they knew he kept Penelope from yielding to their suit; and now they planned to lie in wait for him when he returned, and treacherously to slay the youth who hindered their designs.

All this Athene told Odysseus, then she changed him to the likeness of a ragged beggar, ordering him to seek his faithful swineherd out, and in his hut plan how to drive the suitors from his home.

The faithful swineherd, though he did not recognize his master under this disguise, received the ragged stranger with a simple courtesy and kindliness, and served him with his best, conversing meanwhile of his love for his departed master, and the greed of those insistent suitors which was so depleting all Odysseus' flocks and herds.

At early dawn Odysseus and the swineherd were preparing food for breakfast when Odysseus saw a youth approach the lodge, on whom the fierce dogs, wont to bark at strangers, now affectionately fawned. When in good time the youth was come within the hut, the swineherd greeted him full lovingly as young Te-lem′a-chus, his master, and begged that he would occupy the place of honor at his board. But this Telemachus most modestly declined in favor of the stranger, unto whom in spite of his poor rags he showed respect.

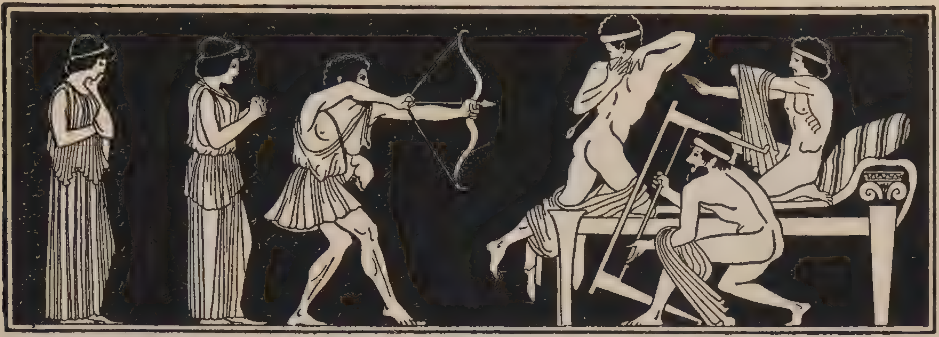


Odysseus, disguised as a beggar, eats with his faithful swineherd and his son, Te-lem′a-chus, who does not know him.

Odysseus, deeply moved, then told the youth that he was none but that great sufferer, his long lost father, and the youth, impetuous, did throw his arms about him shedding tears of joy, the while Odysseus kissed his son, and from his eyelids too, though long restrained, the tears fell to the earth. Their first transports thus past, Odysseus bade his son go to the palace, there to bide the time to act.

When day was far advanced, Odysseus in his beggar's rags, unrecognized by all, was led by that true, faithful swineherd to the palace, where he chanced to come just as the suitors' wonted revels reached their height and filled the court with noise and song. Alone, he stood before the walls that once had owned him master. None of all whom he had ruled, now knew him, save his hunting dog, cast out upon the dust heap, as too old for life and use. That tried and trusty friend with one last gleam of joy, crept to his master, greeting him, then fell before him dead. An unseen tear Odysseus dropped upon the faithful head of that one friend, as turning he advanced into the palace-hall.

When now he stood within the doors of that vast hall filled full of foes, Odysseus humbly bowed his head and made the round of all the suitors, begging aid of each to try what sort of man he was. The suitors, each more insolent than the rest, heaped insult upon insult on his head, and one, An-tin′o-üs, dared fling a stool to strike him down. So angered was Penelope by this discourteous act, that she herself came down to ask forgiveness of the stranger, though she knew him not, and to inquire if he by chance had anywhere heard tidings of her lord. How dear to that worn hero, tossed by many storms, was this first sight of his beloved wife, how like sweet music fell her voice upon his ear! Save for Penelope, Telemachus and one old faithful nurse who pierced through his disguise, Odysseus met that night with naught but great discourtesy in his own house, where



Odysseus bends his bow to slay the suitors who have filled his home with revellings. One suitor rises in alarm from the couch where he has been feasting; another cringes away, a third holds up a table to defend himself.

those proud suitors, swarming like an army, filled the place. Yet in despite of all their swarming, secretly Odysseus and Telemachus found means to take all weapons from the hall.

When morning dawned, Penelope bethought herself that she should hold a contest for her hand. Her suitors pressed her fiercely for an answer; so she said: "Let him among them who can string Odysseus' mighty bow and shoot an arrow through twelve rings to hit the mark, have me to be his bride." To this proposal all the suitors eagerly agreed.

An-tin′o-üs strove first—in vain, he could not bend the bow. Another suitor tried and then another still, but none among them all could even string that bow.

While thus they tried, Odysseus stepped before his foes and boldly cried that he would span the bow. Gibes rose with jeers! That such a ragged beggar should presume to think that he could bend that mighty bow!

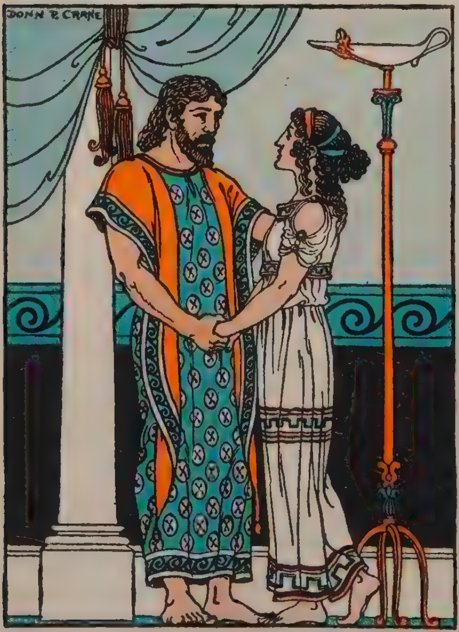
Odysseus seized the weapon, spanned it, sent his first shaft true and straight through all twelve rings and struck the mark.

A silence fell. Amazed and thunderstruck were that proud host. And then Odysseus turned about to face his haughty foes, the while he grimly said: "Another goal awaits my second arrow!"

Through the heart he shot the false An-tin′o-üs who was in the act of lifting to his lips a two-eared goblet full of wine. Noise followed with confusion, but the suitors were unarmed. Their weapons had been taken while they drank and thought of naught but foolish revelry. Telemachus sprang forward to his father's side, the swineherd stood on guard before the door, and thus returning day saw not a single one of all those thieving revelers left, leech-like to suck his substance from Odysseus' beeves and swine.

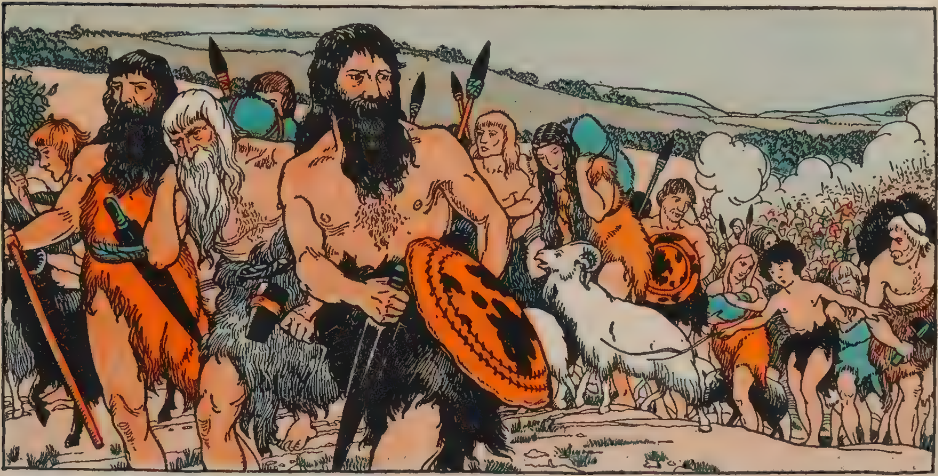
That self-same night, the nurse announced the safe return of great Odysseus to his servants and his wife.

Such news to that long-waiting wife could scarce be credited, and going down to meet the stranger still in beggarly attire, she could not well believe that here her husband stood once more. Odysseus, longing then for dawn of recognition in her fair sweet eyes, proposed that all should purify themselves and sit together for the evening feast. And when Penelope beheld him in his own fair form, dressed once again as he was wont to be, she fell upon his neck in deepest joy, and he, so long lone wanderer o'er the earth, wept grateful tears, as in his arms once more he held his dearly loved and faithful wife.



Odysseus and his faithful wife, Penelope, are reunited.

And thus Odysseus came into his own again, to rule his people with that same benignity and wisdom that were his before, or ever he had left fair Ithaca and with his warriors gone to humble distant Troy.



Swarming tribes of Indo-European herdsmen, conquer Greece thus ending forever Cretan and My′ce-nae′an culture. These rude herdsmen, the people later called Greeks, remained uncivilized for almost two hundred years.

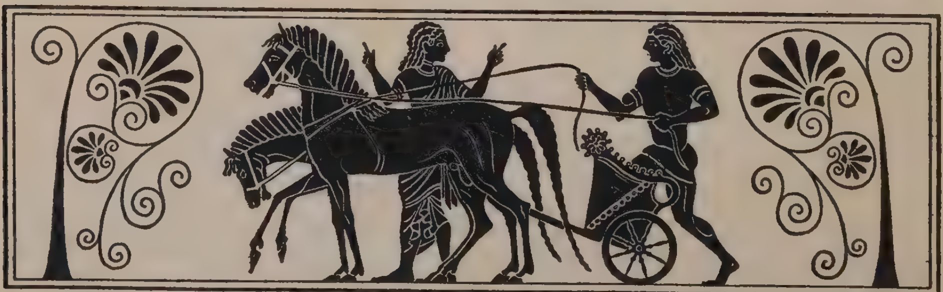
Barbarians Conquer Greece about 1142 B. C.

The Achaeans had been successful in conquering wind-swept Troy; but the Kings of My-ce′nae, Ti′ryns, Argos, Sparta, and other Pel′o-po-ne′sian cities did not take from Asia Minor all the trade and tribute which their victory had opened to them. Much of their strength and energy seemed missing after the war. Few Achaean traders ventured to the coast towns or made new settlements there. Moreover, fifty years later, a new foe from the north came crowding down on Greece to occupy entirely all the thoughts of Achaean heroes. These foes were crude herdsmen, the Dorians "with floating manes," Indo-Europeans who had wandered westward from Asia, in search of new grazing lands.

Instead of farming, these barbarous tribes lived on their herds of cattle, their flocks of sheep and goats; and since the raising of cattle required from ten to a hundred times as much land as the raising of grain, they constantly found themselves out-growing their pasture land. The young, the strong and adventurous took their wives and children, their cattle, and cooking utensils, and journeyed to the westward, putting up their tents wherever rich grass was found. Thus after many years, the Indo-Europeans had moved by short journeys all the way from Asia into Europe. Some settled in the Balkan Mountains, but one tribe called the Dorians, was forced down into Greece where they made their way through the land, conquering the Achaeans and putting an end forever to the culture brought to the mainland from the once-great island of Crete.

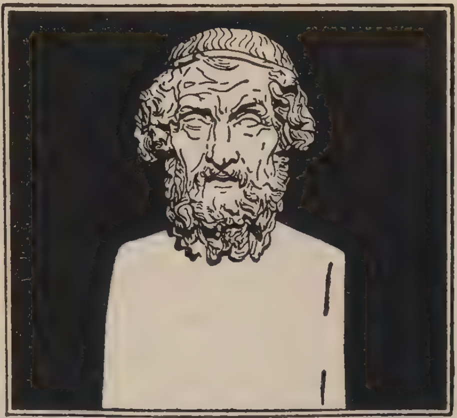
The Dorians were crude and warlike and they had not yet learned how to live together in cities; but they could fight fiercely and well, and at some place in their wanderings they had learned of the new metal, iron. Their weapons, made of iron, could easily overcome warriors whose weapons were made of bronze. And so these crude barbarians came down on the cities of Greece, raiding the homes and palaces, and destroying all the beautiful paintings, sculpture and metal work of Achaean and Cretan artists. And as they pushed their way southward into the Pel′o-pon-ne′sus, settling around the villages later known as Sparta, other barbarian tribes came pushing on behind them, making their homes in the land which the Dorians had laid waste.

Many Athenian people living on the Attic plain, fled before these barbarians and settled in Ionia across the



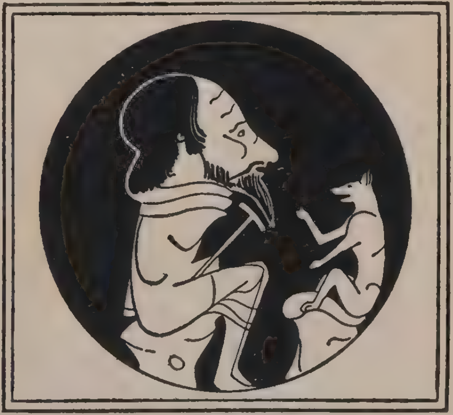
An elegant lady and gentleman from Ionia. Contrast this fine 6th century painting with the crude Attic, page 109.

Aegean Sea. They took with them to Asia Minor their songs and tales of Troy with all the knowledge, and skill, and love for beautiful things which had been growing up during all the long ages of Cretan and Achaean power. It was here in Ionia that the famous blind poet, Homer, the greatest poet of Greece, was to gather together the ancient Achaean songs of Troy to make the *Ili-ad*, and the *Od'ys-sey*; and on an Ionian island Aesop, the clever slave, was to collect and tell his famous fables of beasts.


The blind poet Homer (9th century B.C.), the greatest poet of Greece, who sang the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* before a prince of Ionia, the land which preserved Cretan culture.

In Asia Minor the Ionians learned more than they had ever known about Egyptian, Babylonian and Hittite civilization, and they became for centuries the guardians of the ancient culture passed on from Egypt and Crete.

Greece itself was given over entirely to the barbarians and for some two hundred years remained a savage land. Men hunted, fished, and fought, but thought little of farming or trading. No palaces or fine dwellings arose. No paintings or statues were made; men forgot how to read and write. And this backward step of primitive, restless Indo-Europeans, pushing out the Achaeans and more ancient Aegeans of Crete, was the beginning of Greece.


Aesop, who collected and told the famous fables of beasts, came from Samos, an Ionian island. (Vase, 460 B.C.)

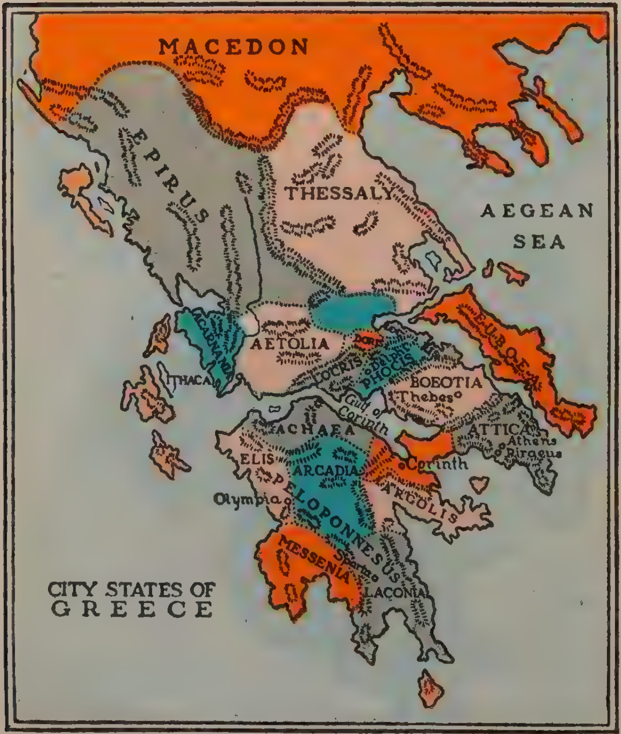
III

A Time of Settlement and Growth

(About 1000 B. C. to About 750 B. C.)

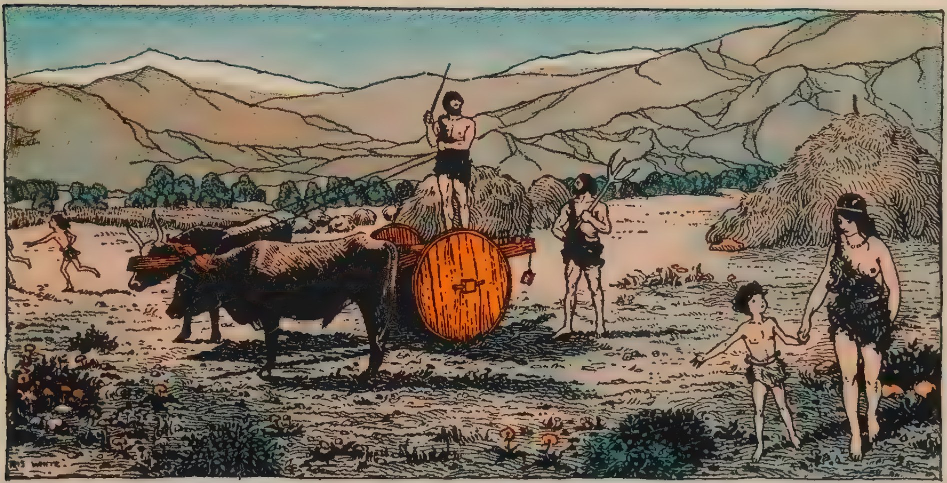
The Beginning of the City-States

The wild white shepherd tribes of Indo-Europeans whom the Romans later called Greeks, came down into the land in separate straggling groups under their separate chiefs. Each tribe settled in a valley cut off from other tribes by dangerous mountain ridges and narrow strips of sea; for deep bays indented the land breaking it up into sections almost as distinct as islands; and so for some two hundred years each tribe lived to itself alone, a group of related clans believing in a common ancestor, but having no feeling of kinship with any neighboring tribe.


MACEDON
EPIRUS
THESSALY
AEGEAN SEA
ACARNANIA
AETOLIA
DORIS
LOCRIS
Delphi
PHOCIS
EUBOEA
ITHACA
BOEOTIA
Thebes
Gulf of Corinth
ACHAEA
ATTICA
Athens
Piraeus
ELIS
ARCADIA
Corinth
Olympia
PELOPONNESUS
ARGOLIS
MESSENIA
Sparta
LACONIA
CITY STATES OF GREECE

The peninsula of Greece broken by mountain ranges and cut by deep bays.

The shepherds found Greece a rugged land of low, craggy mountain ranges, with little fertile valleys opening to the sea. The climate was always temperate with few

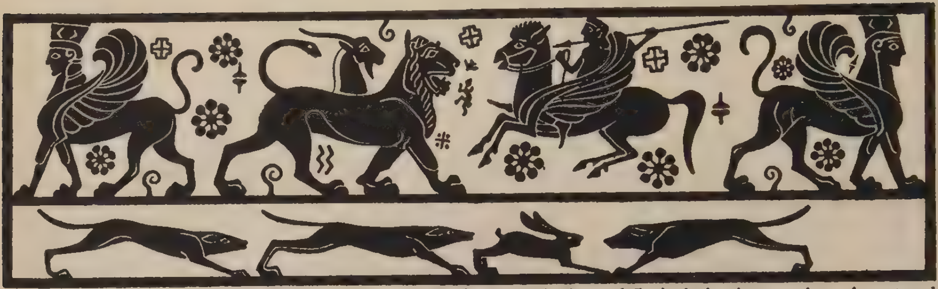


The herdsmen begin to till the fertile plains beneath snow-capped Mt. Olympus. For almost 500 years they remained barbarians and there is a gap, or "Dark Age" in Greek history from about 1000 B.C. to 650 B.C. comparable to the later so-called "Dark Age" caused by the Germanic tribes. Background from a photograph.

sudden changes of weather. In Attica the sun shone for three hundred days each year and winter brought nothing more severe than a few little flurries of snow. The air was exceedingly clear; mountain peaks stood out with outlines sharply defined against a bright blue sky.

In some parts of this beautiful country there were forests of ancient trees,—majestic oaks and beeches, or hillsides covered with orchards of silvery olives and figs. Flowers grew in profusion dotting the meadows and woodlands,—roses, violets, crocuses, jaunty yellow daffodils, fragrant lavender heliotropes, and that star-shaped white narcissus which the Greeks called asphodel. Along the rivers were oleanders with great rose-colored blossoms reflected in the stream; on the southern mountains grew date palms, citrons, and golden oranges, and scattered here and there were fields of wheat and barley, or vineyards of luscious grapes.

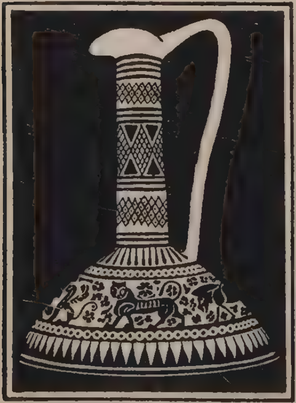
The shepherds who came to this land seeking only pastures for flocks, slowly began to till the soil, after the fashion of the people who had dwelt in the land before.



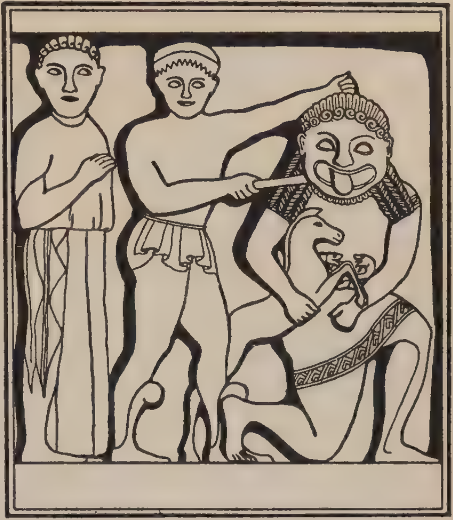
Each separate city in Greece had its special hero: Bel-ler′o-phon, the hero of Corinth, having caught and mastered the winged horse Peg′a-sus, slays the Chi-mae′ra, a fire-breathing monster, part lion, part goat, and part snake. Corinth developed its own beautiful decorations. The designs were influenced by the East and abounded in oriental winged monsters as well as lions and panthers which were not native to Greece. (A Corinthian vase, 7th cent. B.C.)

Thus they became small farmers living in little villages which gradually united into city-states. But beyond this they did not go. Further union with others was always repugnant to them, as though to unite with others would be to surrender their freedom. Each city in its little valley, Sparta, Argos, Athens, Corinth and many others, remained a separate state, jealous of all its neighbors, having its own code of laws, its own King, its own army, and its favorite tales of heroes. To the Greek, his city was his country, and various city-kingdoms lying scarcely five miles apart were as envious and suspicious and formal with one another as though they had been foreign states. Warfare between them was constant and frequently very cruel.

On the height of a rocky hill the King had his castle or citadel, which the Greeks called the "A-crop′o-lis." The houses of the people, the market place for barter, the shops that dealt in crude pottery and simple household utensils, were all on the slopes of the hill enclosed within a wall. These houses were little thatched huts or dwellings of sun-dried brick, and even the palace of the King



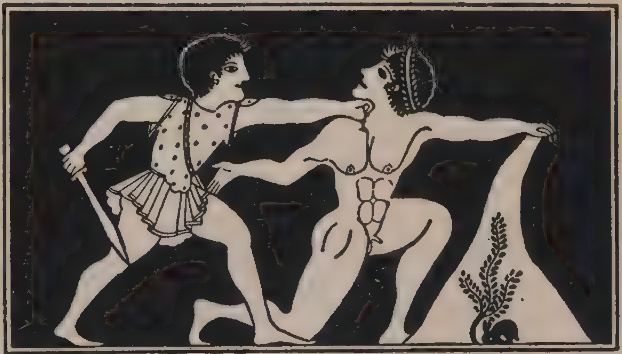
A Corinthian jar with oriental design.



With the help of the goddess Athene, Per′seus the special hero of Argos, slays the hideous Gorgon who turned to stone all who looked at her. Note the monster's snaky locks and protruding tongue. From a temple at Se-li′nus.

was nothing more than a farm-house, made of rough, hand-moulded bricks and having a courtyard where swine slumbered at ease in the sunshine or wandered in and out. Life was exceedingly simple; the Kings themselves followed the plough, and were not above hard labor in the tilling of their soil. When times were slow, they took to the sea and carried off plunder as pirates or turned themselves into highwaymen to hold up travellers by land.

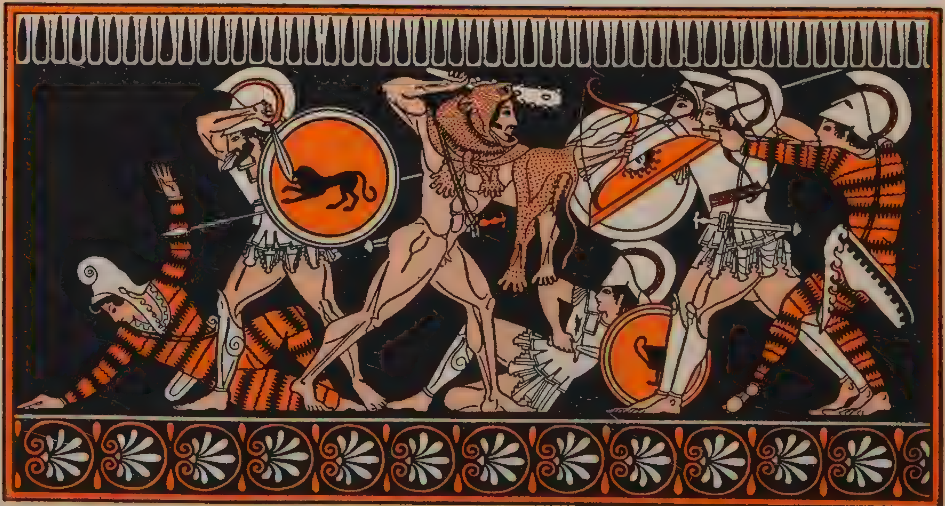
Though every part of the country had a mixture of herdsmen blood, the Ionian tribe in Athens which lay outside the great waves of invasion from the north, boasted that they were the native, original folk of the land who had never been conquered by foreigners. Among them were many light-haired, blue-eyed, fair-skinned people, as there had been among the Achaeans, and their great hero was The′seus, who had united their villages into their city-state, and was thus an intelligent statesman as well as the slayer of the Minotaur and punisher of robbers who infested the public roads.



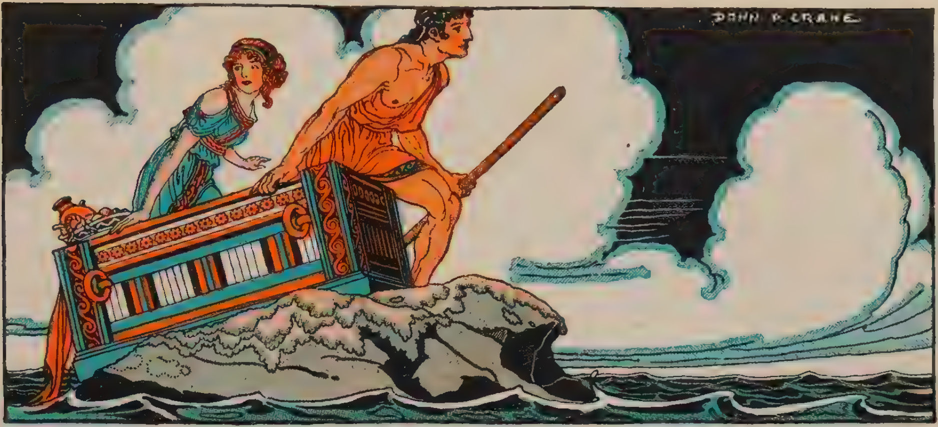
Theseus, the special hero of Athens, slays a highwayman, scores of whom infested the highways of early Attica. See page 53. A vase, 6th cent. B.C.

The Dorians, on the contrary, the strong dark-haired people of Sparta, sought for no mental qualities in Her′a-cles, their hero. Heracles was the embodiment of physical courage and strength. In twelve super-human labors he slew the Ne-me′an lion and the hideous nine-headed hydra, got the girdle of Hip-pol′y-ta, fierce queen of the Amazons, and at last, by brute force, dragged Cer′ber-us, the three-headed dog of the Underworld, to the presence of his cousin, Eu-rys′theus, the jealous King of Mycenae, who had set him these terrible tasks. The Dorians said that the grandsons of their favorite hero, Heracles, had been the leaders of their tribe when they came down into Greece.

Only a common language served as a slender thread to hold these tribes together. They did indeed, all speak Greek, and as they began to be conscious of this general racial kinship, they came, in spite of their differences, to call themselves Hel′lenes, while there rose among them a tale that a common ancestor, Hel′len, was the father of all their tribes.



Her′a-cles, the special hero of the Dorians of Sparta, the embodiment of physical strength, fights with the Am′a-zons, fierce women warriors who were an interesting feature of Greek mythology, doubtless embodying in legend, memories of some actual race to the north where women were to the Greek mind unduly powerful. From a vase, 6th cent. B.C.



The Greek tale of the flood. Deu-ca′li-on and Pyr′rha are just alighting from the chest which has served them in place of the ark of the Hebrew and Babylonian flood stories. The similarity of these flood stories is interesting. Here, as in the Bible, the flood is sent to destroy mortals because of the evil in the world, the chest goes aground on a mountain top and the survivors at once offer sacrifice. See Volume I, pages 287, 350.

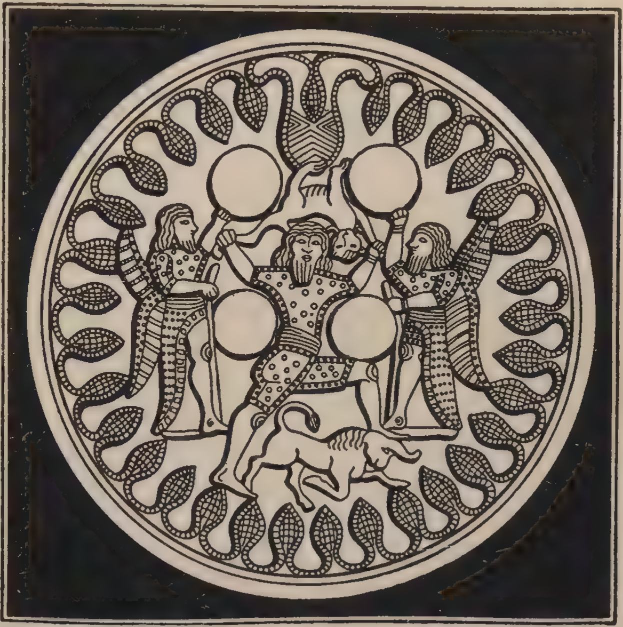
They said there was once a great flood sent by Zeus to drown out every mortal man because of the evil in the world. Of all living creatures two only, Deu-ca′li-on and his wife, Pyr′rha, were warned because of their righteousness, to save themselves in a chest. For nine days the chest floated helplessly on the surface of the waters but it went aground at last on the top of Mt. Par-nas′sus. There the two sole survivors offered a sacrifice to Zeus, and asked how the human race could be renewed again. A puzzling oracle bade them throw the bones of their mother backward over their shoulders, but the two decided that stones were the bones of their mother-earth, so they threw these over their shoulders, and Pyrrha's stones became women, while Deu-ca′li-on's stones became men. Hellen was one of these men and he had two sons, and two grandsons. Do′rus and Ae′o-lus were his sons, I′on and A-chae′us his grandsons, and from these four were descended the Dorians, Aeolians, Ionians, and Achaeans, thus giving a common ancestor to all Hel-len′ic tribes, whose land both in Greece and Asia Minor was henceforth called by them, Hel′las.

Phoenician Traders Bring the Alphabet to the Greeks

In time black-bearded traders came to the shores of Greece jabbering a foreign language which the Greeks could not understand. "Barbarians" the Greeks called these newcomers which meant in their own Greek tongue, "People-one-can't-understand." Great ships of these black-bearded strangers were beached near the rude little towns, and as the tribesmen gathered in their shaggy garments of goat-skins, beautiful purple robes were hung from the sterns of the ships to trail down on the sand, and all sorts of handsome objects were displayed to the curious gaze of the country-folk below,—pottery beautifully painted, bottles of colored glass or milk-white alabaster, large round platters of silver, furniture inlaid with ivory, shining blue porcelain dishes, in short all the glories of art from Egypt, the Land of the Hit′tites, Babylonia and Assyria, to astonish the simple hearts of the wide-eyed herdsmen of Greece.

These traders were the Phoenicians, the greatest merchants of the world, who had risen up as the leaders of commerce by way of the sea, now that the great days of Cretan and My′ce-nae′an sailors were past. Once dwellers in the desert like the Hebrews, these Semitic herdsmen had settled along the Syrian coast in the cities of Tyre and Sidon, Byb′los and the Island Ar′vad, where they soon took to the sea and learned from the boisterous waters of the eastern Mediterranean those lessons in seamanship which changed them from desert-herdsmen to hardy and skillful sailors managing sturdy boats that were often two hundred feet long. Guided by sun and stars, these navigators explored the Mediterranean lands as far west as distant Spain and the narrow Straits of Gibraltar, the Pillars of Heracles.

Their mighty city of Tyre became the mart of the nations; sea-faring men swarmed her streets; all the ships of the sea rode the waters of her harbor; her merchants were mighty princes.

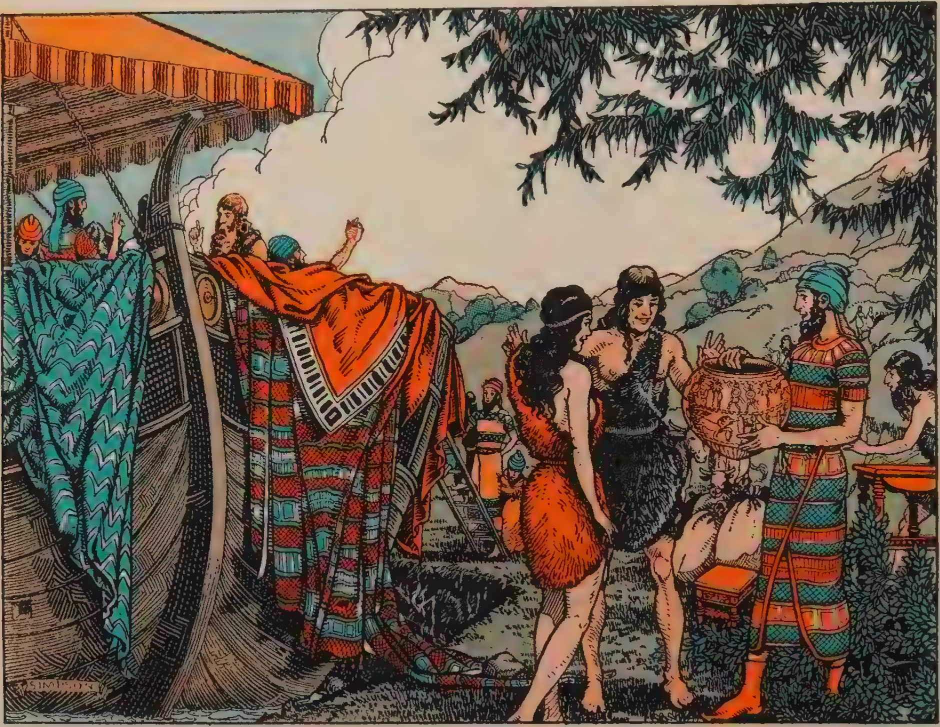


A Phoe-ni'cian shield found in Crete and showing a decidedly Assyrian design, a man with an animal on his head between two winged cherubim. The great Phoenician artists simply combined Egyptian and Assyrian designs.

From the older races of the world, Egyptians and Assyrians, Hittites and Babylonians, the Phoenicians had gathered ideas of art and learned to be builders and craftsmen and skillful workers in metal. They had made the beautiful furniture that adorned Assyrian palaces and aided the Hebrew King Solomon in building the temple in Jerusalem. And now they brought to Greece the wonders of those old cultures that had hitherto been unknown among the simple Hellenes.

The Hellenic tribesmen began to trade, to exchange their cattle and grain for beautiful things from abroad, furniture, pottery, gold, and cloth dyed with that rich dye which was known as Tyrian purple. Soon the Hellenes replaced their ancient clothing of goat skins with the long, straight Phoenician garment made of woven wool sewed together at the sides. This garment they called the *chi'ton*, from the Phoenician *ke-ton'*.

But the greatest thing the Hellenes learned from Phoenician traders was how to read and write. The ancient Cretan alphabet they had themselves destroyed; therefore



Phoenician traders bring the wonders of Egyptian, Assyrian and Hittite civilization to the simple herdsmen of Greece. For costume of the Phoenicians see vol. I, p. 306; for art and trade see vol. I, pp. 420-1.

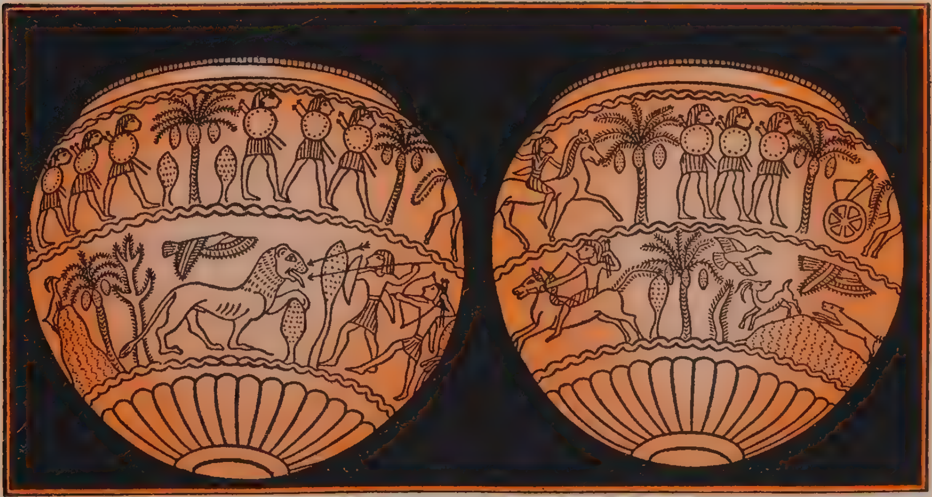
they had to learn writing again from these strangers in their land. Always busy with commerce, the practical Phoenicians in need of some simple method of keeping their business accounts, had worked over Egyptian systems of making hieroglyphics to represent certain sounds, and so had made themselves the first real alphabet, consisting of twenty-two letters, each with a definite name and arranged in a definite order, so that anyone could learn them.

The first letter was *aleph* or *ox*, because the Phoenician word *aleph* began with the letter-sound A. The second was *beth*, which meant *house*, and Phoenician children, saying their letters, began with *aleph*, *beth*.

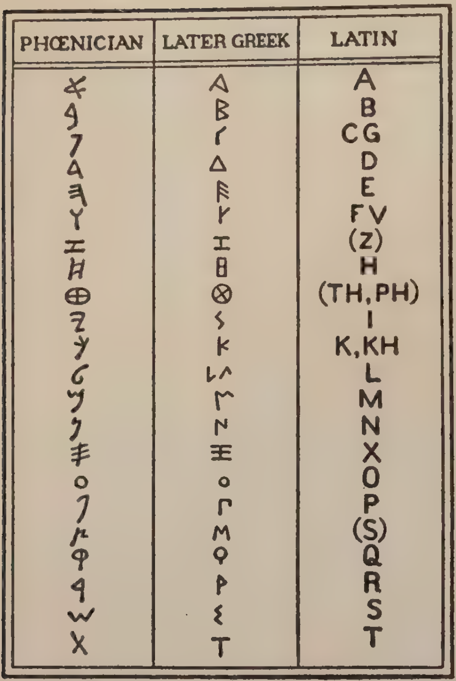
So simple and convenient was this Phoenician alphabet, that Ar′a-mae′an merchants, the leading merchants by land as the Phoenicians were by sea, had spread it over their caravan-route through Asia as far east as India, while the Phoenicians themselves spread it through the western world.

In Greece the Ionians first took up this alphabet, changing it to suit the different sounds used in Hellenic speech. The Phoenician letters stood only for sounds made by closing the mouth, consonants, that is to say. There were no sounds for vowels, sounds made by opening the mouth. So Ionians added the vowels and completed the first alphabet. Greek children, however, said *alpha*, *beta*, instead of *aleph*, *beth*, and from their *alpha beta*. came the word *alphabet*.

Phoenician traders also brought other well-known words into common use in the world. They wrote their records on *pa-py′rus* made from papyrus reeds, from which comes the English word *paper*. Moreover, they brought papyrus to Greece from their own old city of Byb′los, so the Greeks



A 7th century B.C. Phoenician bowl of silver, gold plated, with the exceptionally lively scene of a lion-hunt and chase. The figures show Egyptian influence and the spirited treatment of animals is Assyrian. Examples of Phoenician art are exceedingly rare, and this bowl from the Boston Museum is therefore of special interest.


PHŒNICIAN
LATER GREEK
LATIN
A
B
CG
D
E
FV
(Z)
H
(TH,PH)
I
K,KH
L
M
N
X
O
P
(S)
Q
R
S
T

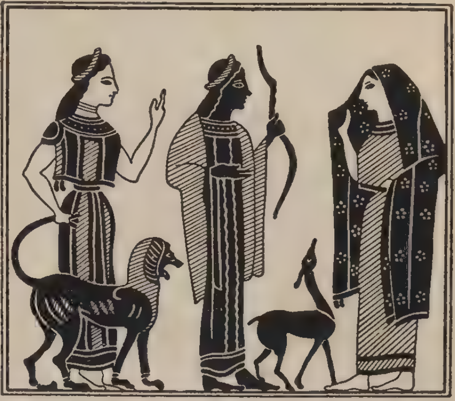
How the English alphabet came from the Phoenician. In the first column is the alphabet which the Phoenicians probably took from the Egyptians and changed to suit their needs. The Ar′a-mae′an traders spread this alphabet over the eastern world, and the Phoenicians introduced it into Europe. See Volume I, page 82.

called books of papyrus *byblos*, or bib′li-a, from which comes the English word, *Bible*, meaning a book or books.

Inspired by the contact with civilization brought by these traders to Greece, the Hellenic tribes began, though very slowly indeed, to wake up from their long sleep, to feel within themselves some stir of artistic impulse, some yearning toward culture and beauty, some willingness to learn from the older races of the world and from their own advanced kinsfolk across the sea in Ionia, how to weave cloth and make jewelry, how to work in leather, in all kinds of metal and wood, and how to express their own individual sense of beauty in sculpture and pottery painting.

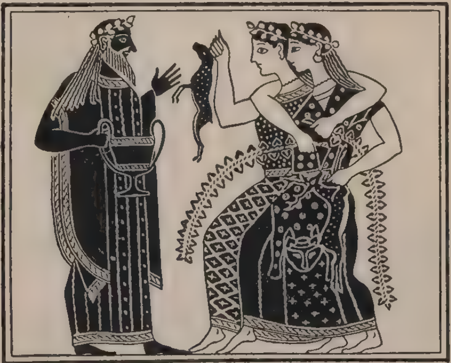
For many years, it is true, kings and nobles of the land troubled their heads very little about how to read and write. The nobles continued to spend their days in fighting and plundering their neighbors; their evenings were spent in feasting, and little care was now given to working on their farms; for with settled life there had come a change in the ancient tribal relations. No longer were all men equal as in wandering herdsmen days. Some were rich and some were poor; some owned land and some did not; and the poor men dwelt on the lands of the rich, now as freemen, and now as serfs, doing all the hard work in the fields.

One important custom, however, characterized nearly all of these early Hellenic states. Although they were governed by a King and a noble council of chiefs, they had, in addition to these, what no state in the ancient world in Egypt or Asia had had, an assembly of common people, a regular gathering together of the freemen of the land who loudly shouted approval or muttered their disapproval of various plans presented to them by the Kings or council of chiefs.



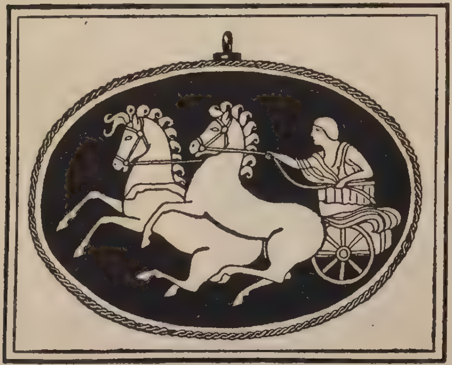
Early Greek costumes of this period. The women wear *chi′tons* introduced by the Phoenicians and replacing the herdsmen's goatskins. They are made of figured materials and hang perfectly straight, having no folds as did later Greek garments. One has a cloak or *hi-mat′i-on* over her head and shoulders.

In Egypt and Asia the Kings had been undisputed rulers, even worshipped as half-divine. Their Councils of nobles were no more than advisers and upper servants; but here in these rude Hellenic states, the common people of the world first had a chance to speak, and here their approval or disapproval first appeared as a check to curb the will of the King. True in those days, the poor tribesmen were still too ground-down with fear and respect for the upper classes to use this power very freely, but still from these small beginnings have arisen all democracies, all the great free nations where the people govern themselves.



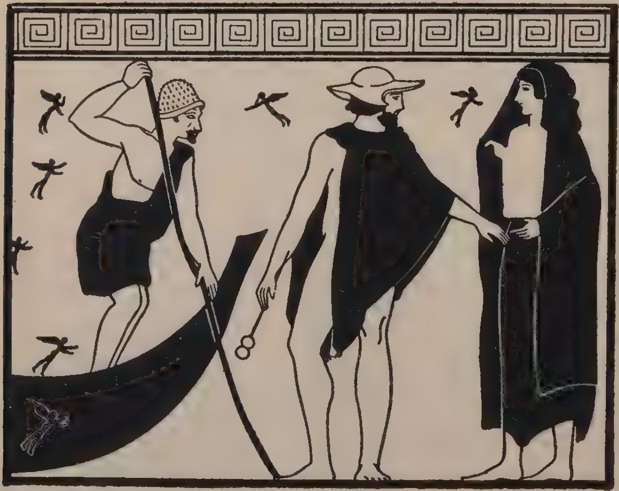
Women in *chi′tons* dance before Di′o-ny′sos, god of wine, offering grape vines and fawns. The *chiton* was an oblong piece of cloth folded over at the top so it hung double to the waist. It was pinned at the shoulders with fibulae, or safety pins, and secured by a girdle.

Ideas About the World and the Gods



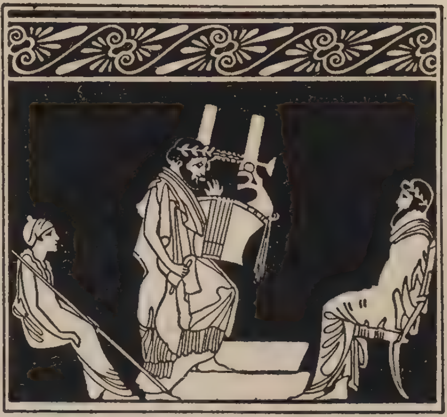
E'os, or Au-ro'ra, goddess of the Dawn, rides in her swift chariot to open the gates for the Sun. (A cameo.)

A little place the world still seemed to those ignorant Greek nobles. The earth to them was a round flat disc in the very center of which rose their beautiful Mt. Olympus, snow-crowned and many peaked. This earth was divided in two by the Mediterranean Sea and surrounded by the River Ocean, out of which every morning leapt the Chariot of the Sun, to race across the sky when the Gates of Dawn were opened. To the north, in a land of spring, dwelt the happy Hy'per-bo're-ans; to the south lived another happy race, the virtuous E-thi-o'pi-ans, highly favored of the gods. In the west, that untravelled, mysterious west, beyond the dread abodes of giants, enchanters and monsters, lay the joyous E-ly'sian Fields, the happy Isles of the Blessed, whither favored mortals were carried by the gods, to enjoy an eternity of bliss without ever tasting death.



Hermes, the messenger-god, delivers the soul of a dead woman to Cha'ron, the boatman of the Underworld, who waits to ferry her across the river Styx, to the shadowy Abode of the Dead. Little figures of souls hover around. A coin was placed in the mouth of the dead to pay Charon. Favored mortals without experiencing death, were borne by the gods to the E-ly'sian Fields, the Isles of the Blessed, but ordinary people at death went to the Underworld and bad people to Tar'ta-rus, the Place of Torment.

Such tales were told to the nobles

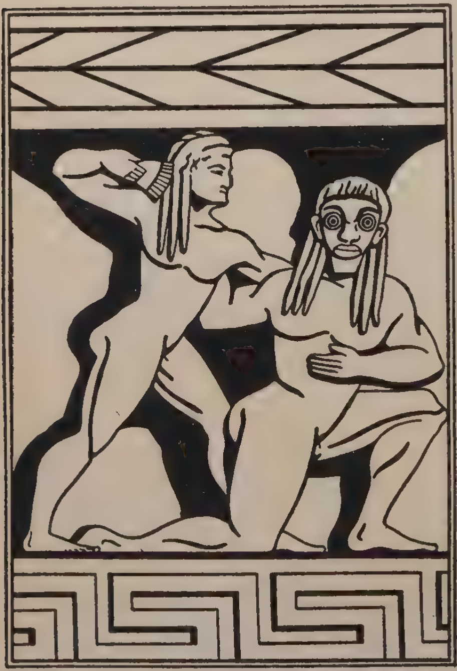


A Greek minstrel sings his tales of the gods to the accompaniment of a cithara. In 735 B.C., the Greek poet, He′si-od, gathered together minstrels' songs and made a collection of tales of the gods, called the *The-og′o-ny*, which long remained the basis of all Greek religion.

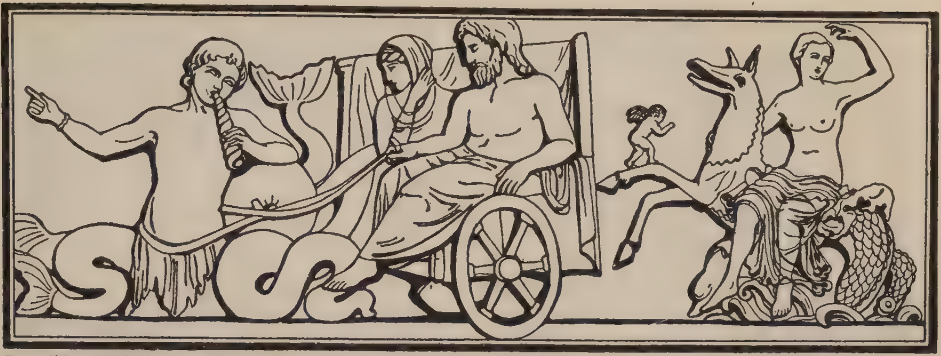
by wandering bards and poets; for on evenings after the banqueting in the still rude castle-halls, these minstrels sang to the guests, spreading among all the people of the various different tribes, certain definite tales, and changing the simple herdsmen belief in personified forces of nature ruled by a great sky-god, into a systematic faith in a large and powerful company of goddesses and gods who dwelt on Mt. Olympus. Thus the religion of Greece sprang from the fancy of poets with all its colorful imagery, and was not like that of the Hebrew prophets, the result of deep musings and ponderings, seeking the truth of things through the inner urge of the spirit. Greek religion was made to delight the fancy of men of an evening after a banquet; it was never designed to make over men's hearts after some divine pattern of goodness and perfection.

In the beginning all was Cha′os, so the poets said; all was a shapeless mass. There was no earth to bring forth plants, no sun to give out warmth, no moon to float in majesty through the star-studded paths of the night. But Chaos brought forth the Earth and the Earth made mountains and vales, the wide plains, and the sea, and the star-sprinkled vault of Heaven. Then Mother Earth wedded Heaven and brought forth the thirteen Ti′tans, gigantic quarrelsome creatures, so very unruly indeed, that their father Heaven, hid them in the darkness under the earth, and would not let them come up to play in the joyous light of the sun. Thereupon Mother Earth, displeased by this harsh treatment, gave her youngest son, Cro′nus, a mighty sickle with which to attack his father, the Lord of Heaven. So Cronus overthrew Heaven and made himself in his father's stead, the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

And Cronus wedded Rhe′a, a powerful sister-Ti′tan, but having learned by an oracle that he would be overthrown by one among his sons, he forced Rhea to give him his children as soon as they were born, and straightway he devoured them. To save her last born child from such an awful fate, Rhea fled to Crete, and there in a mountain cave she gave birth to her great son, Zeus, who was suckled by a mountain goat, fed with honey by the mountain-bees and tended by graceful nymphs, while before the cave danced shouting priests, who hid from father Cronus the sound of the infant's cries. And Rhea, returning to Cronus, gave her husband a stone wrapped up in swaddling clothes, which the mighty Titan devoured, believing he ate his son.


Zeus fights a Ti′tan. A rude carving, 6th century, B.C.

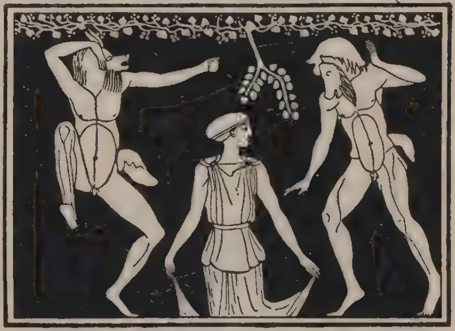
So Zeus grew to manhood in Crete, but when he was full-grown, he went to his father, Cronus, gave him a magic drink, and forced him to disgorge the children he had devoured. First appeared the great stone he had swallowed in place of Zeus. Next came to light all the five older brothers and sisters of Zeus who looked on their younger brother as their leader and deliverer. Straightway there arose a mighty war in heaven, for the



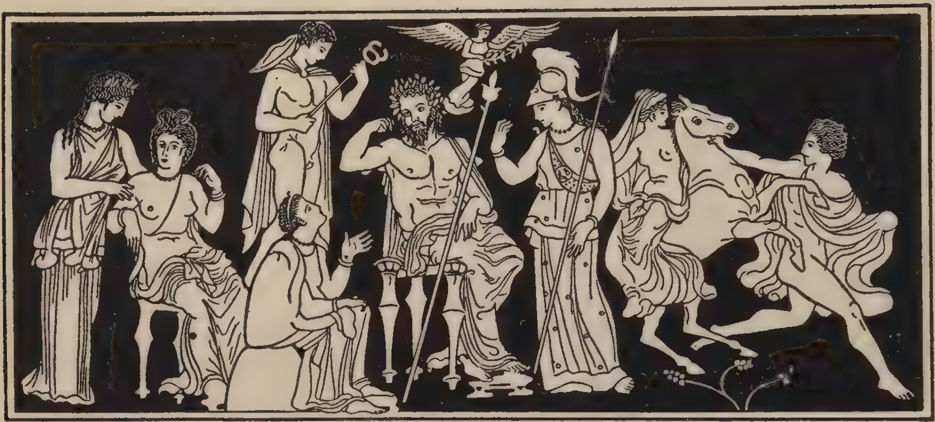
Po-sei′don, god of the sea, rides through the waves with his wife Am′phi-tri′te, preceded by an attendant blowing a conch shell. (Munich.) The Ne′re-id on the sea-horse, symbolizes the playful joy of the leaping waves. (Naples.)

younger gods rebelled against the old order of Titans. The boundless sea rang terribly, earth crashed, wide heaven was shaken, and high Olympus reeled beneath the awful charge of those immortal gods. Zeus fought with his full might, hurling from his strong hand bolts of lurid lightning that whirled an awesome flame. So great was the noise of the battle, it seemed as if earth and heaven had come together colliding. Also the winds brought rumbling, earthquake, and storms of dust.

But Zeus won the battle at last. The Titans were hurled underneath the earth and bound there with iron chains. Only Atlas remained above ground, and he was condemned forever to hold the sky on his shoulders. When thus the struggle was ended, the young gods made Zeus their King. And Zeus gave the sea to his brother, Po-sei′don; and unto his brother, Ha′des, he gave the underworld, and Hades carried off Per-seph′o-ne, daughter of De-me′ter, goddess of vegetation, to be his wife and queen.

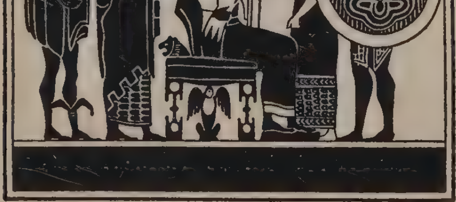


Earth blooms as Per-seph′o-ne rises from the underworld realm of Hades, her husband, to visit her mother, De-me′ter, goddess of vegetation. (Boston Museum.)

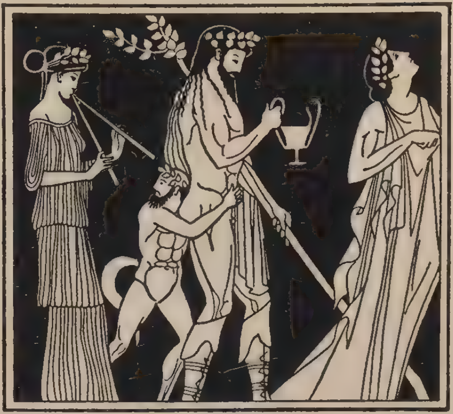


The gods sit in council on Mt. Olympus. Zeus, the King of the gods, sits in the center. Before him sits The′mis, goddess of law and order. Opposite Themis, stands Athene, with a little winged victory floating toward her, holding a spray of laurel. Behind Themis, is Her′mes, the winged messenger; to the left sits Aph′ro-di′te with her handmaid Pei′tho. At the right rides Se-le′ne, an ancient moon-goddess, escorted by Hes′per-is, the evening star. A vase.

On the summit of Mt. Olympus, Zeus dwelt with He′ra, his wife, the stately Queen of the gods, and with his numerous children,—Athene, goddess of wisdom, who sprang from his forehead full-grown, A′res, the god of war, Her′mes, the swift-winged messenger, He-phaes′tus, the armor-maker, Di′o-ny′sos, the god of wine, A-pol′lo, the god of music, the shining lord of the sun, and Ar′te-mis, the huntress, the lady of the moon. To Mt. Olympus too, came soft-eyed Aph′ro-di′te, goddess of love and beauty, who rose from the foam of the sea, and was wafted by a zephyr over the waves to Cyprus. About Aphrodite there hovered fluttering snow-white doves; swans followed in her wake, and Eros or Cupid, the god of Love, was her mischievous little son.



Zeus, complaining of a headache, ordered his head to be split, and Athene, goddess of wisdom, was born from his head full-armed. Note the tiny figure of Athene still perched on his head, Apollo with his lyre, Hermes with winged shoes, and A′res, the god of war, with his shield.

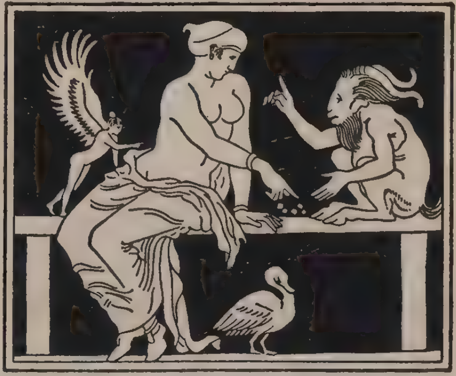


Di′o-ny′sos, god of wine, his brow wreathed with grape leaves, is attended by two maidens and a satyr. The growing of grapes was important in barren Attica and many were the festivals in honor of this popular god.

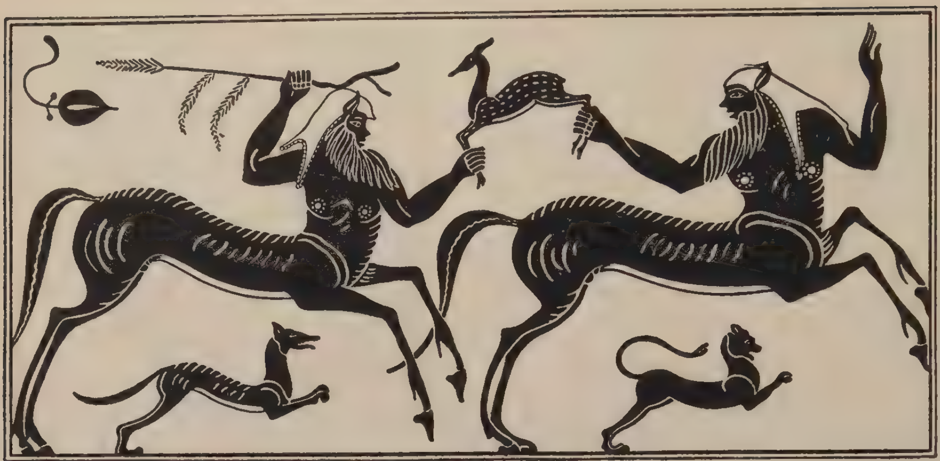
All these gods and goddesses dwelt on Mt. Olympus. Clouds veiled their dwellings from men and formed the gates of Heaven, but of a clear night one could see the shining Milky Way, the starry heavenly high-road, which was lined on either side with the palaces of the gods.

Each god had his separate dwelling, but all repaired, when summoned, to the palace of mighty Zeus to deliberate or hold counsel. There too, they feasted each day, eating divine ambrosia and drinking celestial nectar which was handed about by He′be, the cup-bearer of the gods. The nine Muses sang as they feasted, and Apollo played on his lyre; but when the sun was set, the gods retired to their dwellings and slept in the manner of men.

Athene and the three Graces wove the robes of the gods; He-phaes′tus forged armor, and chariots, and built heavenly houses of brass. He made the golden shoes with which the gods trod the skies, and he shod the celestial steeds which bore their chariots like lightning whizzing through the air or over the waves of the sea. He made chairs and tables that moved and took themselves in and out of the palaces on Olympus. He even made for himself serving maidens of gold, who could walk about and think.

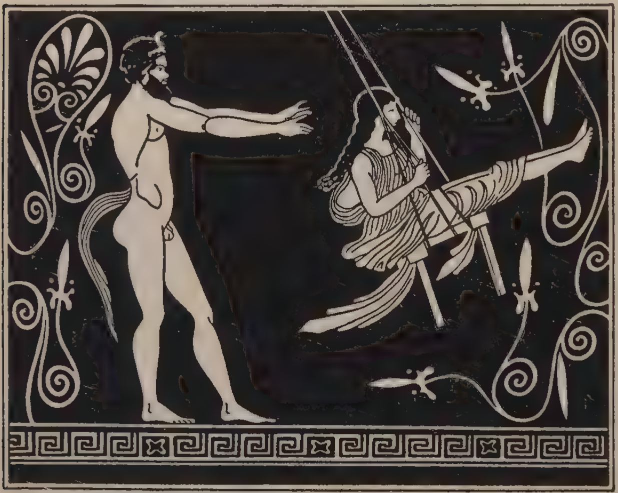


Aph′ro-di′te, goddess of love, plays dibs with Pan, the goat-god of the woodlands. The couple have quarrelled and Pan is talking earnestly; but little E′ros or Cupid supports his mother, whose goose sits aloof and asleep.



Centaurs hunting, accompanied by dogs. These fanciful creatures, half-horse and half-man, are painted with great liveliness, showing how graceful and gay were Greek fancies of the woodlands. (Ionic vase, 6th century, B.C.)

Earth, too, was full of gods. In the woodlands dwelt merry Pan—half man and half goat, the god of flocks and shepherds, who forever played on his shepherd's pipe, capered with his attendants, the jolly goatlike Sat′yrs, or danced with the nymphs of the wood. Each brook, each fountain and tree had its na′iad, or its dry′ad; centaurs, half man and half horse, wandered in the forests, and the sea was alive with sea-nymphs, riding on plunging sea-horses, or sporting about with dolphins, gamboling amid the waves.



A satyr swings a nymph at a spring festival. Woods and waters were filled with lively creatures to the Greek imagination. The most beautiful part of their mythology was this joyous playfulness, sometimes verging on drunken sensuality, but more frequently a pure, simple delight in nature. Representing the dark side of Greek thought were treacherous sea monsters, Scyl′la and Cha-ryb′dis, harpies, and furies who tormented and punished men.

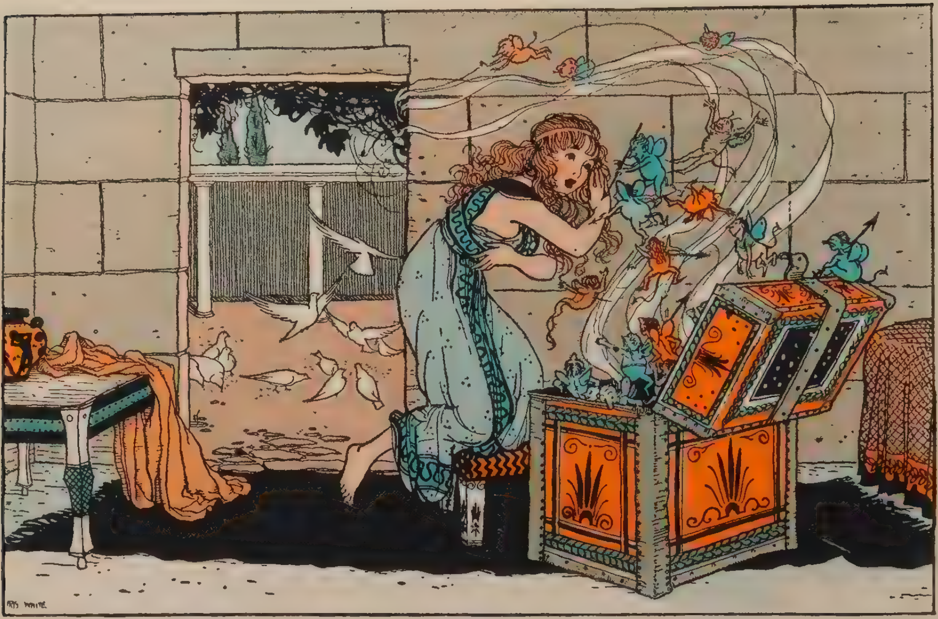
And now that earth and sea, the sky and the underworld were peopled with these divine gods, two brothers of the race of Titans, Pro-me′theus and Ep-i-me′theus were commissioned to make beasts and men.

Ep-i-me′theus created the beasts and gave them their characteristics—courage and strength to the lion, subtlety to the serpent, and intelligence to the horse. But Pro-me′theus took a piece of clay and made man after the image of the gods. He made man to stand upright looking up to heaven and not like the beasts which gaze on the earth.

But so many gifts had already been given to the beasts, that there was no greater gift left for Prometheus to bestow on man. Prometheus was unhappy. At last, with the help of Athene, he stole up into heaven, secretly lit a torch at the chariot of the sun, and so brought back to man this wonderful gift of fire, whereby he could warm his dwelling, cook his food, and forge weapons to overcome the beasts.

Hearing of this presumption, great Zeus fell into a rage. Fire was for the gods, for the heavenly ones on Olympus. It was not for mere mortal men. So he ordered He-phaes′tus, the smith, to take earth and make a woman, that she might punish man. This woman was called Pan-do′ra and she was exceedingly lovely. When she was complete, she was sent to Epimetheus, who accepted her as his wife.

Epimetheus, however, had a box in his house which contained a number of things for which he had had no use when he and Prometheus did their work of making the beasts and men. Pandora was very curious about this mysterious box. She eyed it and wondered continually what could be hidden within it. Each day her curiosity troubled her more and more. At last, she could not contain herself. She opened the lid and lo! a swarm of little winged creatures flew out and straightway began to sting her. These were the evils of the world,—sorrow, sickness, pain, envy, jealousy, pride,

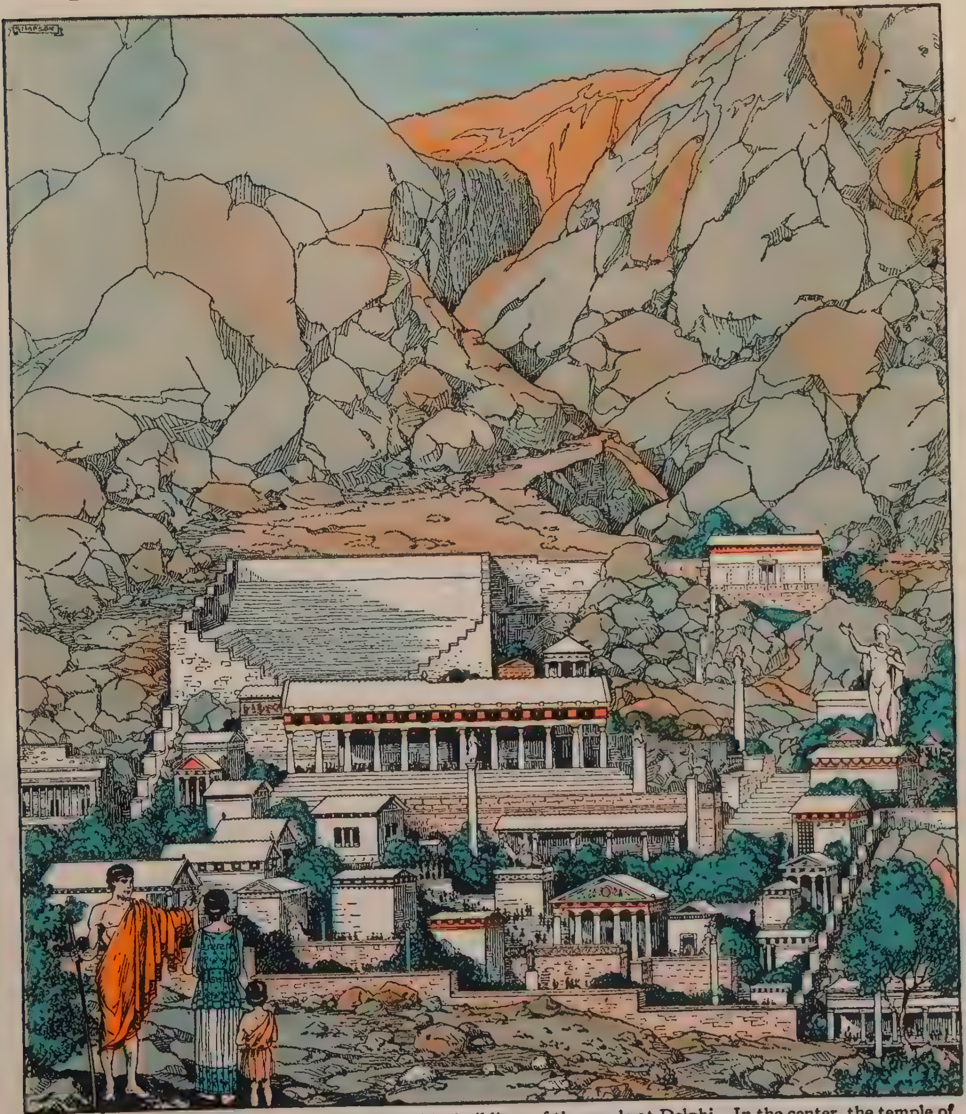


How the Greeks explained the beginning of evil. Before the days of Pan-do'ra, man had dwelt in happiness.

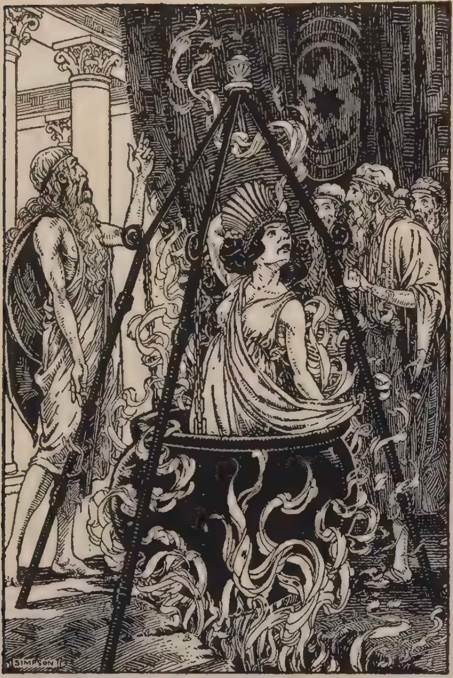
hunger, poverty, want. They bit and stung poor Pandora till she knew not what to do. She sought to catch them and put them back! In vain, her curiosity had let them loose on the world; they flew away to trouble men, who until then had lived in bliss and perfect joy.

So Zeus punished men for accepting fire and trying to make themselves the equals of the gods, and Prometheus, whose only fault was bringing this good gift to men, was chained to a rock where a vulture forever tore at his liver. The Greek gods had no desire that man should ever be godlike. They never improved men and lifted them up, but tried to keep them down, to make them weak and inferior, that the gods might be magnified, and the Greeks were forever fearful that any too-great good fortune would bring down upon them the wrath of these jealous Olympian gods.

Each father in his own household sacrificed to the gods and to images of his ancestors. Men worshiped also in temples and sacred places called oracles where they believed the gods would tell them what was to happen in the future.



Wild, dark, jagged mountains surround the gem-like buildings of the oracle at Delphi. In the center, the temple of Apollo; above, the theatre; below, treasure houses of Greek states; right, the statue of Apollo. (After Tournaire.)

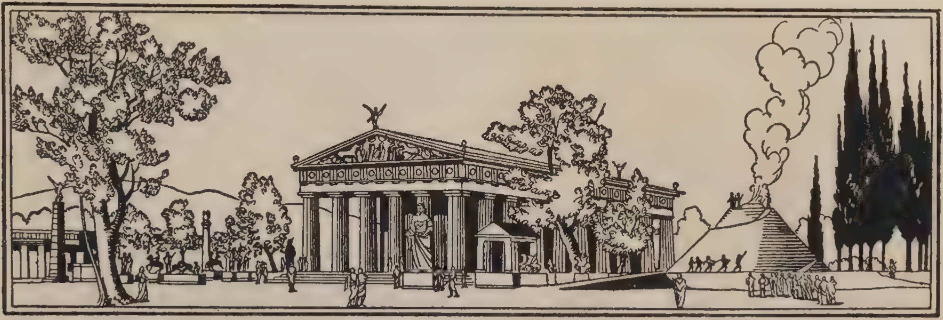


In a cauldron hung from a tripod, the frenzied priestess of Delphi answers questions of worshippers. Important matters of state were often put to this celebrated oracle.

These oracles were located in savage, barren regions, in the depths of a gloomy forest or among jagged cliffs and rocks. When only the cooing of doves, the rustling of leaves in the sacred oak, or the gurgling of some little spring answered the question of the worshipper, the priests interpreted these small sounds as the answer of the gods.

The most famous of these oracles was that of Apollo at Delphi. From a deep cleft in the rocks, there rose a stifling vapor, called the breath of Apollo. Over this in a cauldron, hung a pale, wild, frenzied priestess, breathing the terrible fumes, writhing and raving madly, while priests took down her words and interpreted them to the worshiper as the answer of great Apollo.

Important questions of state were often put to this priestess; and the oracle at Delphi, for the protection of which the Greek states formed a league, was one of the strongest ties that bound the scattered Greek tribes into a sort of union. In addition to this they had a common belief in the gods, and a common language and literature with a universal pride in the works of the blind poet, Homer; they had their beloved legends of a common ancestor, Hellen, and each fourth year they met in the famous Olympic games held in honor of Zeus at Olympia in E′lis. These bonds kept them from living as utterly separate tribes.

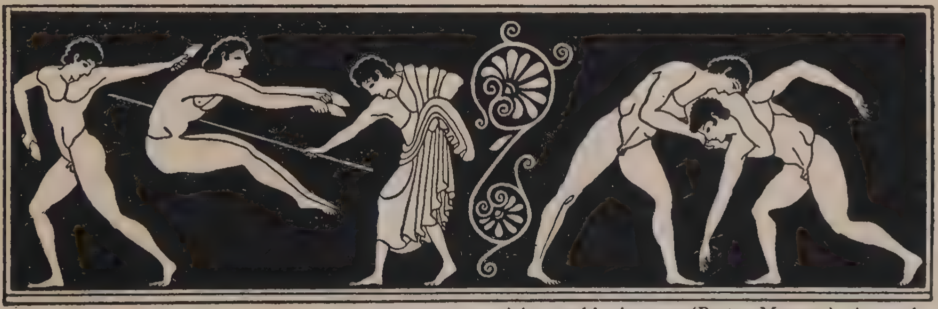


The temple of Zeus at Olympia. To the right, the great altar. To the left, the pillar of victory and votive statues. On one side of this sacred enclosure was the stadium, on the other, the gymnasium. (Reconstruction after Bohn.)

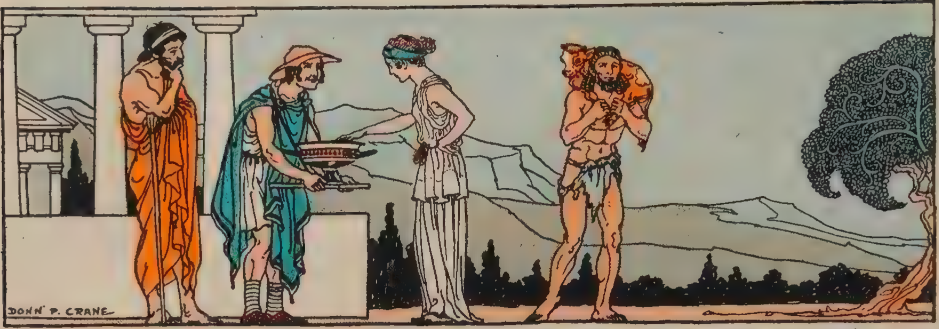
To Olympia came athletes from all the cities of Greece with merchants and swarms of people. The victor in each contest,—boxing, wrestling, racing, jumping and discus-throwing, was crowned with an olive wreath, but when he reached home, processions of youths, feeling their whole town honored, sang his glory in songs like this triumphant outburst by the jubilant poet Pindar:—

"The light of my song shall fierily blaze
O'er this city so dear unto me,
And swifter than high-mettled steed can race
Or a white-winged galley can flee,
I will speed this story of Opus' glory
Far, far over land, over sea!"

So deep was the interest in these games that events in Greece were dated from the first Olympiad and while the games were in progress, wars between Greeks were suspended.



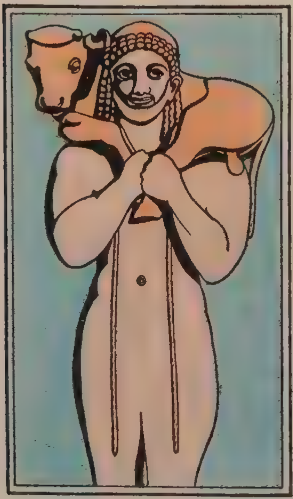
A jumper in mid-air. He holds in his hands the halteres or weights used by jumpers (Boston Museum). A wrestler trying to force his opponent to his knees by steadily forcing his neck forward. (University Collection, Turin.)



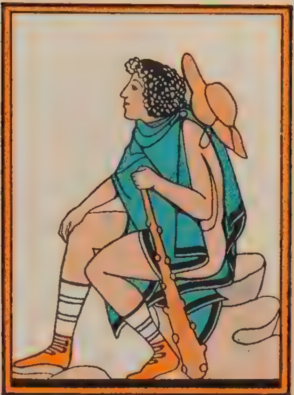
A Spartan man and woman in plain, severe Doric garments purchase a vase from a merchant-Per′i-œ′ci, or provincial, while a ragged Hel′ot, one of the unfortunate Spartan slaves of the soil, passes with a calf for market. The plain vase is copied from a Spartan ky′lix in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Spartan works of art are very rare.

Sparta and Athens from about 750 B. C. to 500 B. C.

Slowly Sparta and Athens stood forth as the most important cities of this new Hel-len′ic Greece. Sparta came to the front as a military state, the center of power of the Dorians, who had subdued all La-co′ni-a, but had refused to mix with the native, conquered tribes. In their sprawling unwalled city, that was little more than a group of five straggling ugly villages, 9,000 Dorian warriors dwelt as a ruling class, while the country round about swarmed with conquered subjects, eight or ten times their number, whom they had to keep down by force. The Spartans never engaged in trade or did any work on their farms. They occupied themselves wholly with military training while each man's land was tilled by miserable, down-trodden Hel′ots, unfortunate slaves of the soil, who belonged to the Spartan state, and kept their masters in constant fear of uprising and revolt. In addition to these ragged Helots, there dwelt in the Spartan villages, certain freemen called Per′i-oe′ci, who



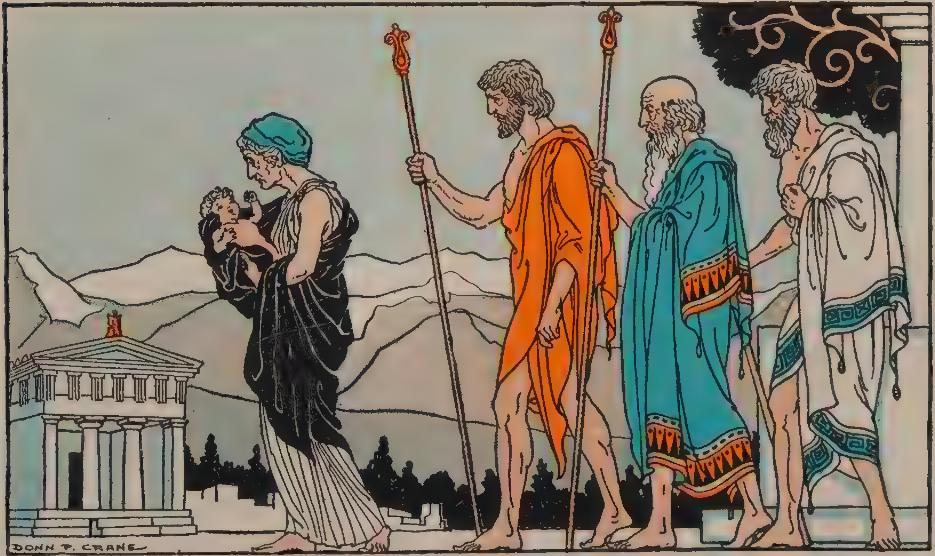
The calf-bearer. An early Greek statue of a poor slave like the Helots, the down-trodden Spartan slaves.



Villager in hat and chla′mys, like the Spartan merchant-Perioeci.

carried on all trade, but had like the Helots, no share in the government of the state. Only freeborn Spartans met in the Peoples' Assembly, to elect the Council of Elders and those five important e′phors, who had more real power than the two hereditary kings.

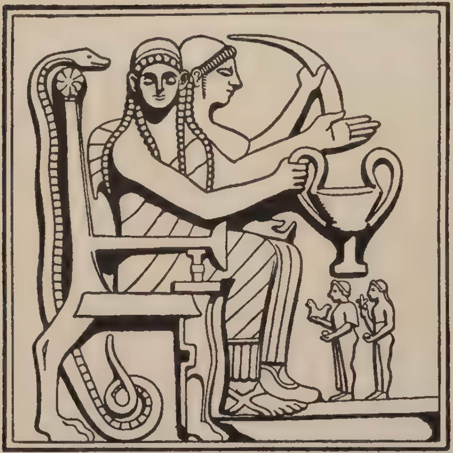
In Sparta the only business of life was to raise a race of warriors. Whenever a baby was born, he was inspected by the elders and if he was weak and puny, he was straightway condemned to death and carried up Mt. Ta-yg′e-tus to be left alone to



A nurse takes a baby who has been condemned as too weak to live to Mt. Ta-yg′e-tus to die. The men accompany her to make sure she leaves the baby. The background is from a photograph of the mountain-girt Spartan plain.

This custom of exposing children endured until a late period among the Greeks as is shown by the following letter recently found in Egypt. The tender regard for his wife's welfare shown by this Greek workman, is in striking contrast to his callous indifference in disposing of the expected baby.

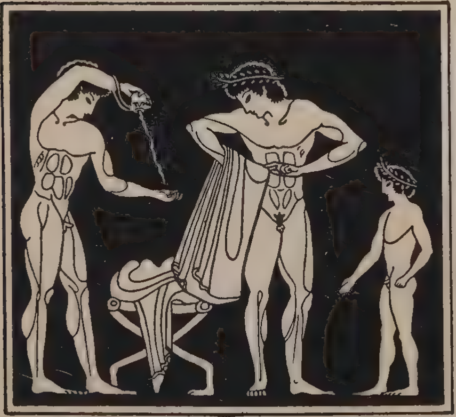
"Hi-la′ri-on to Al′is, his wife, heartiest greetings, and to my dear Be′rous and A-pol′lo-na′ri-on. Know that we are still even now in Alexandria. Do not worry if when all the others return I remain in Alexandria. I beg and beseech of you to take care of the little child, and as soon as we receive wages I will send them to you. If—good luck to you!—you bear offspring, if it is a male, let it live; if it is a female, expose it. You told Aph′ro-di-si′as, 'Do not forget me.' How can I forget you? I beg you, therefore, not to worry."



A Spartan man and woman from a grave-stone found near Sparta. The two are enjoying a cup of wine while attendants bring offerings, a cock, a flower and pomegranates. The snake, which seems to be crawling up the back of the chair, is a symbol of the Underworld.

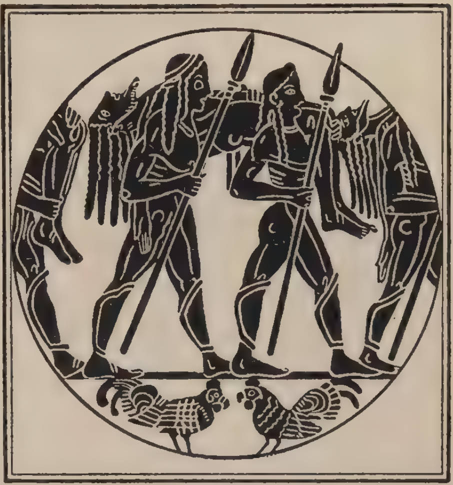
die; but if he was strong and husky the mother was allowed to keep him, and she brought him up with no coddling, with war-songs as lullabies.

At the age of seven, however, every boy in Sparta was taken away from his mother, never to live again under her personal care. He was sent to live with other boys who were organized into bands and trained by public officers, while the bravest boy was chosen captain of the troop. They slept on hard beds of straw in public dormitories, and were not allowed a blanket even on the coldest nights. They ate the simplest fare and wore the scantiest clothing, and if they felt pinched with hunger, they were bidden to sharpen their wits by hanging at night around butchers' shops, poultry yards, orchards, or gardens to steal the food they craved. Those who succeeded were praised but those who failed were flogged and deprived of a regular meal.



Youths in the gymnasium. One has laid his hi-mat'i-on, or cloak on the chair and is pouring out oil to rub himself. The other is folding his himation to put it on. A smaller boy stands near by ready for exercise. Both pictures on this page are from the Berlin Museum.

Each day these Spartan boys were drilled in all sorts of gymnastics, in leaping, running, wrestling, or wielding a weapon with skill. They dove into the river Eu-ro'tas when it was skimmed with ice and wrestled naked in the

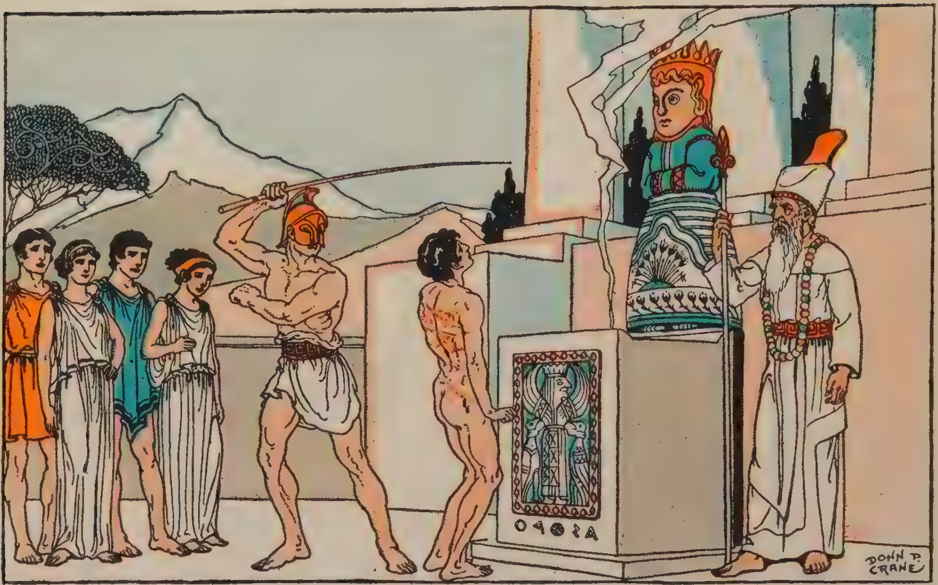


Slain Spartan warriors carried home by their comrades. A Spartan cup breathing with Spartan spirit. (Berlin.)

snow, or, divided into bands, they charged across two bridges and fought with desperate courage for the possession of an island that lay in the middle of the stream, while spectators on the banks shouted approval or scorn. They were taught to read a little and to sing patriotic songs, but the rest of their education was devoted altogether to military pursuits, to hardening and strengthening their bodies, to learning implicit obedience and such self-control that they could endure any hardship or pain. On certain festival days a boy voluntarily presented himself at an altar and offered to be whipped to test his powers of endurance. Sometimes these cruel lashings lasted for a whole day, and it is said that many were actually known to die rather than to cry out.

The girls too were trained and their bodies made hard that they might be fit mothers of warriors with the iron nerve to say to their sons when they sent them out to battle, "Come home victorious or dead!"

A stern Spartan woman in the plain severe Doric chi'ton.



To prove their powers of endurance, Spartan boys offer themselves to be whipped at festival times before the Altar of Artemis. Other boys and girls look on with indifference. The head of Ar′te-mis, with a tall crown above a post-like body, was found in her temple at Sparta. She probably wore a votive skirt. (From Cambridge Ancient History.)

So strong were these women that a poet addressing one, said:

> "How shines thy beauty, O my sweetest friend!
> How fair thy color, full of life thy frame!
> Why thou couldst choke a bull!!"*

To which the Spartan maid replied:

> "Yea, I do practice the gymnastic art,
> And, leaping, strike my backbone with my heels!"

In the afternoons these maidens watched the boys at their games and hooted scornful taunts at any sign of weakness, while the boys in their turn often looked in at the games of the husky girls.

When the youth reached the age of eighteen, he was sent out alone through the country to act as a secret service man, spying upon the Hel′ots, a dangerous business indeed, requiring all the craft he had learned in earlier days. His work was to watch for signs of rebellion or discontent, and to kill

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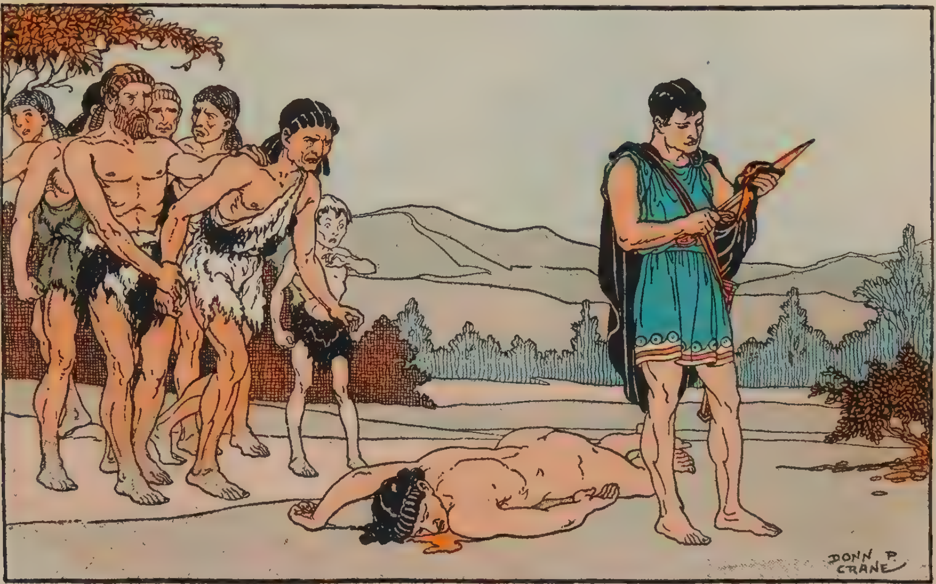
*This description of a Spartan maid is from *Ly-sis′tra-ta*, a comedy by Ar′is-toph′a-nes, the first great Greek comic poet.

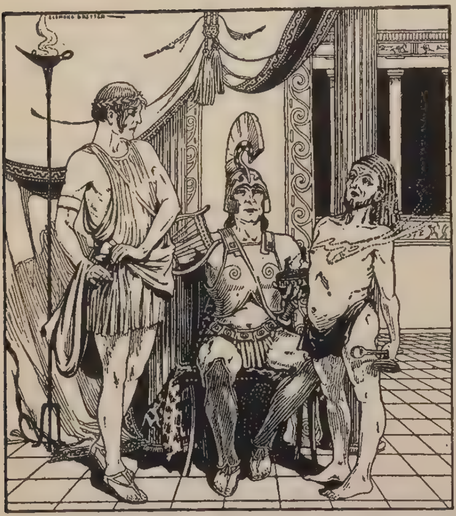


A Spartan youth slays a too-powerful Hel′ot, and walks indifferently away, while other Helots mutter but dare not retaliate. To kill a Helot was not a crime, but the position of these unfortunate slaves kept the Spartans always in fear of an uprising and necessitated that stern discipline which made Sparta a fortified camp whose soldiers never disbanded. The Spartans looked on Ly-cur′gus as the founder of the system of laws by which they must ever live.

any Helot he found plotting against the state; for, according to Spartan law, it was not considered a crime for a Spartan to kill a Helot. At twenty, the Spartan boy began to serve in the army and lived under arms in the barracks eating with fourteen mess-mates, who drilled and fought by his side, and for whose board he had to provide his share of barley meal, of cheese and plain black broth, with meat for holidays. No luxuries were allowed, and this broth was so unsavory that a certain luxurious foreigner, having swallowed a mouthful, said, "Now I know why the Spartans do not fear to die!"

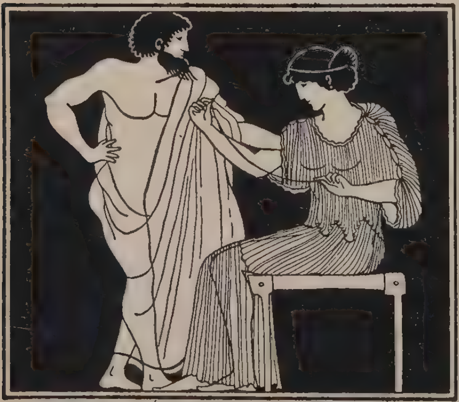
From this wearisome barracks life of endless drill and discipline, actual warfare came as a joyous sort of relief. When the Spartans went into battle, they put on purple robes and wreathed their heads with garlands as for a festival.

At thirty, the Spartan entered at last into the full rights



A Spartan King, visited by a distinguished foreign poet, shows that he rates the womanish art of making poetry on the same level as cooking by gravely introducing the greatest poet to the greatest broth-maker.

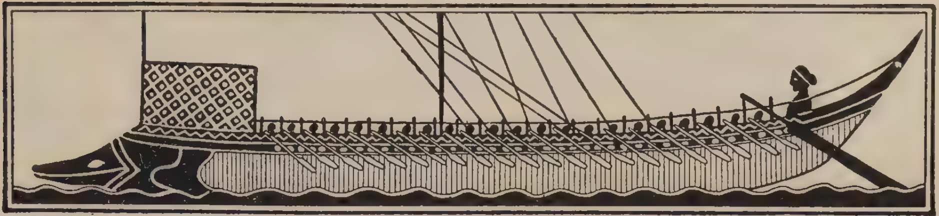
of citizenship, and could go to the Peoples' Assembly. He was likewise obliged to marry in order to rear more soldiers to serve the Spartan state; but he still had to eat in barracks and had only stolen moments for interviews with his bride. There was little love or sentiment, little yearning for beauty in such a state as this. The simple public buildings were built by foreign architects, and very few Spartans indeed, ever lowered their dignity by writing poems or songs. When a distinguished poet, greatly honored in other cities, was presented to a Spartan King as the greatest harper of his age, the King returned the compliment by calling for his cook, saying: "Let me present to the greatest poet, the greatest maker of broth!"



A woman in a graceful Athenian chiton, full of folds. Compare with the severe Spartan chiton, page 145, and the ancient chitons which had no folds. See page 129.

Simple fare and harsh discipline turned out in Laconia men hard, self-controlled, and powerful, who spoke their thoughts in such few words that brevity in talking is still called "laconic" speech. Thus Sparta early became the chief military power in Greece, and it was her iron warriors who made Greece feared throughout the world.

Athens, however, was differ-

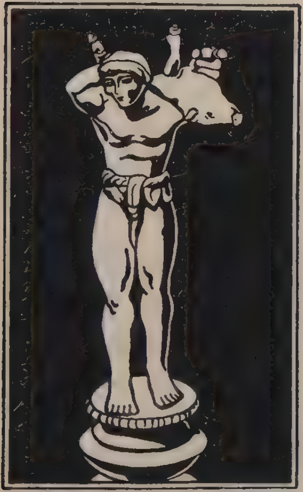


An Athenian war-ship, with fifty oarsmen, painted on a vase by the great Greek artist, Ex'e-ki-as, 6th century B.C.

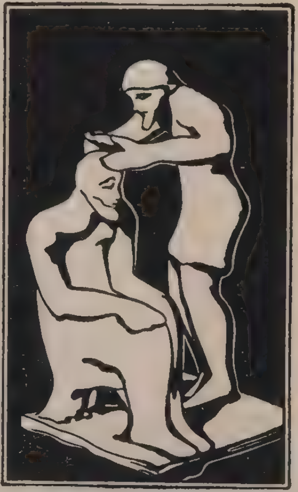
ent. Inspired by their cultured kinsfolk across the sea in Ionia, the men of Athens had begun to think and to create.

Athens lay near the sea; she had a good harbor at Pha-le'ron and the barrenness of her soil on which she grew little else than olives and grapes for wine, forced her to find activity by taking to the sea. While Sparta stayed shut up in her mountain-circled valley, clinging to ancient customs, and little visited by strangers, Athens, the sea-faring nation, was opening her doors to all the new ideas in the world.

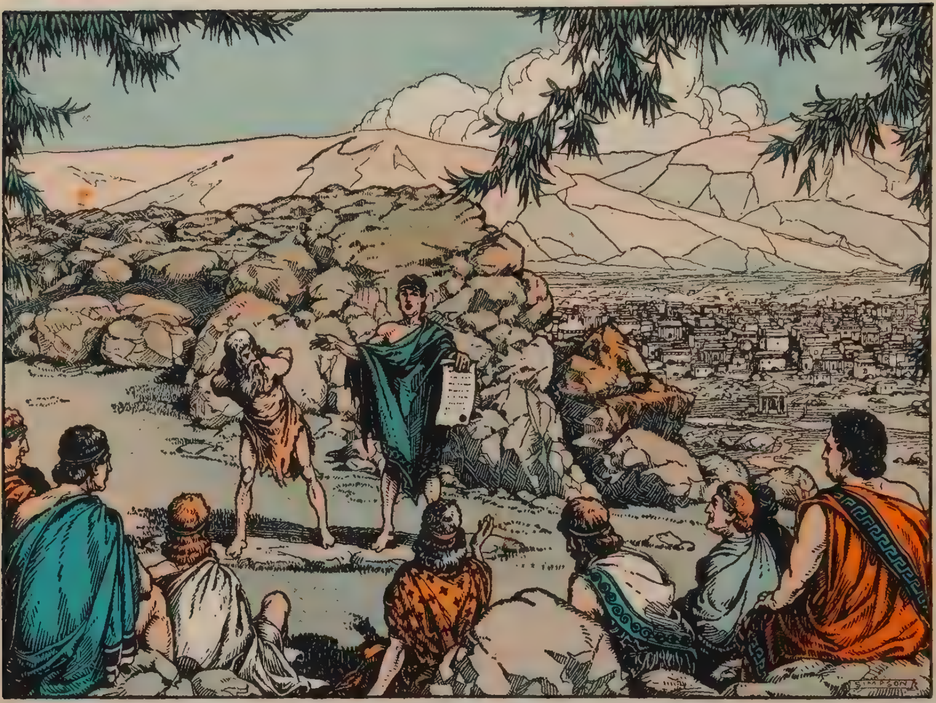
Before the dawn of history, Athens had lost her kings and was governed by three ar'chons chosen by the nobles, the first-archon, who was chief-magistrate, the war-archon, who commanded the army, and the king-archon, who was high-priest. These officers, as time went on, came to be chosen yearly and six junior-archons were added to assist them in their tasks. Thus the rule of one had been exchanged in Athens for the rule of the highly privileged and autocratic few.



A peasant carrying a pig. The nobles of early Athens tyrannized unmercifully over these poorer men.



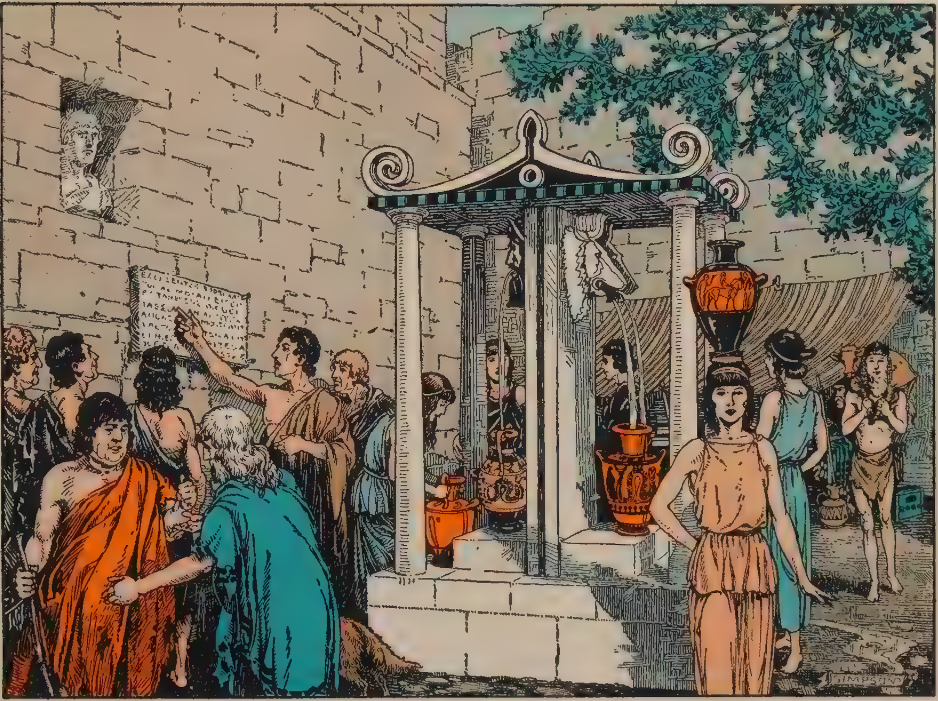
A barber, one of the many poor men ground down in Athens in those days. A statuette found at Tan'a-gra.



The aristocratic court of the Ar-e-op′a-gus on the hill of Ares or Mars overlooking Athens. Here the privileged Eupatrids sat in judgment on their wretched, half-starved peasants. So absolute was the power of the few that existence for the many was almost unbearable, and the very harshness of Eupatrid rule finally forced reforms which made Athens the first real democracy with a governing assembly of commoners. Situation from a photograph.

Sitting in their select, high-born, exclusive council on the hill called Ar-e-op′a-gus, a barren rocky height to the west of the Acropolis, the haughty Eu-pat′rids of Athens appointed archons and officials, summoned citizens to trial, and tyrannized unmercifully over the poorer men.

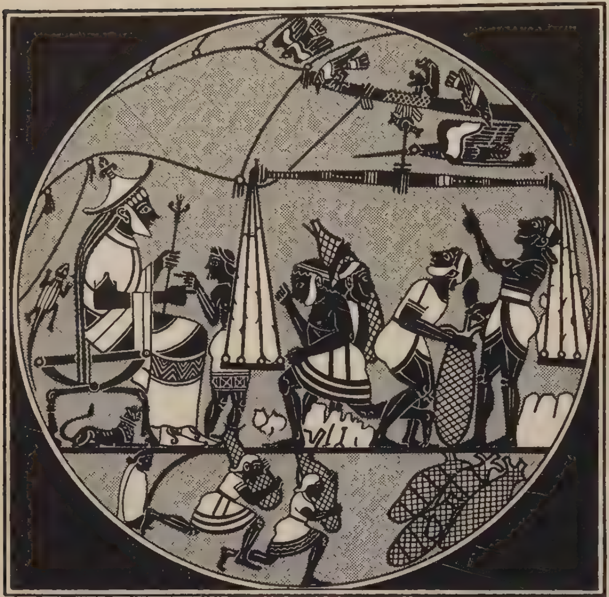
Nearly all the land in Attica was owned by these Eupatrids, and the farmers who rented their fields had to pay them five-sixths of their produce and live on the beggarly remnant. Moreover, if these poor peasants failed to pay their debts they were sold by the nobles as slaves. No man dreamed in those days that happiness was for all. The rich had the right to be happy. The poor had no rights whatever. Struggling with hopeless poverty, injustice and grind-



Down-trodden Athenian peasants gather in groups around wooden placards engraved with Dra'co's laws, the first written code in Attica. Their constant discontent was soon to force the more liberal laws of So'lon which admitted them to the Popular Assembly. In Greece the people first found a place in government and democracy began.

ing toil, they threatened with sullen mutterings to break out into war, demanding that the laws which had heretofore been unwritten, should at least be written down.

The exalted and princely Eupatrids were forced at last to consent. They ordered Draco, the Archon, to draw up a code of laws, and soon in public places wooden placards appeared proclaiming in shapely letters, Draco's long-desired code. The poor folk from the countryside lingered before these placards in noisy, dirty groups, puzzling over the letters, until some one came by who could read what was written there. When they thus learned exactly how cruel and unjust to them was this ancient code of laws, they lifted their husky voices in more violent protestations, demanding some drastic relief.



The King of Cy-re'ne, in a beautiful hat, watches the weighing of silphion, a medicinal herb in great demand. Cyrene, a Greek settlement in northern Africa, was only one of many prosperous settlements founded by Greeks in this period when men eagerly left their homes to establish colonies in new countries all along the Mediterranean and up north around the Black Sea.

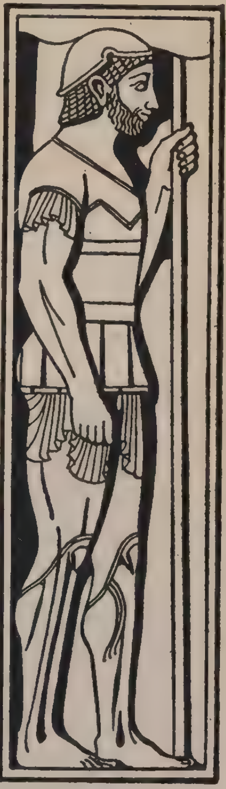
For twenty-five years they clamored. Many were so discontented that they left home and emigrated, founding new Greek cities as other poor men were doing from every state in Hellas. Greek settlements arose all along the Mediterranean, at Syracuse in Sicily, Ta-ren'tum in southern Italy, Cy-re'ne in northern Africa and Mas-sil'i-a in Gaul. At length the Eupatrids were forced to ask the wise Archon, Solon, a just and moderate man, trusted by all classes, to make a new code of laws. In 594 B.C., news came to the suffering people that Solon had drawn up his code. The hard-handed sons-of-toil burst into wild rejoicings, celebrating the great event with a joyous festival. Each year they repeated that festival of the "Shaking-Off of Burdens."

Solon had made it illegal for any man to collect a debt by selling into slavery the person of an Athenian; he had limited the amount of land any noble might own; he had taken away the undue power held by that haughty, high-handed council of the Ar-e-op'a-gus, and he had admitted to the General Assembly of the people, the fourth and lowest class, that boorish unwashed rabble, who had never before in Attica, held any rights at all. True, these shepherds and ploughmen could not hold any office,—officials were elected only from the three upper classes,—and they could not speak in Assembly to bring up any business or discuss any question whatever, but at least they could now come to the outdoor meeting-place of the Popular Assembly to join with the three upper classes in electing their officials, and they could vote yes or no on questions presented to them by the authority of the Senate.

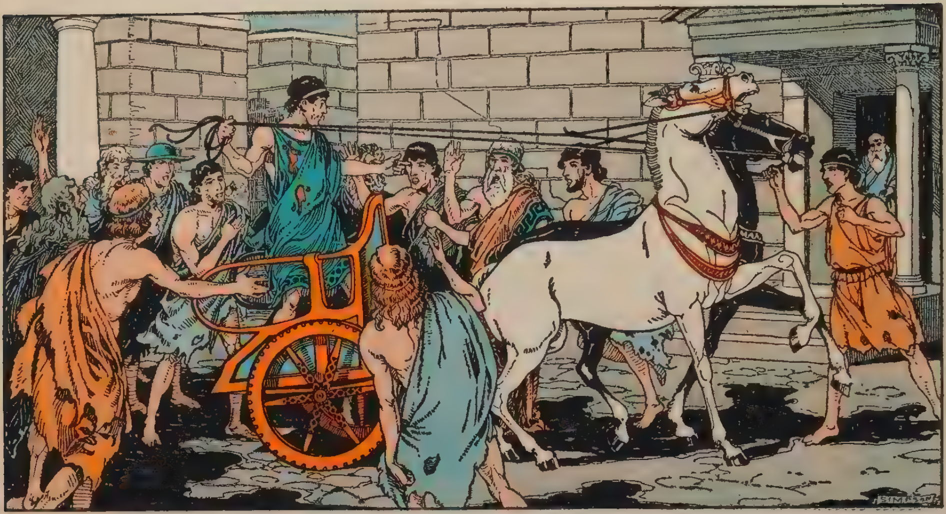
The first great stride had been made toward democratic government, government not by one, nor by a privileged few, but by all the people as a whole, and the shock-headed yokels and countrymen noisily shouted their joy.

But Solon's wise reforms did not put an end to the struggle and strife in Attica. The state was bitterly split among three aggressive parties who were forever quarreling,—the haughty Nobles of the Plain, angry at their loss of power, the busy Merchants of the Coast, thoroughly satisfied with all that Solon had done, and the jealous Men of the Hills, the shepherds, miners and farmers, who still made loud complaints because Solon had not taken land from the rich and given it to them.

When Solon was an old man, a relative of his, the charming and gracious Pi-sis′tra-tus, set himself up to the Hillmen as their champion and their leader. When he had won their hearts, he secretly slashed his own flesh with ugly looking wounds and drove with dramatic effect, into the market-place, showing his wounds to the people and crying with



An Athenian warrior, said to be the man who demanded a body-guard for Pisistratus. (Museum, Athens.)



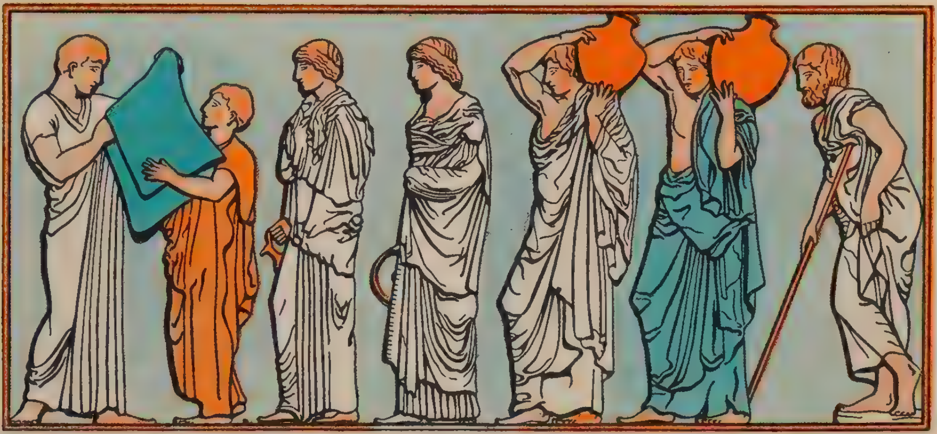
The wounded Pi-sis'tra-tus is voted a body-guard by the excitable Athenians, despite the protests of So'lon.

appealing pathos, that he had nearly been murdered because of his great devotion to the downtrodden lower-class.

The hot-headed Men-of-the-Hills, easily roused to anger, hooted in violent rage against the two other parties and threatened to take up arms in defense of their wounded hero, voting him a bodyguard of fifty men with clubs. In vain did Solon declare that Pisistratus was a hypocrite, and his tale an ambitious lie. The people refused to hearken. His power increased each day till he captured the Acropolis, drove out the leaders of the nobles, and made himself Tyrant of Athens.

Now a tyrant originally meant one who seized the supreme power by force. It did not mean one who governed cruelly or unjustly. Many cities in Greece had tyrants in those days, and Pisistratus, indeed, governed kindly enough.

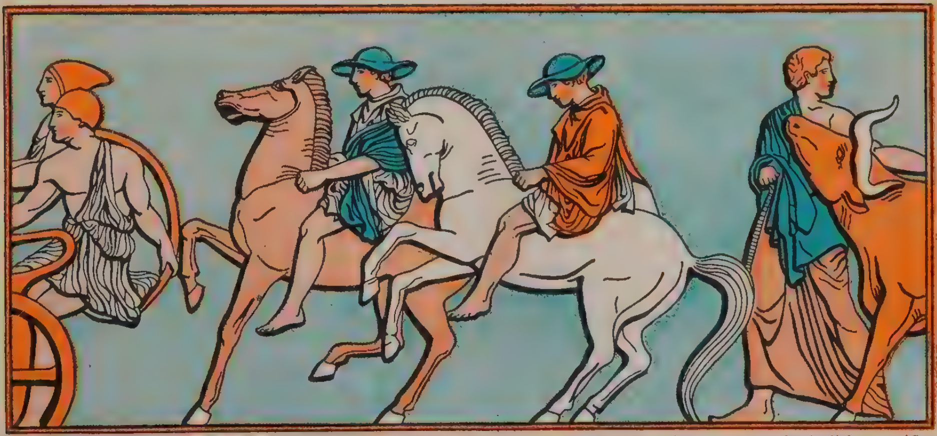
He made the taxes smaller, cared for the poor and disabled, and divided among the peasants the estates of those nobles who had had to flee the land. Throughout the countryside he instituted gay festivals and in Athens he made the



The Pan-ath′e-na′ic festival; the sacred peplus, maidens, youths and a magistrate. Par′the-non Frieze, Athens.

great Pan-ath′e-na′ic festival more splendid than ever before.

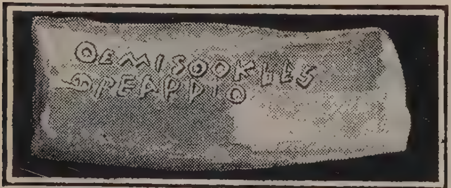
For five days contests were held, contests in athletics, in music and poetry, and best of all, horse-races. At last, to crown the event, a great procession of people escorted to the Acropolis the sacred peplus of Athene, a crocus-colored mantle embroidered by chosen women of the very noblest blood. In this procession were magistrates, old men with olive branches, maidens with sacred vessels, youths on horse-back, matrons, and beasts for sacrifice.



Other figures in procession, from the Par′the-non Frieze; the end of a chariot, two horsemen, and a bull for sacrifice.

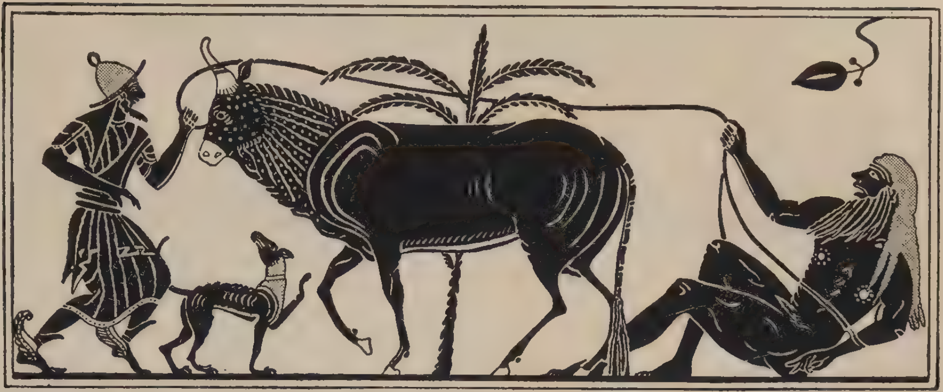
Statue of Har-mo′di-us and Ar-is-to-gi′ton, who killed the tyrant Hip-par′chus, son of Pi-sis′tra-tus. According to the story, Hipparchus admired the beautiful youth, Harmodius, but Harmodius preferred Aristogiton. This angered the tyrant and he refused to allow Harmodius' sister to carry a basket in the Pan-ath′e-na′-ic procession. Because of this slight, Harmodius plotted to kill the tyrant, and although he succeeded, both he and his friend Aristogiton were quickly put to death. A few years later, when the people began thoroughly to hate tyrants, they erected this statue on the Ar′e-op′a-gus in honor of the youths, and Spartan troops helped them to expel Hip′pi-as, brother of Hipparchus from Athens.

But in spite of all this magnificence, the enemies of Pisistratus twice forced him to leave the city, once for the space of ten years, and when his sons succeeded him, Hip-par′chus was murdered by two high-spirited youths, and Hip′pi-as was driven from Athens. Then Cle-is′the-nes, long an enemy of the tyrants, drew up a new set of laws, obliging the Senate to submit to the Peoples' Assembly all matters of importance, allowing the poorest Athenian to talk in the Assembly as freely as an Eupatrid, and giving the people a chance once a year to ostracize a man or vote him into exile if they thought his presence dangerous to continued peace of the state. Cleisthenes ended party-strife by wiping out old party lines, dividing Attica into ten new tribes with members from different family clans and different parts of the land.



A broken bit of pottery, called in the Greek, *os′tra-ka*, upon which an Athenian has scratched the name of a man he thought dangerous to the state. According to the law of Cle-is′the-nes, if 6,000 such *ostraka* or votes were cast, the one having the largest number must leave Athens for ten years. Such a man was said to have been *ostracized*, from the Greek word *ostraka*.

Thus the work of Cleisthenes put the finishing touch to Athens as a democracy, while Sparta, allowing her Helots and subject Per′i-oe′ci no voice in the government, remained an oligarchy, a government of the nobles, a tyranny of the few.

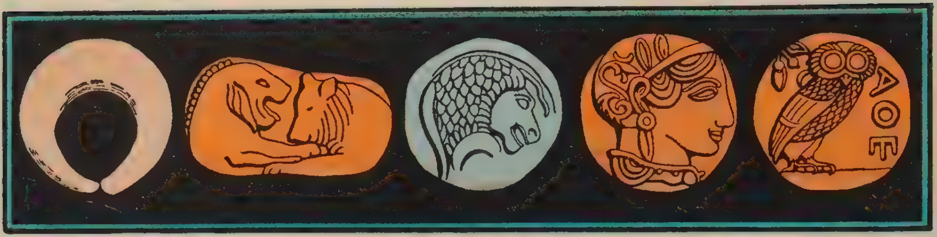


Her′mes steals a cow from the giant Argos. A beautiful Ionic vase painting, showing that the Ionians were the true heirs of Cretan grace and rhythm. For four centuries they were the guardians of culture for the Greek world.

What Happened Among the Greeks in Asia Minor

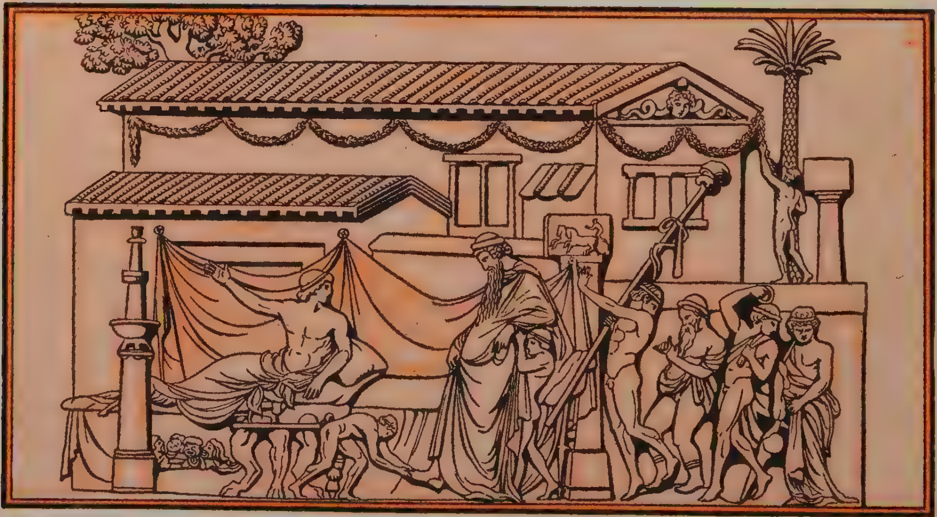
During all the hundreds of years when the shepherd people in Greece had been slowly growing civilized, the Greeks on the coast of Asia, guardians of the ancient culture, had been progressing so rapidly that they left their simple brethren on the peninsula far behind. It was from Ionia that Athens had learned the rudiments of her civilization and art, and though Dorians and Ae-o′li-ans also settled in Asia forming two separate kingdoms on either side of Ionia, the Ionians continued to be the most important race in Asiatic Hellas, famous for music and poetry, for literature and art. Their chief city was Mi-le′tus, the brilliant and luxurious, a devoted sister to Athens, without whose help and teaching, Athens would never have been that center of Grecian thought, of Grecian art and learning, which it became in time.

Miletus and all Ionia had many merchant-princes. From the neighboring kingdom of Lydia, a new Asiatic state which lay just beyond the Greek cities, the Asiatic Greeks had learned to use coins for money. The Semites of Babylonia had first substituted silver, weighed in certain amounts, for



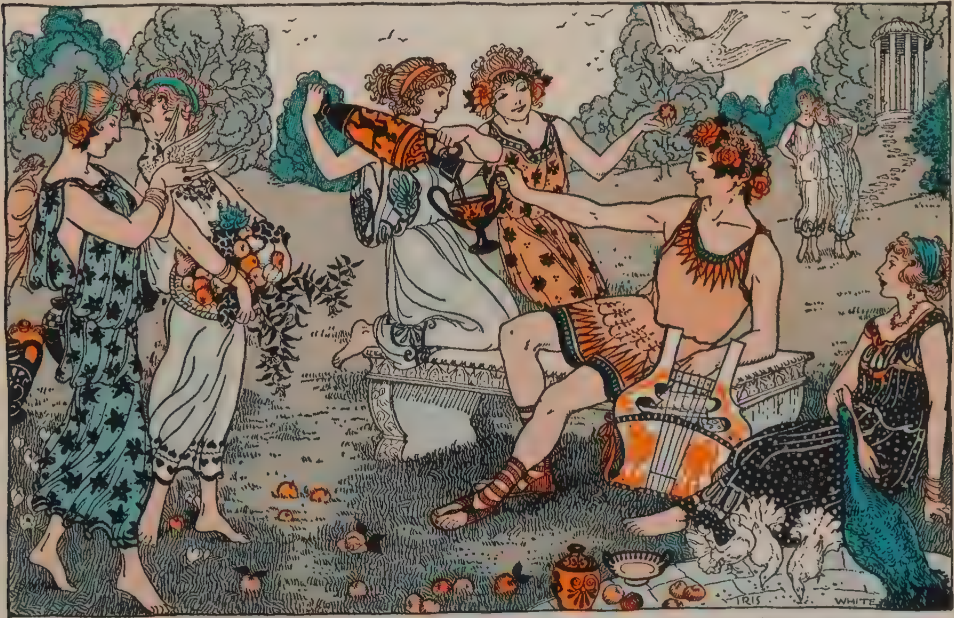
The beginning of coins. An 18th Dynasty Egyptian gold currency ring at the left. Next, a gold coin of Croe'sus of Lyd'i-a stamped with parts of a lion and a bull. (About 560 B. C.) Then a 6th century B. C. coin of Mi-le'tus stamped with a lion. Next, front and rear of a 5th century B. C. Athenian coin, marked with the head of Athene, an owl and an olive branch. The Lydians took the Babylonian weighing system for their coins. The highest amount was the pound or *mina*. Sixty *minas* made a *talent* worth about $1,125. For convenience the Athenians divided the *mina* into a hundred parts, each worth about 20 cents, called a *drachma*, meaning a handful of small change.

the ancient custom of barter, so that instead of exchanging a chicken for a bunch of onions, they paid for the chicken in silver. The Egyptians had paid in gold rings but all such metal had to be weighed and tested for its purity every time it changed hands. As early as 650 B.C., a Lydian king stamped on pieces of silver a statement of their weight and purity with his name and picture as a guarantee that the statement made was true. This method of coinage Ionia took from Lydia and passed on to her kinsfolk in Greece.



A host with visitors in a beautiful garden such as Ionia was famed for. Note statue, palm tree, and carvings.

So great did Ionia grow in commerce and trade-by-sea, that her merchant-sailors drove the Phoenicians from the Aegean. Her ship-builders, her manufacturers all became very wealthy and they enriched her cities with many marvelous buildings. Wonderful homes arose built of pure white marble and surrounded by beautiful gardens where poets began to sing a new form of poetic verse. Homer had lived in Ionia and sung his great epics here, his stirring tales of heroes that rang with the clash of arms; but in these fragrant gardens, a-bloom with roses and hyacinths and haunted by nightingales, the ancient epics and ballads, those sturdy poems of deeds, slowly gave way to love songs, to fervent songs of joy in the radiant scenes of nature, little poetic outbursts all fire and sweetness and dew.

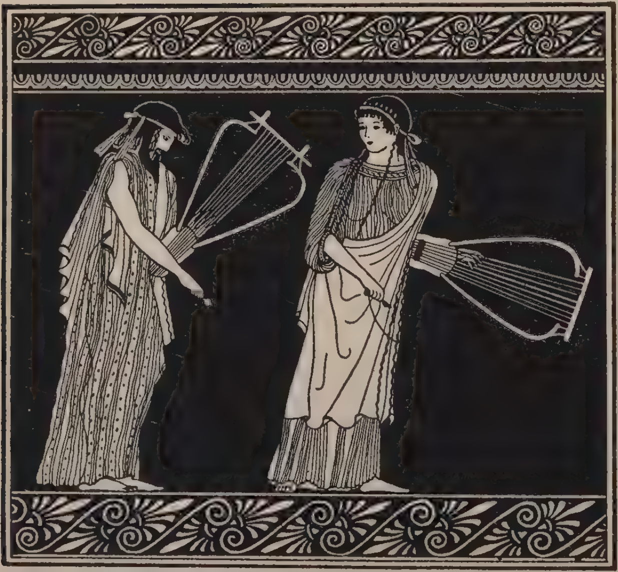


The lyric poet, A-nac′re-on, surrounded by laughing maidens and all too often quaffing a cup of wine, sings his delicate verses to the strumming of the lyre in the beautiful gardens of Ionia. From the use of the lyre these little poems of feeling came to be called *lyric poems*. Exquisitely gay and beautiful in the hands of the greatest poets, they could easily degenerate when written by lesser men into weak sensuality and ribald drinking songs. The period from 650 to 500 B. C. was called the *lyric age* and it succeeded the great *epic age* or age of the songs of deeds, when the mighty poems of Homer, ringing with the weapons of heroes, echoed in the halls of Hellas.

These verses were sung to the vibrant, sweet strumming of the lyre and therefore called lyric poems.

In such gardens in Miletus, where statues and graceful white pillars shone amid rich, dark trees, this ode of the poetess Sap′pho from Lesbos, island of oleanders, olive groves, and fountains, was sung by the lover to his mistress:

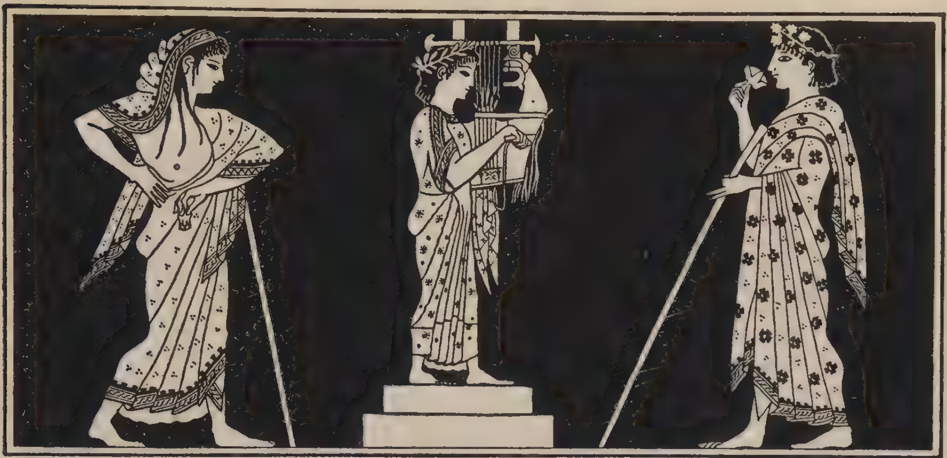
"The peer of gods doth that man seem to me
Who in thy presence sits and close to thee
Thy sweet speech hears adoringly,
   Lovely in laughter.
For ah, my poor heart doth a-flutter beat,
When I but see thee for a little, sweet;
I am struck silent at thy feet,
   Dumbly adoring!"



Sap′pho and Al-cae′us, the two greatest lyric poets of the early Greek world. From a red-figured vase about 480 B.C. Sappho was born in Lesbos in the 7th century B.C., and there became the leader of a great poetic school which included both men and women. Of her poetry, only fragments remain, but in Greece her fame was equal to that of Homer. She was called "the poetess," just as he was called "the poet." Some Greek writers also speak of her as "the tenth Muse," and "the flower of the Graces."

Sappho was a great writer of love-lyrics and there is a legend that she herself so loved a certain Pha′on that when she found her love unreturned, she cast herself into the sea and was drowned. Students of the remaining fragments of her poetry speak of the perfection and finish of every line, the correspondence of sense and sound, and the writer's command over the most delicate resources of verse.

And in those halls that had a few generations past echoed to the rousing rhythms of Homer's stately verse, attuned to the deeds of heroes, A-nac′re-on of Ionia, rose-crowned and all too often quaffing a cup of wine, now sang his delicate, exquisite, airy, and gay little songs to groups of laughing maidens. Thus did he pour forth joyously his lilting praises of Spring:—

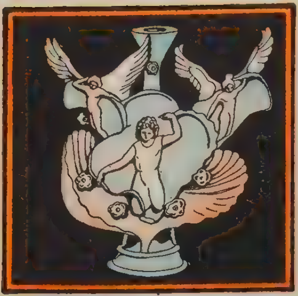


A lyre player and listeners. From an Attic vase by And-o-ki′des about 530 B.C. It was to the accompaniment of such a lyre that A-nac′re-on sang his songs. The translations on this page are based on those made by Thomas Stanley.

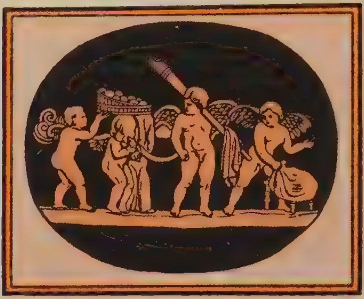
See the Spring herself discloses,
 And the Graces gather roses:
See how breathless now the seas
 All their swelling waves appease;
How the duck swims, how the crane
 Comes from winter's home again;
See how Phoebus' cheerful ray
 Chases all dark clouds away;
Now in their new robes of green
 Are the ploughman's labors seen;
Now the lusty, teeming Earth
 Springs each hour with some new birth.

Anacreon gaily cried that Homer's lute must give up wars and be attuned to mirth:

Agamemnon I would sing,
 Or the wandering Theban King,
But when I my lute did prove,
 Nothing would it sing but love!
I new strung it and to play
 Herc'les' labors did essay;
But my pains were fruitless quite,
 Naught it sang but love's delight!
Heroes then farewell! My lute
 To all strains but love is mute!



Aphrodite, goddess of love, rising from the foam of the sea. A Porcelain vase, 4th century B. C.



The marriage of Cupid and Psy′che. An exquisitely carved cameo in which both the little bride and bridegroom appear veiled.

But while the lyric poets sang of the mischievous doings of E′ros, the god of love, and his mother, Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty, born of the foam of the sea, other things beside lyric poetry were beginning in Ionia. An intelligent traveler, Tha′les, procured from priests in Babylon records of the movements of the sun, the moon, and the stars. Returning to Miletus, he began to study these lists. Thus he saw that eclipses of the sun had occurred at regular intervals for many hundreds of years, and he announced that he could foretell when the next eclipse would occur. People did not believe him.

"The light of the sun," they said, "is snatched away only when some angry god is in a rage with men!"

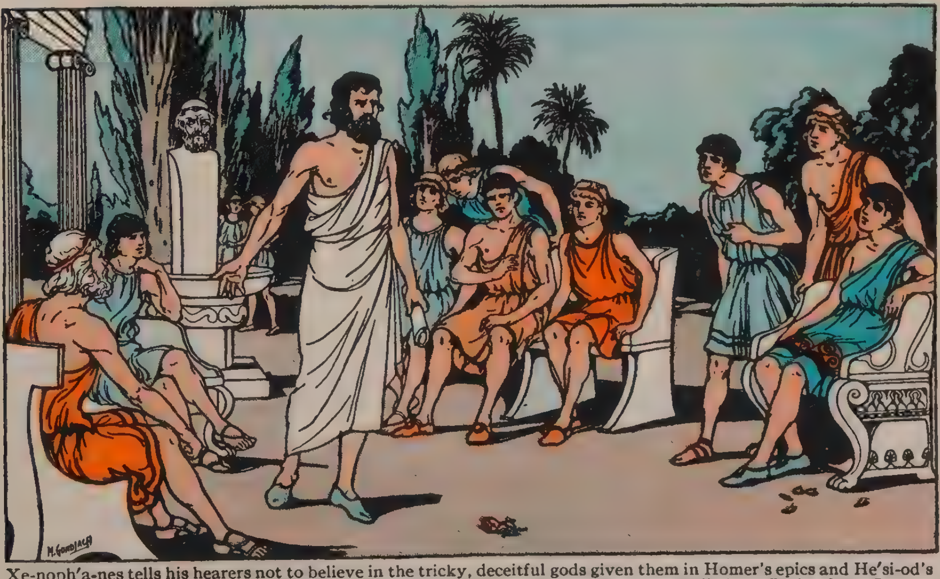
But when they saw darkness wipe out the sun as Thales had foretold, they loudly proclaimed his fame.

Thales himself, however, was not so much impressed by thus being able to foretell when an eclipse would occur, as he was by what this fact meant. He saw at once how foolish it was to believe that the sun had been blotted out because of the wrath of some god. He doubted that the sky god Zeus ruled the heavens, and instead he declared that the movements of the sun, moon, and stars were in accordance with certain fixed laws. Thus he began the first search for science. Moreover, this started him thinking about the beginning of the world and the creation of all things, and he decided that the tales of the minstrels were false. It was neither Ti′tans nor primeval gods that had created the world. It was some primeval substance governed by fixed laws, and this substance he declared was water out of which everything came and to which everything dissolved.

So interesting was what he said to men who liked to think, that others began to refuse to blame everything that occurred to the foolish whim of some god and to search with a free and open mind for the real causes of things and the laws that governed those causes.

Some said that everything sprang originally from air. Py-thag′o-rus said the first cause was not in matter at all but in some eternal principle like that which governed numbers. Xe-noph′a-nes boldly declared that not many gods but one only was the cause of the universe. He said that Homer and He′si-od had told tales of deeds of the gods which would have been disgraceful if done by mortal man,—he would not believe in such gods!

"Whatever really exists," he said, "has existed forever.

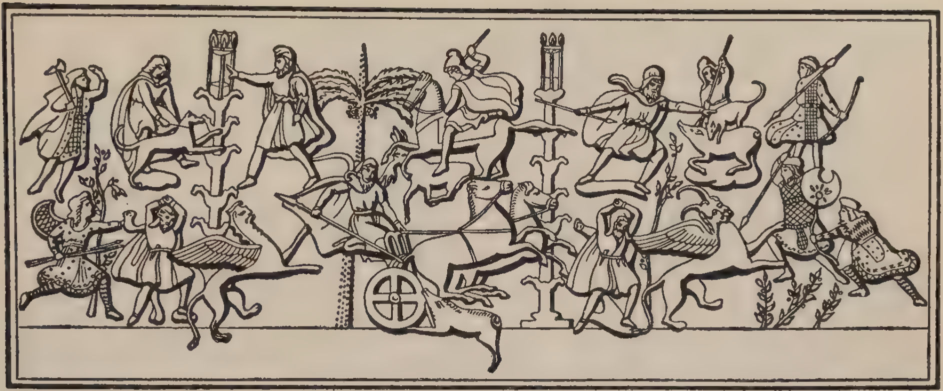


Xe-noph′a-nes tells his hearers not to believe in the tricky, deceitful gods given them in Homer's epics and He′si-od's *The-og′o-ny*. These had been accepted so unquestionably that Homer has been called the Bible of the Greeks.

It was never created by anything. One God alone is the source of all real existence, God, one, eternal, and changeless, neither in body like unto mortals, neither in mind." The changing world, he said, did not exist,—it was only a deception of men's senses.

The common people as a whole paid little heed to such reasonings and pronouncements of philosophers. They kept their ancient gods with all their colorful myths, and looked with little favor on such heterodox beliefs that so differed from accepted standards. Nevertheless, in Ionia first began that search for the original cause of things which is called philosophy, and that search for exact, systematic knowledge of fundamental facts which is called science, two lines of intelligent activity never found by the older nations. The older nations had felt, and dreamed, and sometimes in their visions perceived fundamental truths, but they had never reasoned, never investigated with frank and open mind.

But while Ionia bloomed in poetry, philosophy, science, music and art, the neighboring kingdom of Lydia suddenly rose up and conquered her. The great King Croe'sus of Lydia had made his capital-city of Sar'dis the strongest in all Asia Minor, and so wealthy had Croesus grown that people ever since have said of any rich man: "He is as rich as Croesus." Croesus admired the Greeks. His court was oriental, rich, and extremely splendid, but he patronized Greek art liberally; he bowed before Greek wisdom, and frankly adored the Greek gods. Asiatic though he was, Croesus wished to appear not as a foreigner to Hellas but as an adopted son. He seized the Greek coast-cities because he wanted land bordering the Aegean, but his rule over them was mild, and under him they were content. So matters went till a greater power, overshadowing Lydia, rose up to threaten the liberties of all the growing Greek world,—Persia, the dreaded conqueror from the mountains of the East.



Persians hunting. Note the trousers, capes and hoodlike caps, and both fanciful and real creatures. (Attic vase.)

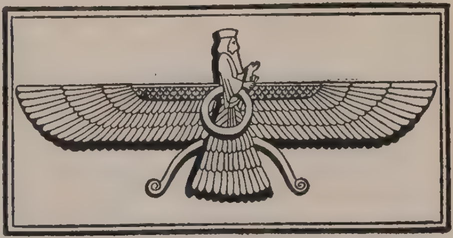
IV

The Threat of Persian Conquest

(546 B.C. — 472 B.C.)

The Ionian Revolt

The Persians were hardy highlanders. In the early days of their power they were simple, valiant people, herdsmen and sturdy warriors, dwelling in scattered clans in the mountains and high-lying plains of the distant land of I-ran′. Their religion was wonderfully pure, more nearly like that of the Hebrews than any other ancient faith. Each man looked on himself as sharing in a great conflict then going on in the world between the forces of Good under Or′muzd the Creator, Lord of Light and Truth, and the forces of Evil and Darkness led by the arch-fiend, Ah′ri-man; and each man felt himself able to help in the triumph of good by constantly choosing the good, refusing to respond to the evil deceits of Ahriman and his wicked rab-



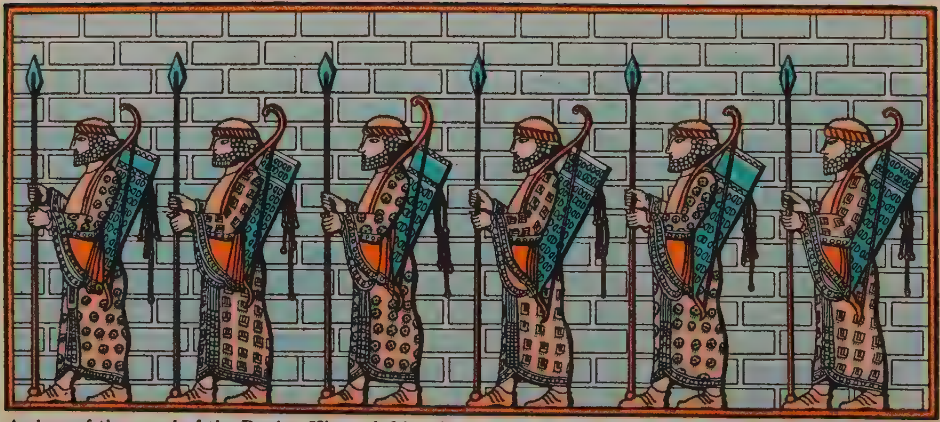
Symbol of Or′muzd the Persian god of life and light, who according to the teachings of Zo′ro-as′ter guided the great king into paths of truth and righteousness. From a relief over a carving of the king. Palace at Per-sep′o-lis.

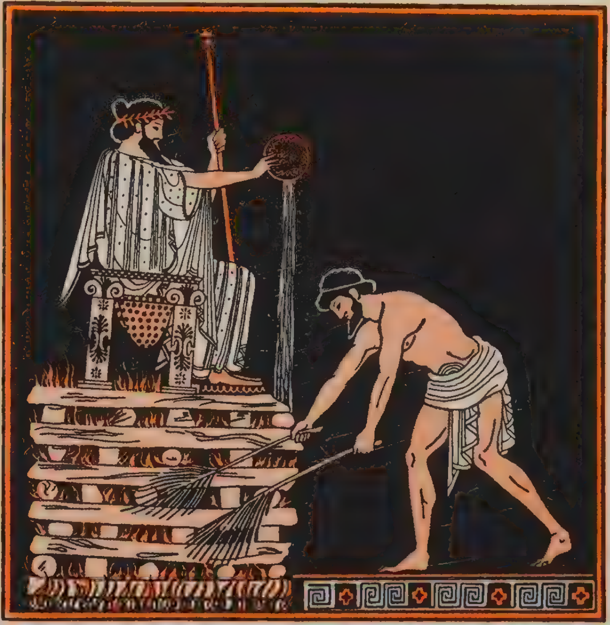
ble of demons,—so had they been taught by their wise-man, Zo′ro-as′ter. "Good thoughts, good words, good deeds,—choose these," said Zoroaster.

"They teach their boys three things only," wrote the Greek historian He-rod′o-tus, "to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to tell the truth."

But about 550 B.C., the young King Cy′rus had knit together these scattered tribes and startled the world by conquering his neighbor, the King of the Medes, who, since the fall of Assyria, had shared with Egypt and Babylon the overlordship of the East. Then from that mountain kingdom, Persia stood forth suddenly, as a threat to all the earth. Alarmed by this new-risen cloud, the two remaining warlords, Egypt and Babylonia, leagued together to destroy her, while the wealthy Croe′sus of Lydia sent to the oracle at Delphi, asking whether or not he, too, should join in the fight. The oracle replied that if he advanced against Persia, he would destroy an empire! Never doubting that the oracle thus promised victory to him, Croesus sallied forth with the Asiatic Greek cities all marching beneath his standards.

But the Persian archers were marksmen superhumanly true of aim; their cavalry was unequalled. To Croesus' in-


Archers of the guard of the Persian King. A frieze in enamelled brick from the palace of Da-ri′us I, at Su′sa.



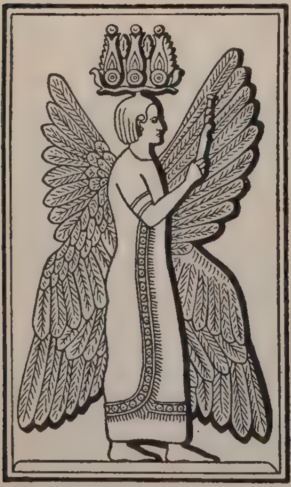
Croe'sus seated alive on his funeral pyre, pours a libation, while a slave applies torches and the flames spring up. (Attic vase, 5th century B. C.)

tense astonishment, his army of ease-loving Lydians was totally defeated and driven back to Sardis with the Persians hot on their heels. Sardis was besieged. Sardis, the magnificent, the splendid and luxurious, fell before the foe! The unfortunate Croesus had indeed destroyed a mighty empire, as the oracle had foretold, but that empire was his own! It was Lydia and not Persia that had fallen in the struggle never to rise again.

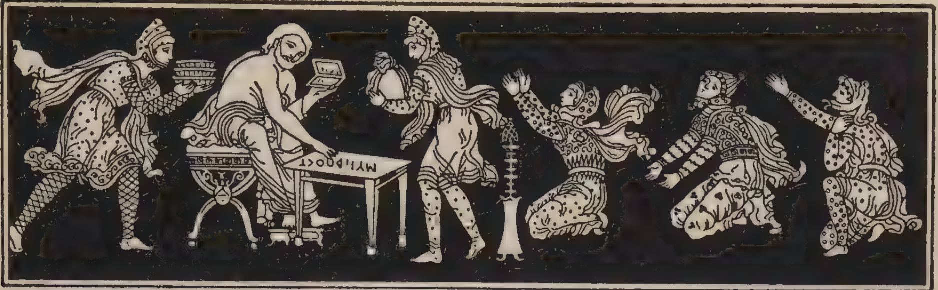
Such an event was unthinkable! Croesus, the rich and powerful, humbled before the Persians! The wildest tales arose. In Athens men said that Cyrus had commanded the old King Croesus to be burned alive on a pyre, but that he had repented even as the flames sprang up and ordered the fire put out! Whatever truth there may be in this tale, the life of Croesus was spared, but his power was gone forever. Lydia was henceforth to be only a subject province in the growing empire of Persia.

Thus left to shift for themselves, when the rule of Croesus over them had been so rudely destroyed, the Asiatic Greek cities, disunited as usual now that their tyrant was gone, sent off for help to Sparta, whom they had long regarded as the most powerful state in Greece. Sparta declined to help them. She had no interests whatever, beyond the Peloponnesus. Let her kindred cities in Asia be devoured by Persia, or by Persia's arch-fiend, Ah′ri-man, for all that Sparta cared! Tha′les of Mi-le′tus proposed a united nation in which each Greek city in Asia should surrender her own independence, and become a part of the state. Not for cities of Hellas! Each one was too egotistical, too selfish, and self-centered. Each one held her head too high to yield an inch to her neighbor. And so, one by one, they fell, disunited and helpless, before the generals of Cyrus, till all Asiatic Greece was swallowed up in the maw of that voracious young empire from the mountains of the East.

Cyrus himself, meanwhile, had turned back to Babylonia, conquered her King Na-bon′i-dus, and made himself the master of all her vast domains. A mighty man was Cyrus, and yet with all his wars and his powerful, aggressive ambitions, a man surprisingly good. He treated conquered tribes kindly, and tried to bring good government to all the ends of the empire. The Persians called him father; the Babylonians regarded him as a just and beloved governor; the Jews looked upon him as their liberator, who had let them go home to Jerusalem after their weary years of exile in Babylonia. Even the Greeks were forced to admire him as a King.


Cyrus the Great. A relief carved upon his stone tomb at Pa-sar′ga-dae, Persia. See Vol. I, 325-6; 506-7.

Nevertheless, in spite of the good that existed in the Persians and in their great King Cyrus, the Greeks most cordially hated them. They hated their Persian governors; they hated paying tribute to support the growing magnificence of the splendid Persian



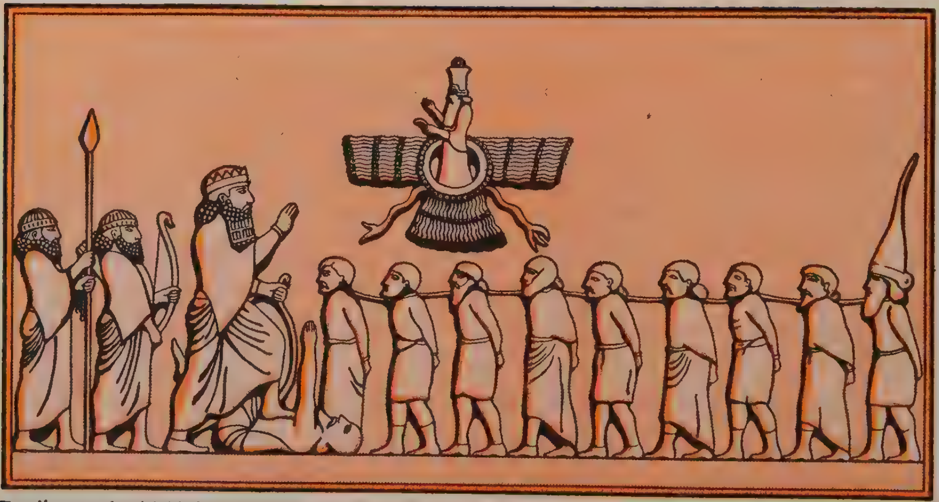
A Persian collecting tribute. The figures represent conquered provinces. A vase found in Italy. (Naples Museum.)

court; they hated having to send their sons to serve in the Persian army. For after all, the Persians were thoroughly oriental in their manners and habits of thinking. No longer did they live in their highlands as simple, valiant people, unspotted from the world. With their conquest of Babylonia, they had fallen heir to all the corrupt Sem-it′ic civilization of the East, magnificent and despotic. The Kings were worshiped as half-divine; the common folk were their slaves in true oriental fashion.

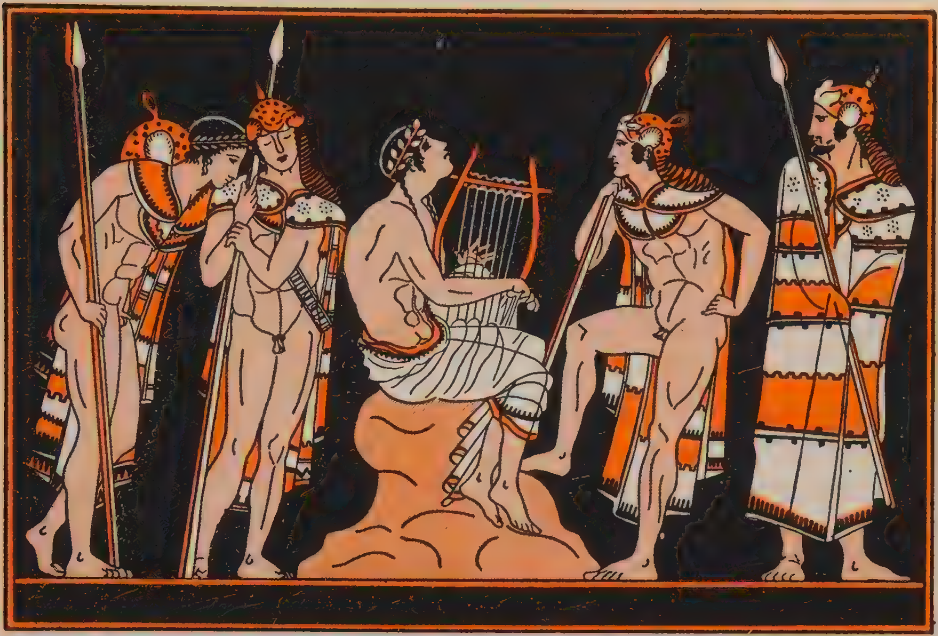
How could that suit the Greeks, who, in spite of all their differences, were developing People's Assemblies and fostering the little beginnings of the budding western ideal of the rights of the common people? Moreover, Persian learning was tradition and superstition; men repeated by rote what was taught them; they dared not think freely and fearlessly, while the Greeks were lovers of freedom, of individual rights and individual thinking. They were thorough westerners and under Persian rule they chafed in constant unrest. Egypt had been the first great empire to rule the world by force, Assyria had been the second, Babylonia the third, and now, as a fourth came Persia, an empire won at the point of the sword, with conquerors of foreign race trying to cram their customs down the unwilling throats of people developing differently along their own national lines. East stood arrayed against West, and a mighty conflict was brewing.

Meantime Cyrus died, and his half-mad son, Cam-by′ses, went down and conquered Egypt, defeating the King, Psam-met′i-chus, a good friend of the Greeks, and behaving like a mad-man, drunken and wantonly cruel. Before departing for Egypt, Cambyses, suspicious and jealous, had secretly slain his brother, the handsome and much-loved Bar′di-ya; and now in his absence, Gau′ma-ta, a wily Ma′gi-an priest, raised a powerful rebellion, deceiving the people by saying that he was the young Prince Bardiya. Guilty and crime-laden, Cambyses hastened home, but on the way he died from a self-inflicted wound. Then the pretended Bardiya became the King of Persia. He killed many who had known the former Bardiya that they might not tell the people how they were being tricked, and there was no Persian or Mede who could take the kingdom from him.

Only the Prince Da-ri′us, the next heir to the throne, dared to make rebellion. Leaguing with six other nobles, Darius slew the pretender. Then he married A-tos′sa, the daughter

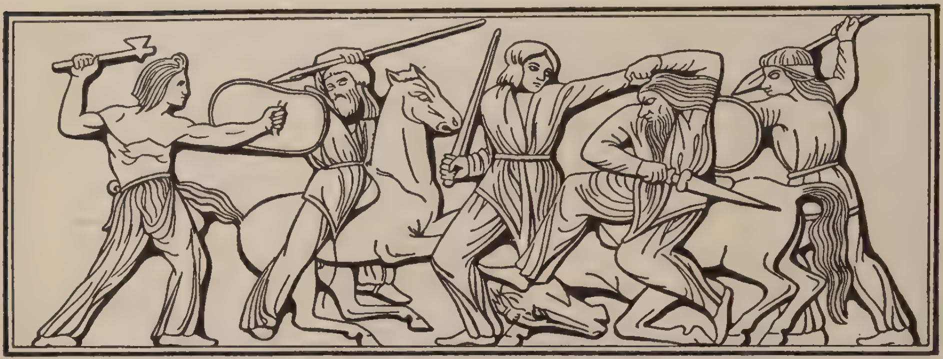


Da-ri′us stands with his foot on the prostrate rebel Gau′ma-ta, who pretended to be Prince Bar′di-ya or Smer′dis. A line of conquered enemies ending with a Scyth′i-an in the tall pointed cap are led before him and above is the symbol of the god Or′muzd, to whom Darius gives thanks. From a record carved upon the rock of the famous cliff of Be′-his-tun′, whose records in Babylonian cuneiform and Persian enabled scholars to translate Babylonian inscriptions.



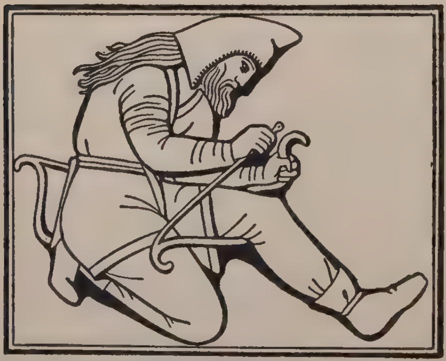
Thra′cians in long cloaks and fox-skin caps, listen to a Greek lyre-player. (Vase, 5th century B.C.) The wild Thracians, north of Greece proper, were barbarous native Pe-las′gi-an or Mediterranean people, unmixed with Greeks.

of Cyrus, and made himself King of Persia; but pretenders sprang up everywhere, imitating Gaumata and saying: "I am of the line of Na-bon′i-dus, therefore rightful King of Babylon!" or "I am of the line of Cy-ax′a-res, therefore rightful King of the Medes." There was even a second pretender, declaring that he was Bardiya. For eight years Darius strove to put down these rebellions, but when he had succeeded, he turned his attention to Europe. Leading a mighty army, he marched across Asia Minor, spanned the narrow Bos′pho-rus by a floating bridge of boats, and advanced against the Thra′cians, strong, fierce fighting men in furry fox-skin caps who dwelt in the mountainous land lying just north-east of Greece. Cyrus had conquered the East, Cambyses had conquered Egypt, and now it remained for Darius to conquer the North and West.

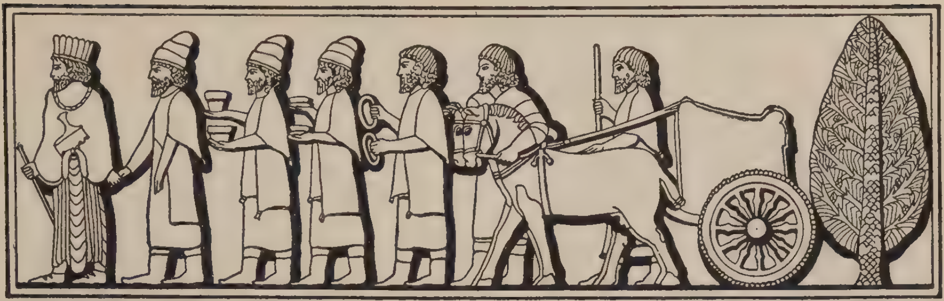


Scyth'i-ans in battle; from the silver plating of a quiver of about 300 B.C., found in a tomb in the steppes of Southern Russia. The first and third figures have straight noses, the others have snub-noses and resemble Chinese. These barbarians wear long trousers covering their boots. About 600 B.C. they terrified all Asia. (Vol. I, page 475.)

Across the Danube river dwelt scores of Scyth'i-an tribes, still more savage than the Thracians. With their clumsy, covered wagons, they roamed the Russian steppes, and a generation before they had shaken the whole of the East by pouring down in hordes to the very borders of Egypt. The Medes had stopped them in those days and sent them back whence they came. Cyrus had later made an expedition against them, but they were untamable fellows. When the Danube was frozen in winter they swarmed across as they chose to aid or to harry the Thracians, and they constantly stood as a threat to the edge of the Persian Empire. So Darius marched across Thrace and over the Danube River, making a show of his power to overawe these wild Scythians. Then he left his generals to finish subduing Thrace and her neighbor, Macedonia, while he himself returned to his capital-city Su'sa, to organize his vast domains.

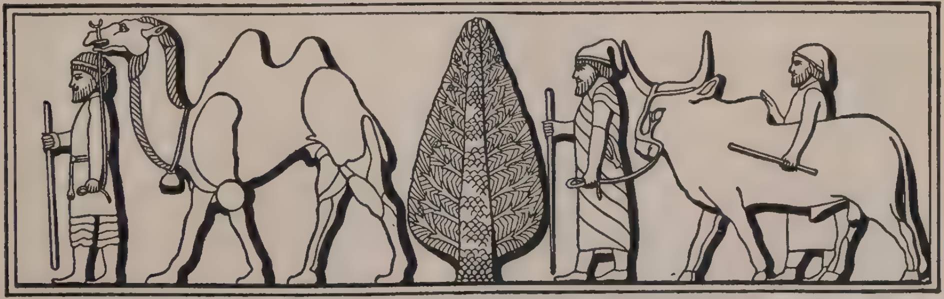


A Scythian stringing his short Tartar bow. He wears a thick, double-breasted coat edged with fur; his trousers are tucked into soft leather boots tied around the ankle. He has long hair and a pointed hood with flaps that fasten under his chin. (A Scythian vase from Kul Oba.)



Conquered Syrians are led before the Great King by a Persian high official to offer their tribute. Among their precious offerings are a chariot and horses. Many different nations paid tribute to Darius. A relief at Per-sep′o-lis.

He set satraps over the provinces with officers called the King's Eye and the King's Ear, to keep watch of the satraps, and he built a system of post-roads, the chief of which extended from Susa to Sardis in Lydia with milestones, excellent inns, bridges, and relays of horses stationed along its course. Over this splendid road, royal couriers on galloping steeds bore messages in six days; but ordinary caravans required three months at least. All the varying, picturesque life of a score of different countries mixed on that busy road; Babylonians, Medes, and Persians met Bac′tri-ans, Ca′ri-ans, Ci-li′cians, and Phryg′i-ans, Cap′pa-do′ci-ans, Greeks, Indians and Ar-me′ni-ans; for the empire of Darius was the greatest the world had known, stretching eastward to India and westward through Macedonia, creeping ever nearer the peninsula of Greece, ominously closing down on European Hellas.

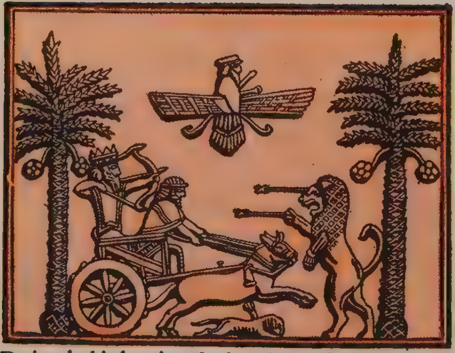


Bac′tri-ans who live just northeast of India bring a two-humped camel. Note the peculiar baggy trousers. Indians in long robes bring an Indian humped ox. Cyrus extended his empire eastward to the edge of India.

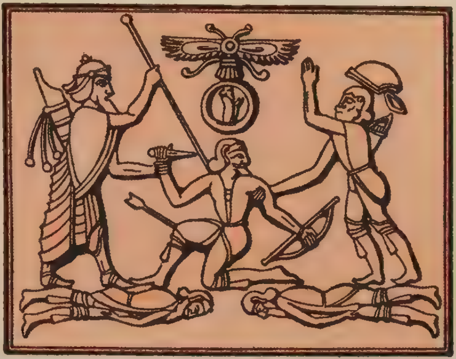
But about 500 B.C., the chafing Ionian cities suddenly broke out in fierce and open revolt. Persia had set up Greek tyrants as governors of these cities. Persia was the friend of tyrants, and it had become the fashion for any ambitious Greek secretly to *med′ize*, that is, to plot with the Medes, as the Greeks called Medes and Persians. But now, led by Mi-le′tus, all the Ionian cities drove out their Greek tyrants and their hated Persian governors. In the height of their red-hot zeal they sent to the mainland for help.

Sparta sent only regrets. It was too far, she said, for her warriors to travel; but Athens contributed twenty ships, and the little city of E-re′tri-a gallantly sent five. With this help from the mother-country, the Ionians seized on Sardis, the ancient capital of Lydia and now the chief seat of Persian power in the West,—an act which roused to fury the temper of Darius. Fire broke out in Sardis; the Greeks were driven from the city; the Persians pursued and defeated them, and Athens and Eretria hastened to leave for home.

One by one the cities fell, till at the end of five years Miletus stood alone, her harbor grimly blockaded by 600 Persian ships. A battle followed on the sea, but the Greeks would not work together; they acknowledged no one commander; Les′bi-ans and Sa′mi-ans deserted in the crisis, and Miletus was taken by storm; her men were slain, and her women and children were sent as captives to Susa. The Ionian revolt was crushed. Despotism and tyranny held their banners high, because independence and freedom had been so coupled with selfishness, that there was no sense of union among the self-willed Greeks.



Darius, in his hunting chariot, shoots lions with bow and arrow. From a beautifully carved seal.

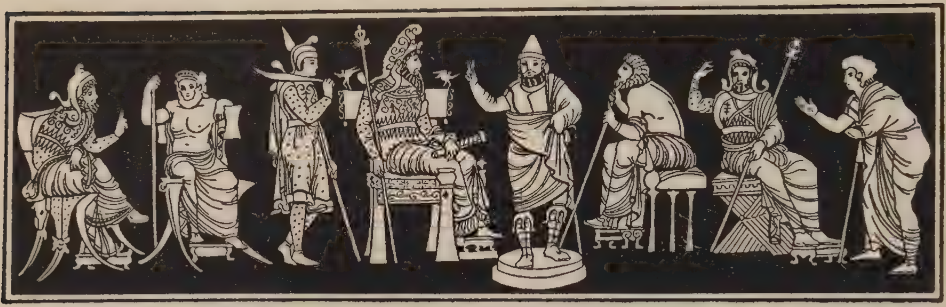


Darius fighting his enemies. Note the beautifully draped Persian costume. An exquisitely carved seal.

The effect of this news in Athens was like a clap of thunder. Miletus taken and burned! Sorrow and overwhelming fear surged through the city like a wave. Athens would be the next to feel the lash of the conqueror. Darius had not forgotten the help they had sent Miletus. They would be the next! Stories arose in the city that Darius had sworn vengeance and that he had ordered a herald to say to him at dinner three times every day: "Master, remember the Athenians!" When a play was produced in Athens called *The Fall of Miletus*, the people were so moved that they all burst into weeping and the author was fined 1,000 drachmae for reminding them of their loss. And yet they did very little to prepare to protect themselves and they made no move at all to effect any kind of union with other cities of Greece.

Darius prepared to come down on them in full force from the north. In 492 B.C., an army crossed the Hel′les-pont under command of Mar-do′ni-us, the son-in-law of the King, while a huge fleet with supplies sailed along the coast. But the Thracians harried the army, attacking again and again, and finally as the fleet was rounding the promontory where the sharp and rocky Mt. Ath′os projects far into the sea, a terrible storm arose and dashed the ships to pieces against the jagged rocks. The Persian hopes were wrecked. The expedition had failed. Mardonius had to retreat.

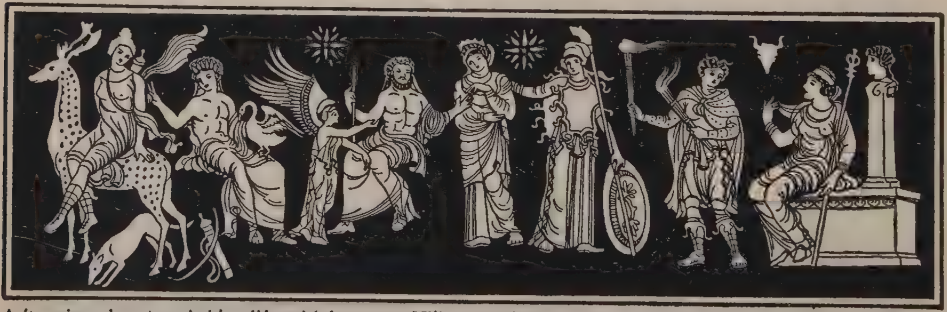
Once more Darius raged. Mardonius was disgraced and preparations begun for a new invasion of Greece. Moreover the tyrant Hip′pi-as, the son of Pi-sis′tra-tus, who had been driven from Athens some twenty years before, was now at



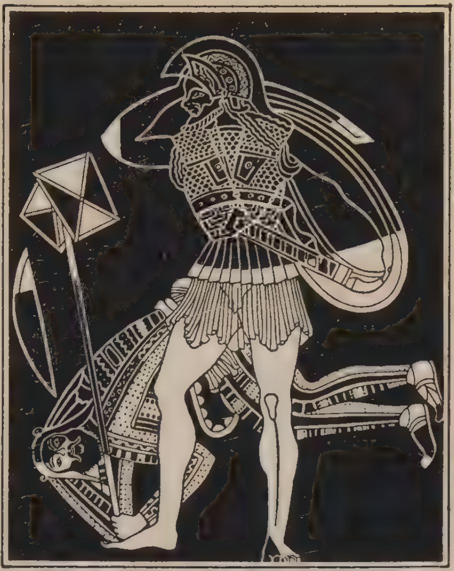
Da-ri′us consults his council about making war on Greece. A Persian noble addresses him but three Greek traitors likewise sit in his councils. This picture and the one below came from a vase of Grae′co-I-tal′ic work, 4th cent. B.C.

the Persian court and he was urging Darius to make an attack on Attica, and reinstate him as tyrant. Heralds were sent to all the Greek states demanding earth and water in token of submission. The islands in the Aegean hastened to submit, small cities on the mainland quietly refused, but Spartans and Athenians flamed with indignation. At Athens, in spite of the fact that the persons of envoys were sacred, the heralds of Persia were cast in a pit; at Sparta they were pitched ignominiously into a well, while they were told to take thence the earth and water they asked!

At length in 490 B.C., Darius sent forth a great fleet and this time they had in their midst Hippias, the tyrant, embittered by years of exile and burning to avenge himself on those who had forced him from power. They proceeded,



Ar′te-mis on her stag, Aph′ro-di′te with her swan, Ni′ke, the winged victory, Zeus, King of the gods, He′ra, Queen of the gods, and A-the′ne with her snaky breast-plate, protect Greece, while the goddess of Deceit tempts Persia, the seated figure, to take the flaming torches of war and set the world afire.



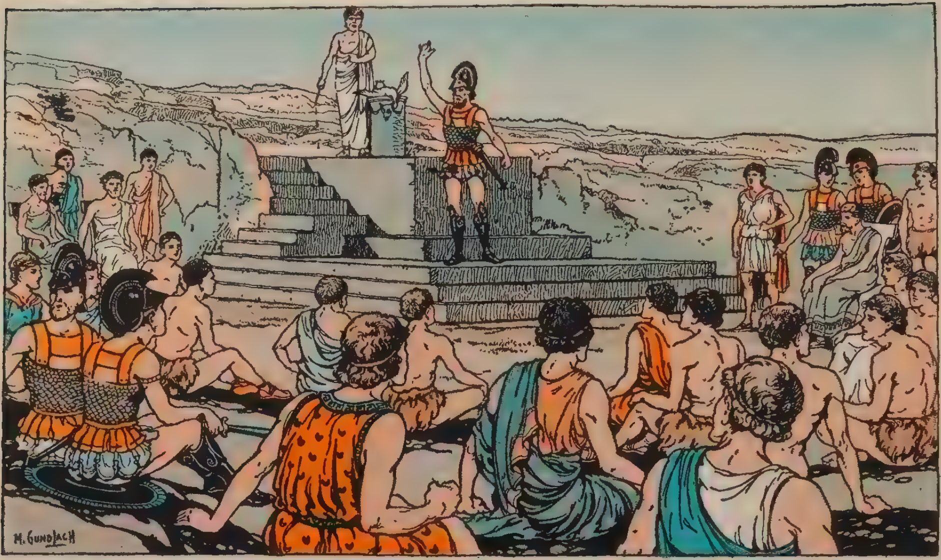
A Greek hoplite or heavy-armed soldier, about to slay a fallen Persian standard-bearer. (A cup in the Louvre.)

not through Thrace, but directly across the Aegean, risking no further shipwrecks on the dangerous rocks of Mt. Athos. Athens and E-re′tri-a both trembled for the future. Each knew herself the object of Darius' vindictive hate, but they made no attempt whatever to unite and help each other. The Persians besieged Eretria and her own leading burghers betrayed her! The city was burned and her people sent off in chains to Persia; and very soon thereafter, news arrived in Athens that the Persians, advised by Hippias, had landed their troops at Mar′a-thon, a narrow sickle-shaped plain that followed the curve of the sea beneath a crescent of hills some twenty-four miles away.

The Battle of Marathon, 490 B. C.

Enormous fear and excitement seized upon the Athenians. Did not the very name *Per′sae* mean in their tongue *to destroy*?

In hot haste the runner Phi-lip′pi-des was sent off to distant Sparta, bearing news of the fall of E-re′tri-a and the desperate danger of Athens. A hundred and fifty miles over rough and difficult country the runner sped in two days. The Spartans replied to Athens that they would send troops to her aid, but not for another six days! They could not possibly come until after the full moon had passed. It would be most unlucky for them to start out before.

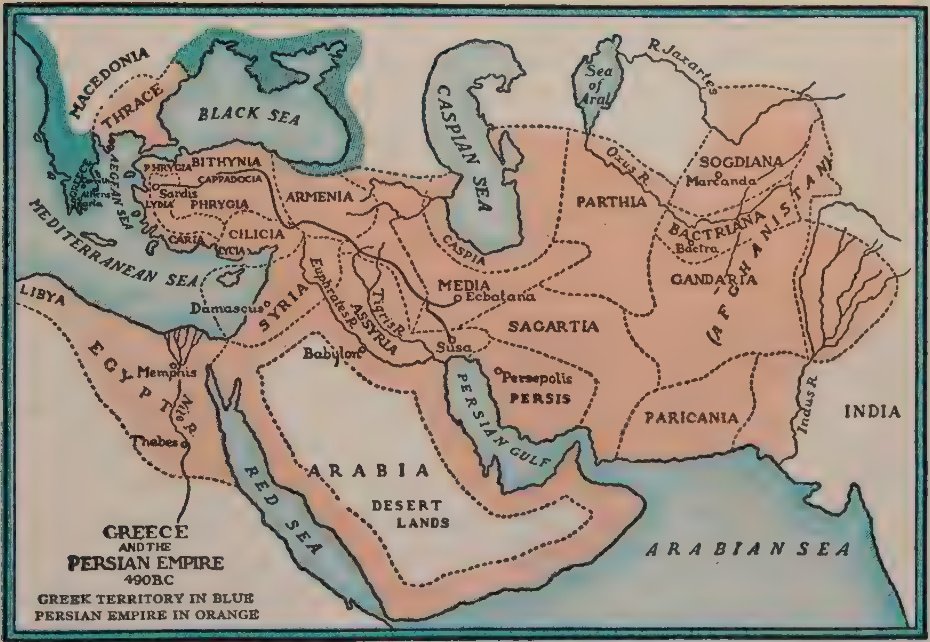


A seer has sacrificed a goose and the leader of the council put on the myrtle crown. The Assembly of common people on the Pnyx is thus formally opened and Mil-ti′a-des on the platform or bema makes his fervent appeal to the people to go out to Mar′a-thon and meet the foe. Such a mixture of rich and poor in the Popular Assembly was found in no other ancient civilized state except Greece. Athens guarded democracy. Contrast the popular meetings of the Pnyx with the aristocratic court of the Areopagus, page 150. Background from a photograph of the Pnyx.

Six days to wait for Sparta and the Persians at any moment likely to appear! Should the Athenians wait to fight in their unwalled city or go forth to meet the foe? The Assembly of all the freemen gathered on the hill called the Pnyx (niks) to decide that important question. Rich and poor sat on the ground, for there were no seats on the Pnyx except those chairs for magistrates which stood around the bema, a low, rectangular platform carved from the solid rock. The Pnyx was a simple meeting place for all the classes of people. If Persia conquered Athens, that Popular Assembly would never meet again—Athens was guarding democracy, the freedom of body and soul.

The leader of the council rose and put on a myrtle crown. A wrinkled seer slaughtered a goose, read the omens of its entrails, and threw the carcass on the altar. Then a herald made announcement that the meeting was formally open.

Fortunately on that day, one of the most influential and important men in Athens was Mil-ti′a-des, son of Ci′mon, one of ten tribal generals who commanded the troops of his tribe. Miltiades had all his life been a bitter foe to Hippias, and the family of Pi-sis′tra-tus. They had slain his father, Cimon, and to avoid contact with them, he himself had left home in search of bold adventure, and had made himself the tyrant of a settlement of Greeks in the distant Cher-so-ne′sus, bordering the Hel′les-pont. There he had been obliged to follow the King Darius in his former campaign against Thrace. He knew the Persians well. He knew all their tactics in war. No man in Athens knew better how the Persians would fight. Having seized two islands from Persia when Ionia rebelled, Miltiades had been forced, by the failure


MACEDONIA
THRACE
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
Sea of Aral
R. Jaxartes
Oxus R.
SOGDIANA
Maracanda
AFGHANISTAN
PARTHIA
BACTRIANA
Bactra
GANDARIA
PHRYGIA
BITHYNIA
CAPPADOCIA
Sardis
LYDIA
PHRYGIA
ARMENIA
AEGEAN SEA
GREECE
Athens
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CARIA
CILICIA
LYCIA
CASPIA
MEDIA
Ecbatana
SAGARTIA
LIBYA
Damascus
SYRIA
Euphrates R.
Tigris R.
ASSYRIA
Susa
Babylon
EGYPT
Memphis
Nile R.
Thebes
Persepolis
PERSIS
PERSIAN GULF
PARICANIA
Indus R.
INDIA
RED SEA
ARABIA
DESERT LANDS
ARABIAN SEA
GREECE AND THE PERSIAN EMPIRE 490 B.C.
GREEK TERRITORY IN BLUE
PERSIAN EMPIRE IN ORANGE

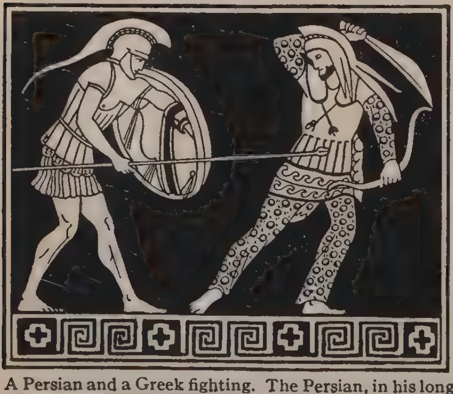
The mighty Persian empire was created within the space of a single generation. Cyrus conquered Media, Lydia, the Asiatic-Greek cities, Caria, Lycia, Cilicia, Babylon and Bactria. Cambyses added Egypt, and Darius the wild nations of the Pontic and Armenian Mts., Thrace and southern Macedonia. The empire extended from the Caspian Sea west to the Hindu Kush Mountains and from Arabia to the Jaxartes River in the north.

of that uprising, to flee from the Cher-so-ne′sus and seek refuge again at home. In Athens he was popular. Men heeded what he had to say.

Taking the orator's stand, Miltiades boldly declared that the only course for Athens was to go forth to Marathon, advance and meet the foe, but not await them at home. The ardor of his appeal, the fire of his bold spirit won the assent of the people. The Assembly shouted approval. They determined to go forth and fight.

Cal-lim′a-chus was the *pol′e-march* or commander-in-chief of the troops and with him the ten *stra-te′gi*, generals of the tribal regiments, formed a council of war. Among these the bold Miltiades was an acknowledged leader.

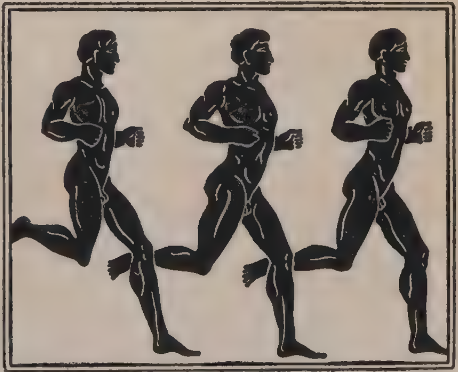
Advancing over the mountain road, Callimachus and his troops suddenly appeared in the hills above the sickle-shaped plain, where the Persians lay encamped, with their ships at anchor close by. With remarkable strategic skill, Callimachus took up a position that commanded the mountain road and the main road to Athens below, then he calmly sat still and waited, hoping Spartan troops might come before Persia forced a fight. But after a few days' delay, the large and impressive Persian host set itself in motion, advancing down the main road to proceed on its way to Athens. Under advice of Miltiades, the little Athenian army, far smaller than the Persian host, was cleverly arranged and ordered in battle array.

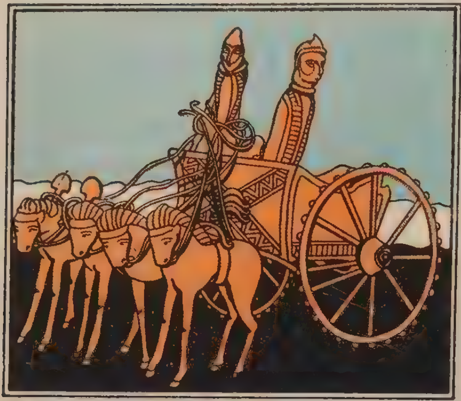

A Persian and a Greek fighting. The Persian, in his long trousers and head-dress, fights with a curved sword.

The center was drawn out thin, the wings were made thick and powerful, their whole line reaching out to the same length as the Persians. Then they charged down the hill and when they came within range of the deadly Persian archers, the generals cried: "Forward! Run!" So they drew too near for bow-shots and forced a battle with spears. The thin Greek center gave way, as the generals had intended, and fled off to the hills with the Persians in hot pursuit, but on either end of the line, the strong thick rows of Greek hoplites forming the powerful wings, defeated the light-armed enemy, closed in from the rear on the Persians, cut them off from their ships and caught them between the Greek wings and the recently fleeing Greek center, which now paused and turned about to help demolish the enemy, as they tried to escape to their fleet. 6,400 Persians fell, while the Greek loss was no more than 192 slain. Athens had won a great victory. Her generals had chosen positions and marshaled their troops with brilliance! Her hoplites had fought with a courage of which she might well be proud.

The runner, Phi-lip′pi-des, racing back the twenty-four miles to bear the news to Athens, kept up so fast a pace after the strain of the battle that he gave his message in three words only, "Rejoice! We conquer!" and fell dead from fatigue, before the rejoicing people. But his name lived on in fame and athletes came to call twenty-five-mile foot-races Marathon races, in honor of Philippides.

Athens was, however, not yet out of danger. The Persians sailed away but in the direction of Athens. The Athenians left one regiment to guard the dead and the spoils and hurried back to Athens.


Long distance runners as in a Marathon race, the arms held close to their sides, chest out, and head erect.

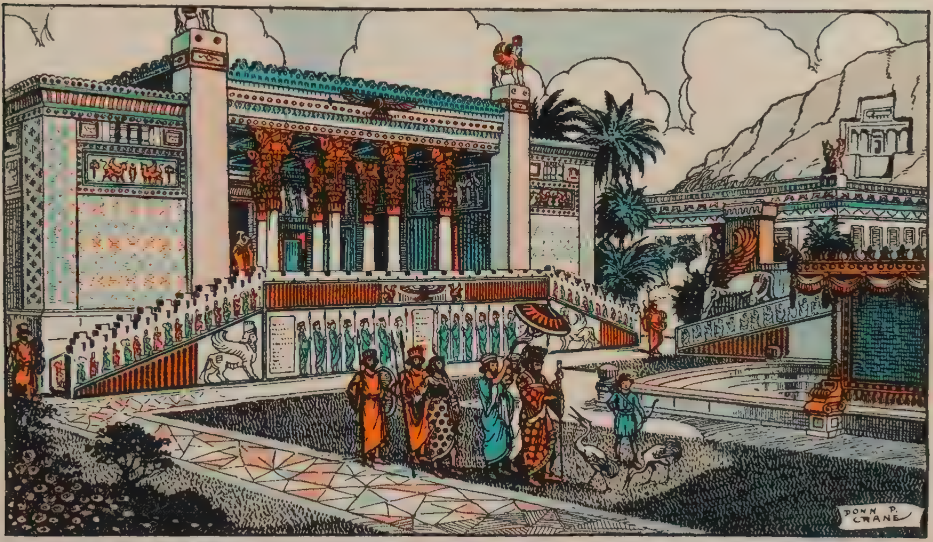


A gold model of a Persian chariot with four horses, in the British Museum. Found in the Oxus River bank.

As they drew near the city, they saw the powerful Persian fleet riding off Pha-le′ron; but when the Persians beheld the return of those sturdy hoplites, they put to sea in a hurry and sailed away for home. Then when the trouble was over and the victory brilliantly won, Sparta appeared on the scene, her banners defiantly flying. She had set out religiously as soon as the full moon was past, and so had arrived not more than three days late for the battle!

The effect of the Battle of Marathon was enormous in Athens. Her single-handed victory over such a powerful host gave her a new self-confidence. The seal of success had been set on her democratic government. She felt she could hold her head as high as any state in Greece, and Marathon was to her an epoch in her history.

The battle also immortalized the name of Miltiades; but in a few years' time he fell from his high estate, for he failed in an expedition against the Island of Pa′ros. The Greeks had no pity for failure. As they hooted at unsuccessful athletes in their games, so they jeered at Miltiades. In spite of all the honors they had recently heaped upon him, the people hearkened to his enemies when they said his failure was due to criminal conduct of some kind. He was called up for trial, and though he was wounded and forced to appear before his judges on a couch, he was fined fifty talents of silver, and when he could not pay the debt he was cast into prison to die. So ended the life of Miltiades. Such was the gratitude shown by the Greeks to the hero of Marathon.



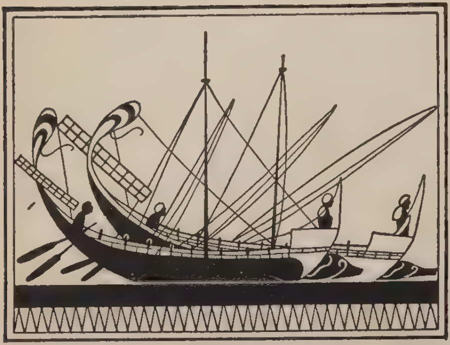
The palace of Da-ri′us at Per-sep′o-lis, rich in costly woods, precious metals, ivory, colored enamels. After a reconstruction by Chipiez. To the right is Xerx′es' Hall of 100 columns, and a rock cut tomb in the side of the hill.

The Expedition of Xerxes

THE BATTLES OF THER-MOP′Y-LAE, SAL′A-MIS AND PLA-TAE′A
(480 B.C.—479 B.C.)

For ten years after Marathon, the Persians left Greece alone. King Da-ri′us died and his great son, Xerx′es reigned, a magnificent, oriental despot, in whose overbearing splendor, all the primitive Persian virtues seemed entirely lost. Egypt rebelled from the Empire; Xerxes was occupied in reducing her to submission. He seemed to forget for a time the Persian grudge against Greece.

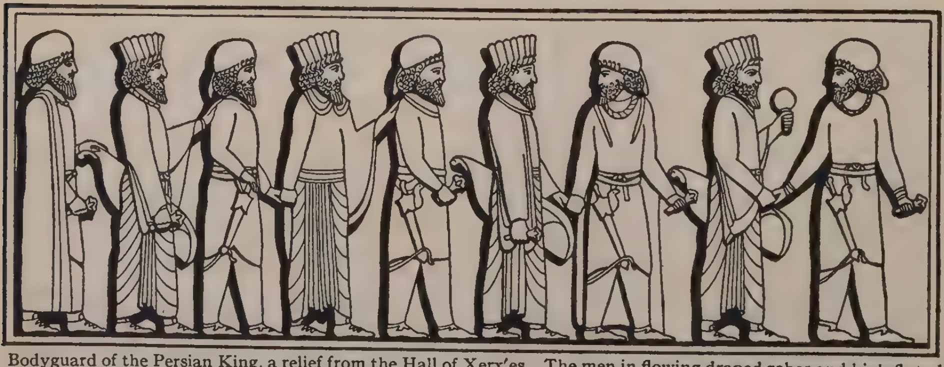
A few short-sighted Athenians thought the Persian wars over. The dreaded Eastern destroyers would never return to Greece. But in Athens there now rose to leadership of the democratic party, one of the greatest men the city was ever to know, The-mis′to-cles, veteran of Marathon, energetic, persistent, adroit. Themistocles saw clearly that the real struggle with Persia was undoubtedly yet to come, and



Athenian ships racing. From an Athenian cup, 530 B.C.

he wished to make Athens a great sea-state; for he knew that Persia was a land-power shut up in an inland kingdom, having no native coast-cities along the Mediterranean, and forced to depend for a fleet on the ships of the half-rebellious, dissatisfied conquered states,—Ionia, Egypt, Phoenicia. On land a state like Attica, so very small in extent, could never rival Persia with all her enormous empire from which to collect her soldiers; but on sea she might very well equal her. Surely the hopes of Attica must now rest in her fleet!

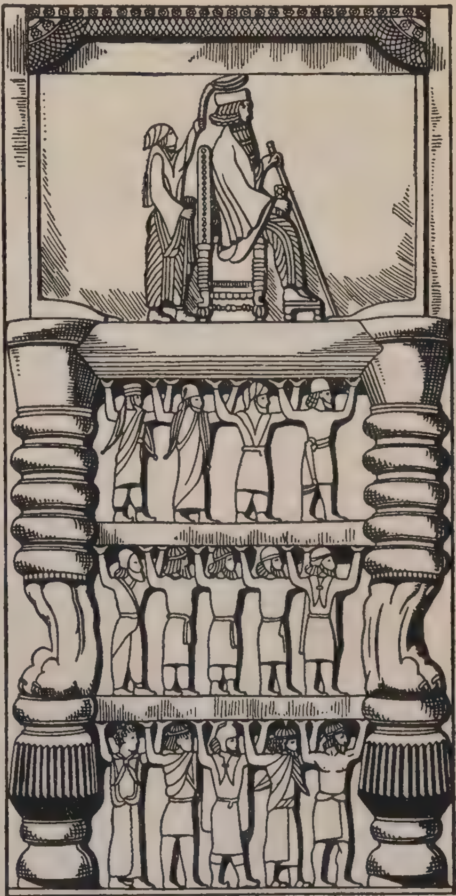
Themistocles urged the building of ships, of ships and ships and more ships! He urged the people to give up their old port of Pha-le′ron where triremes drawn up on the beach in sight of the A-crop′o-lis were easily exposed to any attack of a foe, and to select a new harbor at the more distant port of Pi-rae′us, which could be fortified and prepared for active defense. He urged his fellow-citizens to surround the city of Athens and the harbor of Piraeus with strong and powerful walls, and to connect the two points with another long wall.



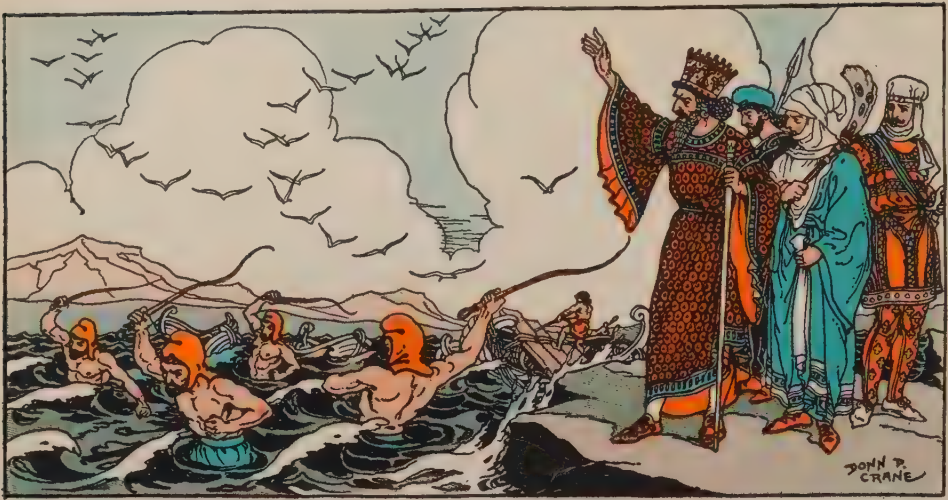
Bodyguard of the Persian King, a relief from the Hall of Xerx′es. The men in flowing draped robes and high fluted tiaras are probably Medes, a costume adopted by Persians after Cyrus. Those in tunics and trousers are Persians.

The plan was sane and reasonable, but it went against old traditions, and was not to be put through without a vigorous struggle. Seafarers the men of Athens had been for generations but they had not used ships much in war. The moderate, old-fashioned thinkers, led by Ar′is-ti′des, a calm, conservative man who was always called the Just, wished to continue the policy of fighting their foes on land. The radicals, however, ever-ready for changes, upheld Themistocles. Feeling ran high in Athens. The matter was put to a vote. Aristides was ostracized and the vote upheld Themistocles in all his ambitious plans.

Meantime the King of Kings had once again subdued Egypt and now found himself persuaded by the counsels of his cousin Mar-do′ni-us, and the everlasting intrigues of the family of Pi-sis′tra-tus, to march down again on Greece, with a mighty army on land and a mighty navy by sea. News came to Athens that Xerxes was cutting a canal through the rocks of dangerous Mt. Ath′os. He himself had come to Sardis. His powerful hosts were gathering. He was building a bridge of boats across the Hellespont. The bridge had been unsuccessful. A tempest had de-



Xerxes, the King of Kings, attended by a servant with a fly-whisk and seated on his throne which is carried on the outstretched arms of subject-nations. In the lower row at the left is a negro. Above him, with flat-nose and scanty beard appears a Tartar. A stone relief on a door from Xerxes' Hall of a hundred columns.



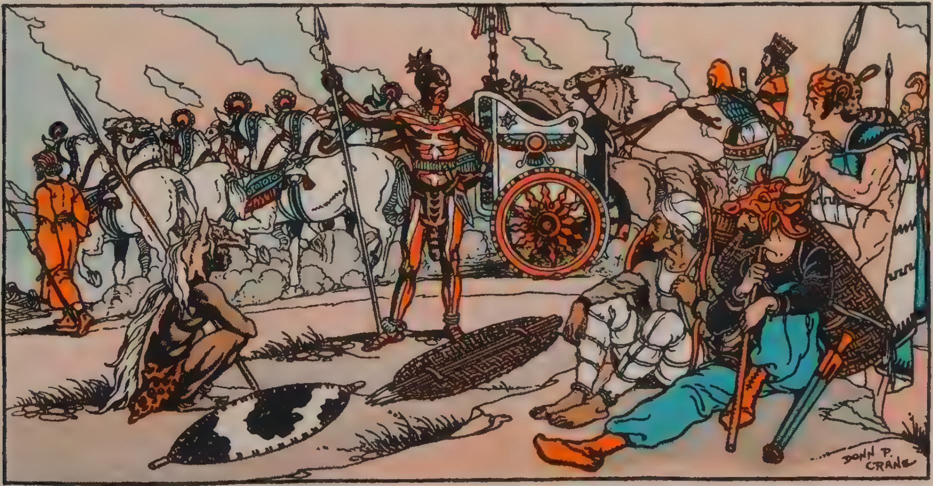
Xerx′es sees his crazy orders obeyed. Servants lash the Hel′les-pont saying Xerxes will cross whether it wishes or no.

stroyed it! Xerxes, in a rage, had beheaded the engineers! He had crazily ordered warriors to punish the waters of the Hellespont by giving it 300 lashes! Such was the nature of the man who would surely be down upon them in full force in the Spring!

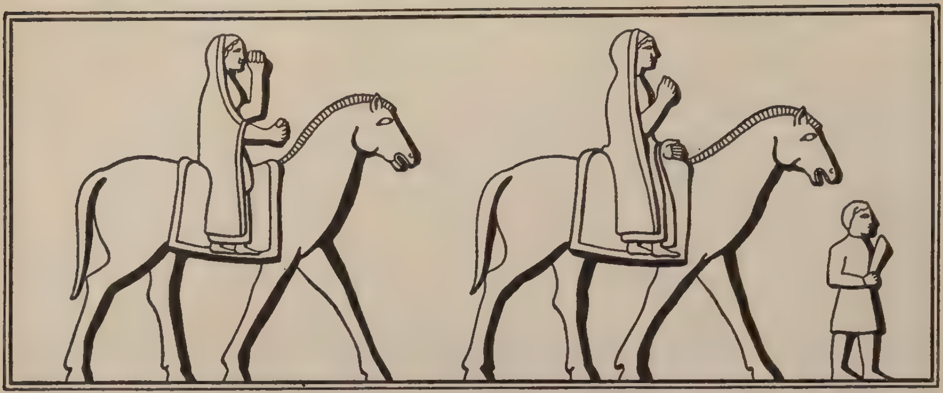
In this extremity of danger, the Greek cities did a thing they had never done before. They sent representatives to a Pan′-Hel-len′ic Congress held on the Isthmus of Corinth, the first attempt they had ever made to get together on anything. There they took counsel together for mutual defense. Jealousy was rife as usual. Thebes would send no delegates out of jealousy for Athens; Ar′gos would send no delegates out of jealousy for Sparta. But the desperate need of union wiped out many old feuds, and Athens, in spite of the fact that she would contribute to the fleet the largest number of ships, gallantly yielded command of the navy to Eu-ry-bi′a-das the Spartan, while King Le-on′i-das of Sparta was made commander of the army; for the allied states still believed that Sparta was best fitted to be their leader in war.

When a new bridge was completed over the Hellespont with 670 vessels anchored prow and stern, Xerxes took leave of Sardis, and from his marble throne he watched his army pass, under the lash of officers, across the narrow strait.

Forty-six different nations from Asia, Africa, and India, marched beneath Xerxes' standard. In the middle came the King's bodyguard, 10,000 chosen spearmen glittering with golden ornaments. Then came ten sacred horses and the holy chariot of Or′muzd, Lord of Light and Truth, drawn by eight milk-white steeds. Next rode Xerxes himself, then followed a motley throng of varied races and peoples,—Persians in their long trousers, Assyrians in brazen helmets, their great clubs knotted with iron; Indians clad in cotton; Thracians with their long cloaks and fox-skins on their heads; Chal′y-be′ans whose brazen helmets were made in the shape of oxheads; E′thi-o′pi-ans of the West, their bodies painted like savages, half red and half white; Ethiopians of the East, with scalps of horses on their heads, the ears pricked up and the flowing manes serving them as crests.



Peoples from many little-known nations in the vast empire of Xerxes joined in the army of the Great King to invade little Greece. Following the chariot of Or′muzd are soldiers from India, Thrace, Chal′y-be′a and both E-thi-o′pi-as.

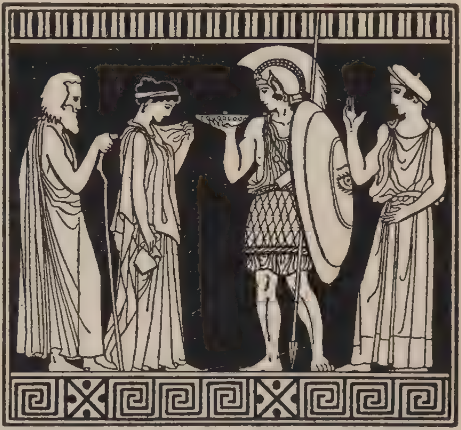


Two Persian women, of high rank like those accompanying Xerxes' army, ride on horseback, preceded by a servant! A relief of the 5th century B.C. Found in Asia Minor. Now in the Osmanic Museum, Constantinople.

There were chariots, horses, camels, wives of the chosen Ten Thousand, servants and trains of provisions. So splendid an array had never marched out of the East.

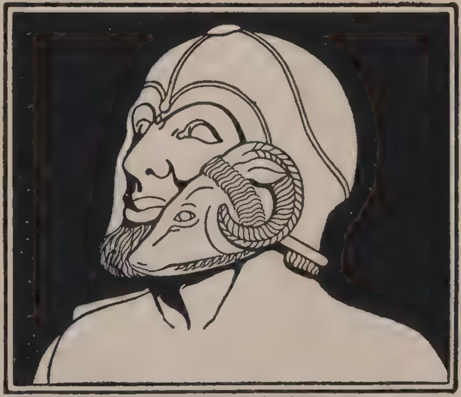
News of this fearful army rapidly spread through Greece. Darius had come to *punish*, but Xerxes had come to *annex*, to make Greece a province of Persia! The Spartans with their usual selfishness, thinking only of the Pel′o-pon-ne′sus, wished all the northern Greeks to desert their homes to the Persians and retire to the Peloponnesus, building a wall across the narrow Isthmus of Corinth to hold the Persians back. But there were two well-known passes far to the north in Greece where the Greeks might check the Persians. The Vale of Tem′pe was the first, and it lay in the mountains of Thessaly. The allies discovered, however, that there were other routes here by which the Persians might cross, and so at last they agreed to fall back on Ther-mop′y-lae, where the road passed a narrow defile no more than twenty feet wide between a cliff and the sea. The only other road at this point was one that led over the hills.

Thermopylae was an ideal spot to check the Persian advance,—on one side the towering cliff, on the other side, the sea shut in by the island of Eu-boe′a and so very narrow here that the Greek fleet could guard its mouth and keep the Persian fleet from getting into the strait to act with the forces on land. The Greeks asked Sparta for troops to guard this important pass. Sparta replied that she was just then celebrating the sacred and holy Car-ne′an feast and she did not dare anger the gods by stopping it in the midst! Moreover her allies were holding the Olympic games. She would send 300 men under her King Leonidas, but not till the feast and the games were over could she send the rest!


A Greek soldier saying farewell to his wife and parents, and about to pour a last libation. Vase 5th century B.C.

Some 7,000 Greeks, including the 300 Spartans, all under command of Leonidas, gathered at Thermopylae, and across the mouth of the opening they rebuilt an ancient wall, a stout enough defense in that narrow little road to hold back all Xerxes' host. Had the Spartans properly guarded that pass and the other road over the mountains, the Persians could never have gained an entrance by land into Greece.

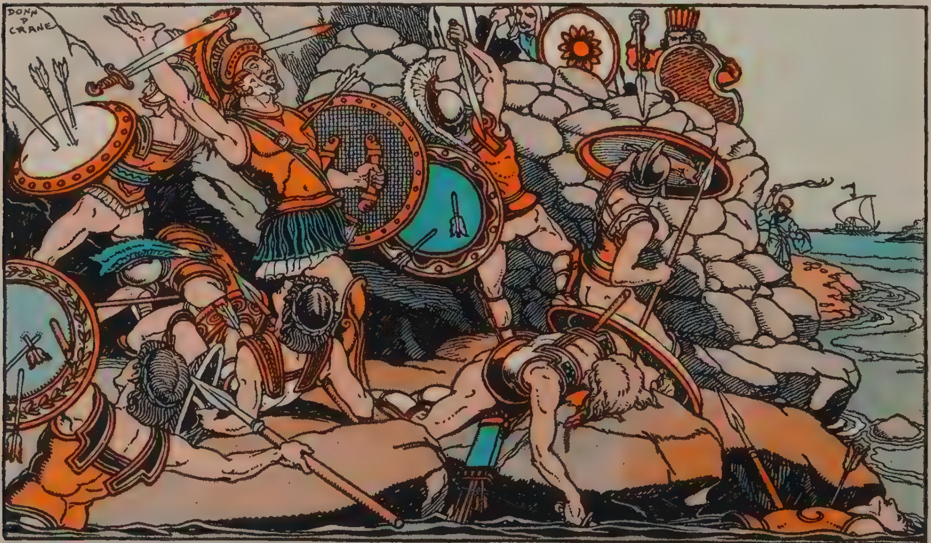
Xerxes in all his glory arrived before Thermopylae. The Greek fleet took up its position at Ar′te-mis′i-um off Euboea, to keep the Persian fleet from getting into the strait. Themistocles had to use both bribes and persuasive speech to keep the Greek naval com-


A statue of the 5th century B.C., found at Sparta. It shows a Spartan hero of the Persian War period, perhaps Le-on′i-das, with helmet and cheek pieces decorated with ram's horns. The pose suits perfectly the last stand of the Spartan heroes at Ther-mop′y-lae.

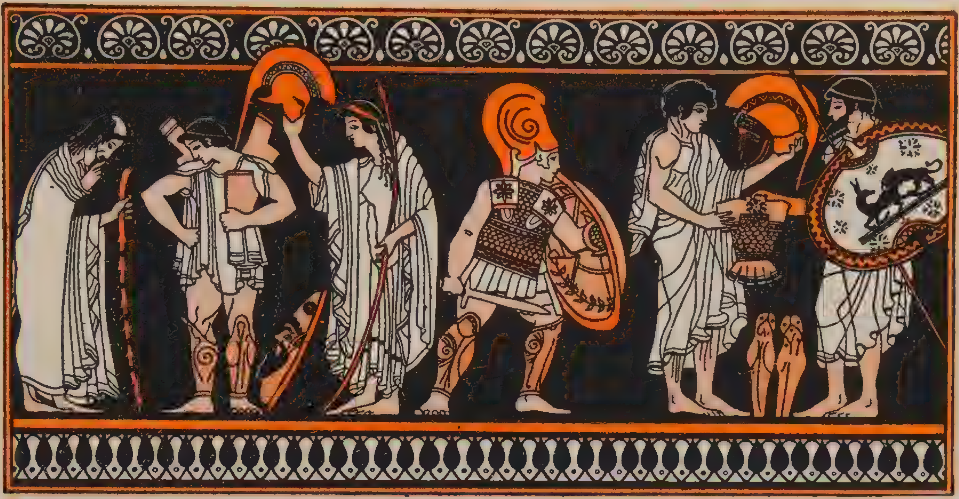
manders from retreating in this crisis, but a seasonable storm arose and destroyed scores of Persian ships and the Greeks kept the rest at bay in three hard-contested battles.

For four long days Xerxes waited for those madmen in the pass of Thermopylae to flee and shun destruction. But on the fifth day, finding them as pert and aggressive as ever, he ordered an attack. Picked soldiers of the war-like Medes charged and were repulsed. What did their vastly superior numbers count in that narrow pass? They could not use their archers; they could not charge with their cavalry. The dead lay about in heaps!

Column after column did Xerxes fling into the pass. The captains lashed the men with whips but still they were driven back. Leonidas and his allies kept all that great host at bay, and so heavy were the Persian losses that Xerxes, looking on from a safe distance on a hillside, "thrice sprang from his throne in an agony for his host!"



The last stand of the Spartan King Le-on′i-das and his brave 300 Spartans at Ther-mop′y-lae, a narrow pass between the cliff and the sea. To the right lies the island of Euboea, in the distance is a ship on its way to Ar′te-mis′i-um, where the Greek fleet guards the entrance to the narrow strait between Thermopylae and the island.



A youth arming, assisted by his parents. (Vase, 6th century B.C.) A Greek hoplite or heavy-armed infantryman with helmet, breast-plate, greaves, shield, and sword. A man handing a youth a suit of armor. (Vase, 490 B.C.)

Then on the third night, E-phi-al′tes, the Judas of Greece, sold his countrymen to the Persians and consented to guide the enemy over the mountain road to surprise the defenders of Thermopylae and fall on them from the rear. Thanks to Spartan indifference, this road was but sparsely guarded, and Leonidas soon learned that the foe was almost upon him. Immediately he ordered his allies to retreat. The case was hopeless now. Whoever remained in the pass would die before the Persians. But as for himself and his Spartans, they would not retreat. They had been ordered to defend the pass and defend it they would till they died.

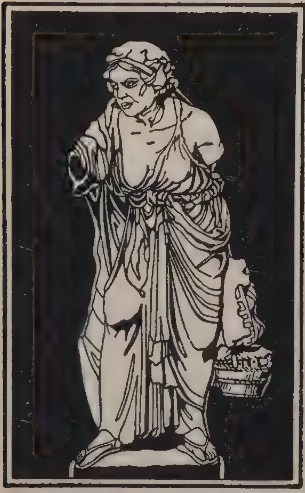
"Chai′re! Farewell!" said the Greeks, and they left the three hundred Spartans to face the Persians alone.

As the host of Xerxes appeared, the Spartans charged on their spears. Joyously, calmly, heroically, every one died fighting, dogged, persistent fellows, capable of every sort of stupidity and indifference but not of deserting their post. Faithful to their duty, they fought unto the death and left a fame that echoed everywhere through Greece.

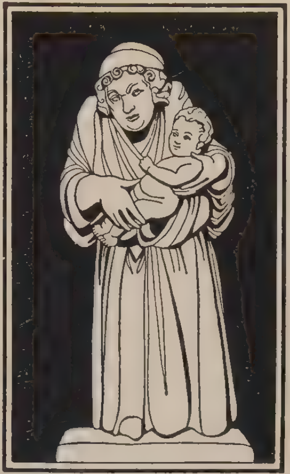
With the pass of Thermopylae open, the fleet at Ar′te-mis′-i-um sailed off to the Bay of Sal′a-mis near the city of Athens, and Xerxes marched forward unhindered, sweeping down into Greece, attacking and burning cities, destroying orchards and crops and making a waste of the land.

All Greece was confused and frightened. People hurried southward. Thousands upon thousands crowded into the Peloponnesus behind the wall of the Isthmus. Sparta left Athens alone, keeping her own skin safe by sitting behind her wall. Athens was quite defenseless, but country people by scores kept swarming into the city bearing great bundles of clothing and all their household possessions. There were no houses to shelter them. Children, men, and women settled themselves in the Ag′o-ra, camping in the open and finding what shelter they could in doorways or open porches.

What could Athens do to protect these trusting people? Her walls were not yet built; she had no land forces with which to meet the on-coming foe,—what was she to do? One thing only was certain—she would not surrender to Xerxes. The oracle at Delphi gave her no comfort whatever. It said the people would have to flee and that their only hope lay in a wooden wall!


An old Greek market woman like many who came crowding into Athens in these days. (A statue, Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

Black despair settled down, but Athens still had Themistocles, whose persistently hopeful spirit was the guiding genius of the city in those days of bitter gloom. Themistocles urged the Athenians to evacuate the city, and flee to the islands in the bay, there to be defended by their ships; he insisted that the wooden walls in which the oracle had said the safety of Athens should lie, was her fleet of wooden ships!



A Greek nurse and baby. Nurses and babies like this along with other women and children were conveyed by hundreds to the islands in the bay. Statue in British Museum.

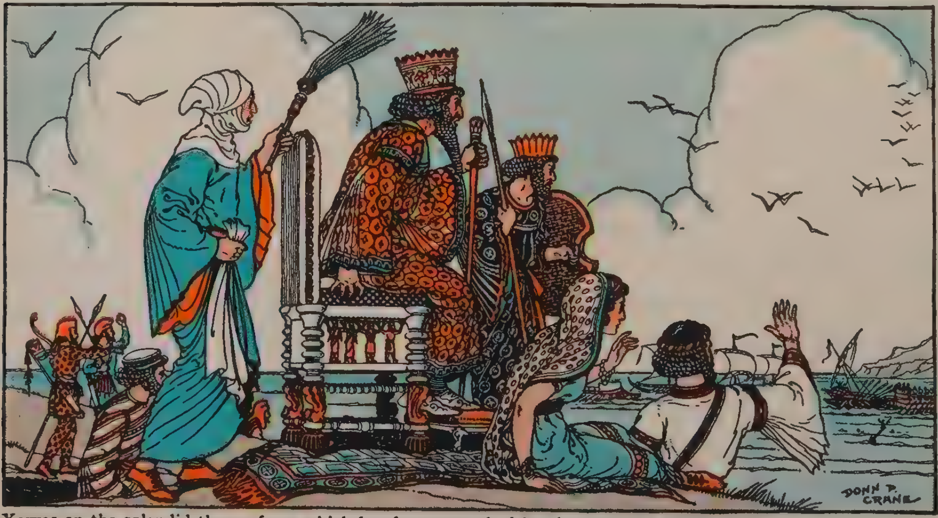
The people were persuaded. The fleet conveyed the women, children, and old men to the islands of Salamis, Ae-gi′na and Troe′zen in the bay. Xerxes, marching down, accompanied by his fleet, found Athens entirely deserted except for a little band which had entrenched itself on the rocky height of the Acropolis. For two weeks the Persians besieged that stubborn, impregnable hill, setting fire to the palisade while the garrison rolled down stones; but at last they climbed up by a secret ascent, slew the bold defenders, and destroyed the temples with fire.

The refugees on the islands saw the sullen red flames leaping into the sky and knew that their sacred citadel was in the hands of the foe. The generals of the allied fleet lying in the Bay of Salamis, hastily voted to retreat, deserting the women and children on the islands in the bay. More than half the ships had been furnished by Athens, but she had no more to say in the council of allied states than Sparta with her sixteen ships, and the general of the fleet was still Eu′ry-bi′a-des the Spartan. Themistocles had to persuade, to argue, and to urge; and no sooner had he induced the skittish generals to remain, than seeing the Persians move to shut off on one side their exit from the bay, they fluttered like startled antelopes, and were for turning tail and running away at once out the other mouth of the strait!

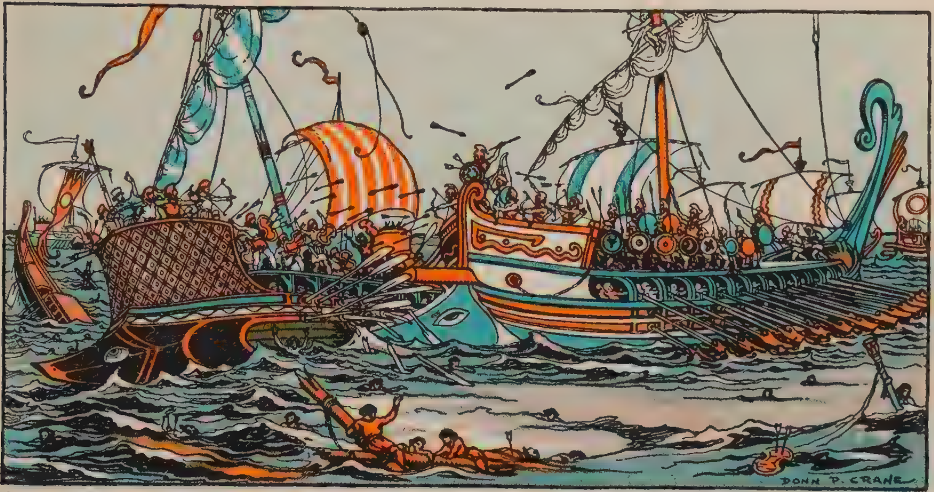
All Themistocles' work of persuasion was undone in a moment. He had to resort to tricks with the wile of a true Athenian. Secretly sending a message to Xerxes under pretense that he wished to betray his colleagues, he said that the Greeks were planning to run away next day, but that they were so disunited they would fall an easy prey and doubtless turn on each other if Xerxes would force a battle by preventing their escape, closing the other mouth of the strait the very next morning at dawn!

Xerxes swallowed the bait! A Greek turning traitor was common, and disunion among Hellenes the usual state of affairs. There was nothing to make him suspicious. He did what Themistocles wanted—he forced the Greeks to fight; for at dawn of the following day, his mighty squadrons shut off the only way of escape and advanced upon the Greeks. Whether they would or not, the Greeks were obliged to fight, and however battle-shy they had seemed, when once they were forced into action, they fought with a fiery courage and superior tactical skill.

Xerxes, to watch the battle, had an ivory throne erected on the heights overlooking the water, and there he seated himself, surrounded by all the splendor of his oriental court. More than 600 Persian ships, twice the number of the Greeks, clove the sea with their beaks. Each was



Xerxes on the splendid throne from which he always watched battles, sees the defeat of his fleet at Sal'a-mis.



The great sea-battle of Salamis where the huge Persian fleet of Xerxes was finally defeated by the Greeks under nominal command of Eurybiades, the Spartan, but really manipulated by the subtle management of Themistocles, the Athenian. See the Athenian war-ship, page 149.

brilliantly decked in scarlet, purple and gold. From their masts flew hundreds of pennants. Their white oars, beating the water in quick and rhythmic motion, churned the waves into foam. Slowly, in steady order, the armament moved onward.

Eager, intense, excited, the Greeks awaited the onslaught. Each captain awaited the signal from the vessel of the Spartan commander. A plain red flag arose at the mast-head of his ship. The signal! The Greeks advanced:

> With martial sound the trumpet fired those ranks:
> And straight with sweep of oars that flew through foam,
> They smote the loud waves at the boatswain's call,
> And all at once was heard a mighty shout—
> "O sons of Hellas, forward, free your country;
> Free your wives, your children, and the shrines
> Built to your fathers' gods!"

Swiftly they charged the Persians. The stillness of the morning air was broken by the hollow thud of vessel ramming vessel! Shouts and cries arose. Oars crashed, ships staggered and sank till hulls of many mighty ships,—

Went floating capsized nor could the sea be seen,
Filled as it was with wrecks and carcasses.
And all the shores and rocks were full of corpses,
And every ship was wildly rowed in flight,—
All that composed the Persian armament!
Then bitter groans and wailings overspread
The wide sea waves, till eye of swarthy night
Bade all to cease!*

The tragic poet, Aes′chy-lus, first of the great tragic poets, fought in this terrible battle, and thus described what he saw. Crushed in the narrow strait, hampered by their own numbers, with no room to retreat, the Persian ships by nightfall were almost annihilated. Such was the end in a single day of Xerxes' mighty fleet. Themistocles had won his point. He had forced a battle on terms most advantageous to Athens, and he had made Athens, at last the mistress of the seas!

Xerxes withdrew to Sardis with what was left of his vessels, but he ordered his general, Mardonius, with 300,000 troops to spend the winter in Thessaly and renew the conflict on land as soon as the Spring should come.

The Athenians went back to a city ruined and lying in ashes, but they began to rebuild it without any help from outside. Mardonius looked on them as the very soul of resistance and hoping to win by favors, what he could not conquer in fight, he offered them an alliance most favorable in every way, promising to restore their city entirely at Persian expense, if they would but yield to Xerxes. Sparta was in a panic lest Athens should say yes. She herself had certainly done nothing at all to help Athens, but now she promised aid and begged that the Athenians would not desert to the foe. There was indeed no danger. Athens sent back the messenger saying: "So long as the sun holds on his way in heaven, the Athenians will come to no terms with

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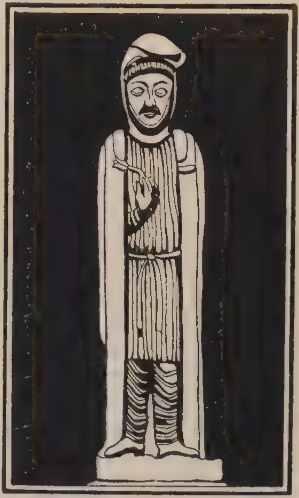
*These words are from the great tragedy *Per′sae*, by Aes′chy-lus, the first of the great tragic poets, born in Attica in 525 B.C. Aeschylus fought with his brothers at Marathon, Salamis and Plataea. His great play *Persae* or "The Persians," glorifies forever the noble part which the Athenians played in the defense of their land. All the other quotations in the story of this Battle of Salamis are from the *Persae* of Aeschylus.

Xerxes!" Of Sparta they asked only that she take the field early enough in the Spring so that Athens would not need to be abandoned again without a battle.

Sparta promised all this; but when Spring actually came and Mardonius appeared, she discovered another festival, before which it would not do for her soldiers to leave their homes. Once again she left Athens alone, and in bitter disappointment the Athenians had a second time to seek refuge on the islands and leave their city to the Persians.



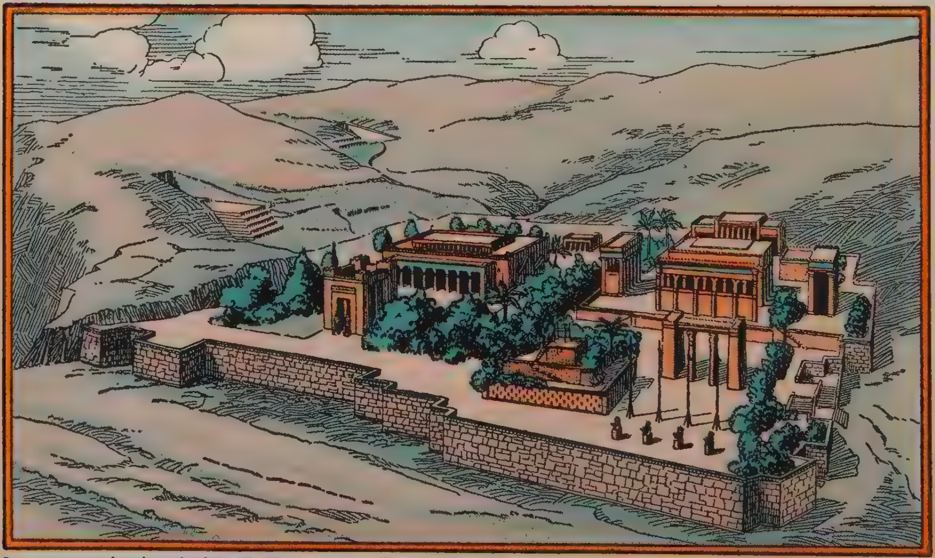
A silver statue of a Persian with beard and mustache. Note his lotus flower, long cloak and trousers falling in folds. Berlin Museum.

With Athens in his hands, Mardonius hastened to repeat his offer of alliance, but even in such extremity, only one of the Athenian council even favored submitting the matter to the people, and he was stoned to death by the anger of the mob. Then Mardonius burned Athens a second time, laid waste all the farms, and retreated into Boeotia.

For weeks the Athenians had had ambassadors in Sparta begging for the promised aid. No—the Spartans would not now advance. Their wall was quite complete all across the isthmus and they meant to sit tight behind it! Let Athens go to the dogs! It chanced, however, that an ally suddenly made the ephors see that if Athens once were conquered and her vessels pressed into service by the foe, the Persians would come down by sea and land troops wherever they chose, at any point on the coast. The Spartans had no vessels with which to stop such a move. Then what good would there be in that precious wall of theirs across the little isthmus? That made matters look different! The Spartan ephors seemed never to have dreamed of this before. They changed their plans over night and suddenly advanced with a large and powerful army under the regent Pau-sa′ni-as, who was ruling for his cousin, the little son of Leonidas.

For once almost all of Greece united in a mighty army under the command of Pausanias. They met Mardonius at Pla-tae′a and there was fought the last great battle of the Persian Wars, one of the most important struggles ever to be fought in history, since by the victory of the Greeks, western civilization was saved from the tyranny of the East.

Mardonius was slain, his magnificent tent was plundered, and the Persians were driven from Greece never again to return. In the following years, Ionia and the islands in the Aegean were likewise gradually freed. The whole Greek world was saved, largely by the courage and energy of Athens, from the despotism of Persia; and with their new consciousness of power, new energies stirred in the Greeks. A wonderful age was to dawn, an age when Greek art and thought should blossom in fullest perfection.



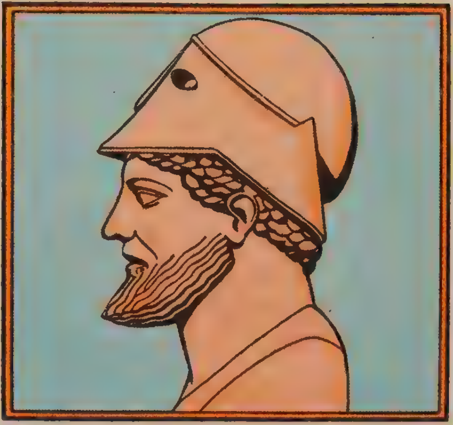
On a mountain-girt platform in Per-sep′o-lis, Da-ri′us and Xerx′es built a palace, with majestic halls, graceful pavilions and cool gardens. Although defeated in Europe, a wonderful Oriental Empire still obeyed the Great King.

V

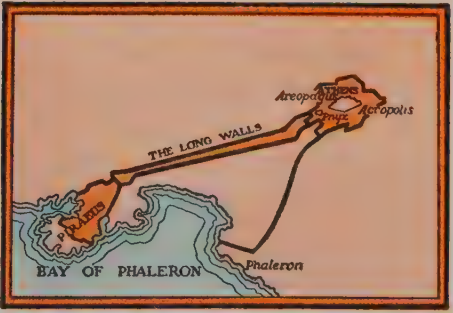
Days of Athenian Empire

(479 B. C.—404 B. C.)

The Rise of Athens to Supreme Power in Hellas.



Themistocles, the great Athenian. A bust now at Munich.



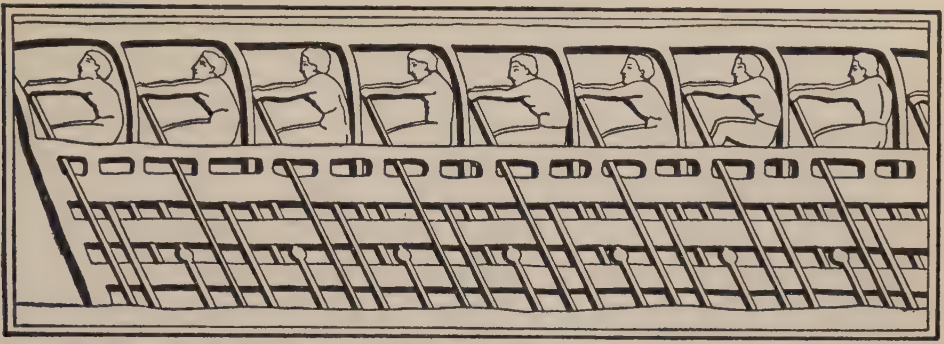
The Pi-rae′us, its harbor having a narrow mouth easily defended as compared with the ancient harbor of Athens at Pha-le′ron which was open to the whole sea. Note the fortifications of the Piraeus, the Long Walls, 20 miles long, 30 feet high, 12 feet thick, and 200 feet apart. These walls were planned by The-mis′to-cles but completed by Per′i-cles. Inside the walls of Athens note the A-crop′o-lis, the Pnyx, and the Ar′e-op′a-gus. (See page 211.)

Immediately after Pla-tae′a, the Athenians set to work to rebuild the ruins of Athens; but The-mis′to-cles persuaded them to leave their homes in ashes, proceeding first of all to surround the city with walls. Corinth and other Greek states, basely jealous of Athens and eager to keep her helpless, incited Sparta to interfere and forbid her to build up her walls. Athens, so recently ravaged, was in no condition now to resist a Spartan army, so the wily Themistocles resorted to a trick. While men, women, and children toiled in hot haste on the walls, Themistocles himself went as an envoy to Sparta. For weeks he talked with the ephors, delayed, and made excuses, and when news came drifting to Sparta that in spite of Themistocles' words, the walls at Athens were rising, he bade the Spartans send envoys to Athens to find out for themselves if all these tales were true. When the envoy had departed, he boldly told the Spartans that the walls, indeed, were finished, and that, henceforth, Athens would deal with Sparta from behind stout fortifications! Moreover, Sparta was forced to let him go in peace, since the envoys she had just so gullibly sent to Athens, were now being held as hostages to ensure the safe return of Themistocles and his men.

And now with walls rebuilt and the harbor at Pi-rae′us enclosed in new fortifications, Athens entered on an era of prosperity and growth. Sparta had proved a poor leader in the war against the Persians. She had shown herself little and mean in spite of her courage and discipline. Athens had made more sacrifices than any state in Greece. She had furnished the best ideas, the ablest leaders and soldiers, and she had acted as one that is free from petty vanity, having at heart the welfare of all the states of Greece. Therefore, the Ionian cities began to look for leadership to Athens instead of Sparta. Athens was coming forward as the foremost power in Greece.

The next year after Pla-tae′a, Sparta sent Pau-sa′ni-as, the hero of that great battle, to command the allied fleet and drive the Persians from the Aegean. Pausanias took Cyprus; he expelled the Persians from By-zan′ti-um, but his victories turned his head; he grew puffed up with pride. Ambition awoke in his heart, and he entered into plots with Xerx′es,—plots to betray all Hellas into the Great King's hands. He planned to wed Xerxes' daughter and make himself King of all Greece, subject only to Persia! As he dreamed these elaborate dreams, he began to treat the allies as though he were already their royal lord and master; he adopted Persian dress, protected himself with a bodyguard of Persians and Egyptians, and introduced into his household all the luxurious habits and customs of the East.

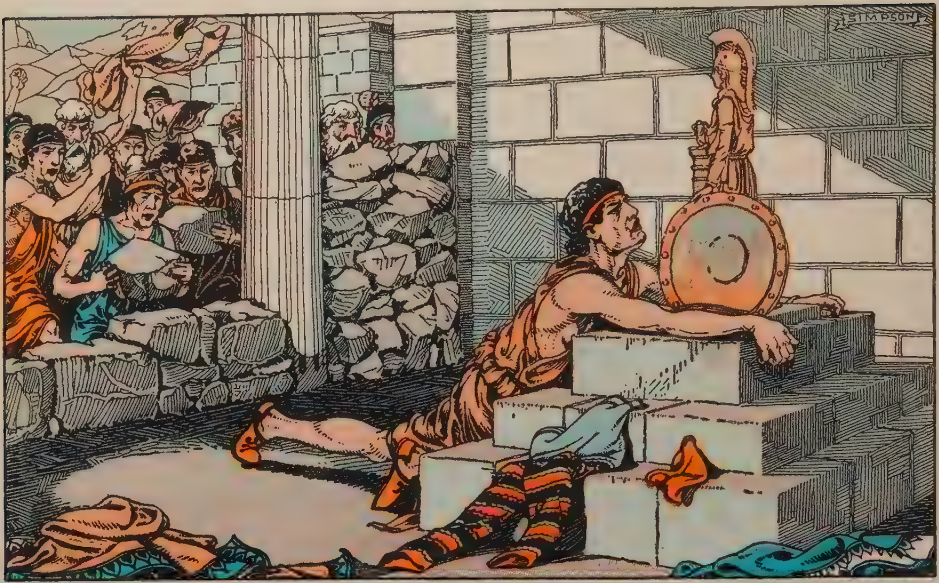
Hearing of these intrigues, Sparta recalled Pausanias,



Ships of later Greece were called "three bankers" or tri'remes, because they were rowed by oarsmen on an arrangement of three tiers of benches one above another. In this Athenian relief the lower rowers are hidden by the side of the ship and only their oars can be seen. They were, however, exactly like their fellows in the upper row.

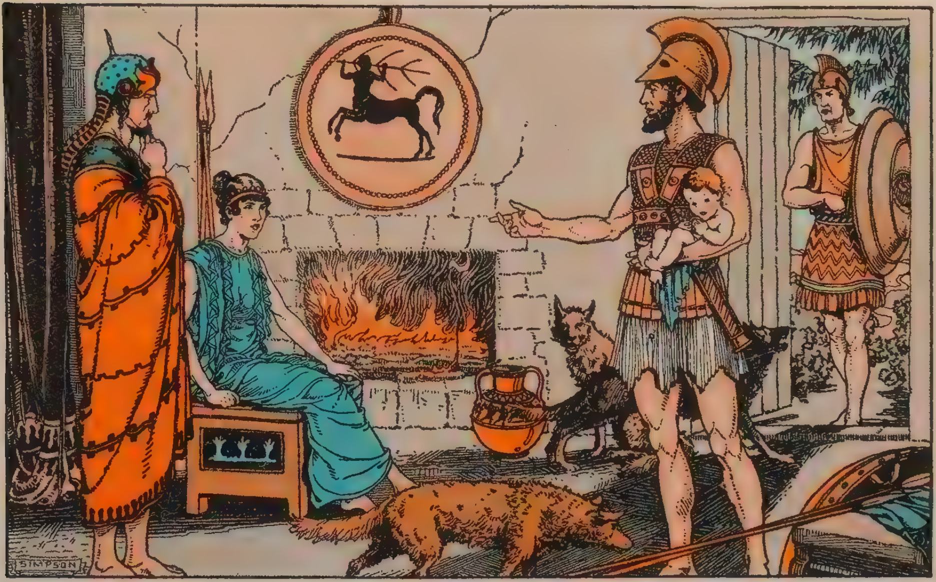
but nothing was proved against him. He hired a trireme for himself and returned to the scene of action. A second time Sparta recalled him, and now he was secretly plotting with the always dissatisfied Spartan slaves, the ever-rebellious Hel'ots, promising them their freedom and the rights of Spartan citizens if they would rise up and overthrow the government of Sparta; but once again, actual proofs could not be found against him. Ar-gil'i-us, his servant, however, being sent to Persia with a letter, began to think that no messenger who had previously been sent on such an errand by Pausanias, had ever returned alive; so he secretly opened his letter and found therein directions that the Persians were to slay him as soon as he arrived. Therefore, he delivered the message to the ephors of Sparta instead of to the Persians, revealing all his master's plots.

Pausanias fled for refuge to the temple of Athene; but the people, in their anger, hearing of his treachery, blocked up the door with stones, and the aged mother of the traitor, with the spirit of a true Spartan, laid the very first stone. So Pausanias was left to die of hunger and thirst in the temple, and the allies refused to receive another Spartan admiral as commander of the fleet. Thereupon Sparta, sulking, withdrew from the Persian War.



Pau-sa′ni-as, the Spartan traitor, seeks refuge in the temple while the angry mob, led by his own mother, block up the entrance to the sanctuary, hurling in Persian garments in contempt of his treachery and leaving him to die.

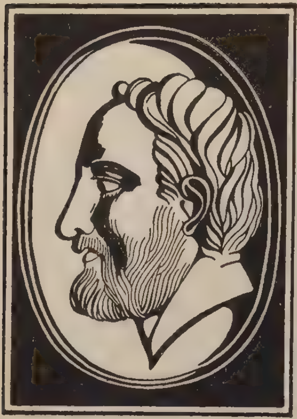
And now it was found that Themistocles had likewise been involved in these base intrigues of Pausanias. He was not just then at Athens, for he had been ostracized because his political rival, Ar′is-ti′des the Just, had won the ears of the people. His plots with Pausanias were doubtless concerned with nothing more than the uprising of the Helots; for Themistocles would have liked to embarrass the jealous Sparta by a rebellion of her slaves; but the people assumed that he, too, had been intriguing with Persia. He was accused of high treason, and men were sent to arrest him. He fled across to Asia, pursued by Athenian officers, and seeking an asylum in the quaint and simple castle of Ad-me′tus, King of Mo-los′si-a. The King was away from home, but the Queen with old-fashioned simplicity, was sitting by the hearth with her child. The Queen bade Themistocles take the infant in his arms as he made his



Themistocles, involved in Pausanias' plots flees from Greece and is saved from his pursuers by the Queen of Mo-las′-si-a, who, tending her baby in Homeric simplicity, bids him hold the child as he begs her husband for aid.

appeal to the King. So when the King returned and found the stranger holding his babe, he refused to give up his guest, and saved him from his pursuers. For years Themistocles hid in towns on the coast of Asia, but at last he went to Persia, and became governor of Magnesia under the King of Kings! Thus the heroes of Pla-tae′a and Sal′a-mis both ended their days in the service of that great power whom they had given all their best energies to destroy, a curious twist of character which has besmirched so much of the brilliant history of Greece.

Meantime, the allied Greek states having now got rid of Sparta, were organizing a confederacy under the wise advice of Aristides the Just. This union, the object of which was to drive the Persians forever out of the Aegean, was called the Confederacy of De′los, because at the island of Delos deputies of the different states gathered in meeting each year and they kept their treasure-chest there. Each city


Portrait head of Ci'mon on a gem.

had one vote, but Athens was president of the league and her generals commanded the fleet. In return for this, she furnished nearly half the ships and men. Gradually the De'li-an League, under command of Athens and chiefly composed of Ionian cities bordering on the sea and interested in commerce, became the natural rival of the Pel'o-pon-ne'sian League, under presidency of Sparta and composed of Dorian cities, nearly all lying inland and interested in farming. All Greece seemed divided between these two leagues, and their quarrels made the history of Hellas for many years to come.

As the Persians were driven from Hellas under the brilliant attacks of Ci'mon, son of Mil-ti'a-des, many cities thought that the league was no longer necessary, and they shirked paying dues or withdrew; but Athens forced them back, taking away the vote from every state that seceded and making it subject to Athens. Soon she treated even loyal cities in this high-handed manner, till the league of equal states became at last an empire with Athens, as its tyrant city. Then meetings of the Congress ceased; the treasure-chest was removed from Delos to Athens, and the funds and resources of the league were used for the glory of Athens. But the rule of Athens was mild; Athens was the mother of democracy, and in nearly every city of this new Athenian empire, People's Assemblies arose, while Sparta, clinging tenaciously to government by the nobles, spread rule by a privileged few through all the states she controlled.

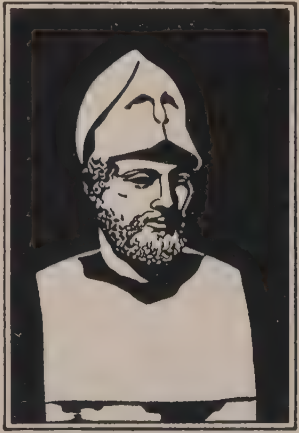
At length a member of the Delian League rose in revolt against Athens, and appealed to Sparta for aid. Sparta plotted to aid her, and only a sudden uprising of her miserable, down-trodden Helots kept her from this treachery.

Now, instead of attacking Athens, Sparta was forced in dire need to seek Athenian help to quell the revolt of her Helots. At Athens this request awakened sharp dispute. The Democratic party, led by E-phi-al′tes and the rising young Per′i-cles, opposed the sending of help; but Cimon, leader of the nobles, urged Athens to rescue Sparta. His advice prevailed, and an army under Cimon was sent to Sparta's aid. The Spartans, however, groundlessly suspecting the Athenians of treachery like their own, sent back the army with insults. Indignation ran high at Athens. Cimon was ostracized, and the party of the nobles was thus left leaderless, while Pericles stood forth as the foremost man in Athens. Influenced by Pericles, Athens renounced her alliance with Sparta, and the two great powers of Greece came frankly into the open—avowedly ready for war.

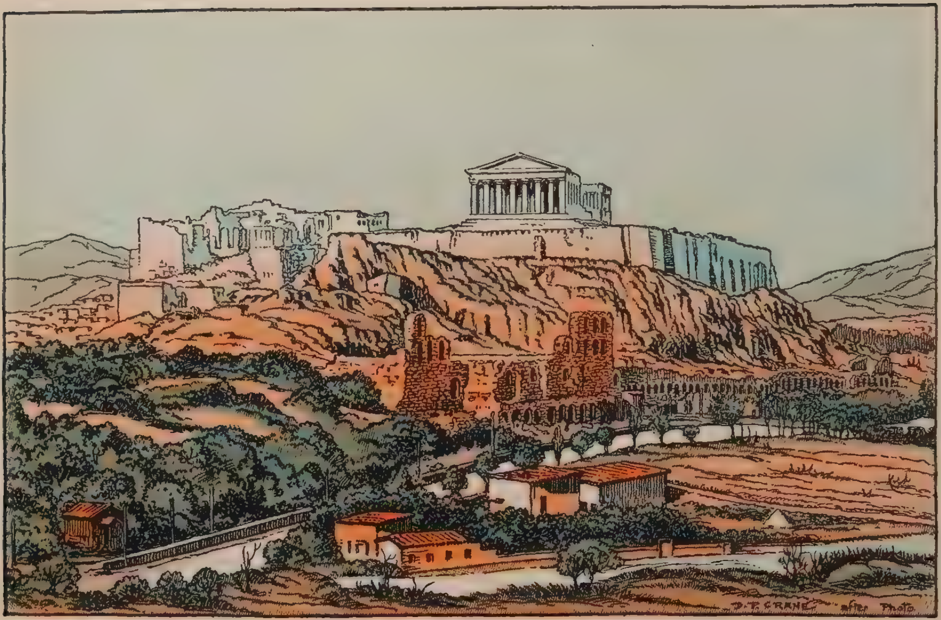
Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens

(461 B.C. — 428 B.C.)

Thus far the Athenian Empire had been mainly a sea-power. Pericles planned to extend it likewise over inland Greece. The activity of Athens under leadership of Pericles was marvelous in the extreme. She warred against Ae-gi′na, Corinth, Sparta and Persia. She built the long wall between Athens and the Pi-rae′us; she sent out colonies everywhere, and united all Ionia and the islands under her rule. But at last in 445 B.C., she made a truce with Sparta which it was agreed should last for thirty years. An era of peace began when Athens could blossom in beauty, when literature, art, and philosophy could attain their full perfection. The Golden Age was dawning under Pericles.



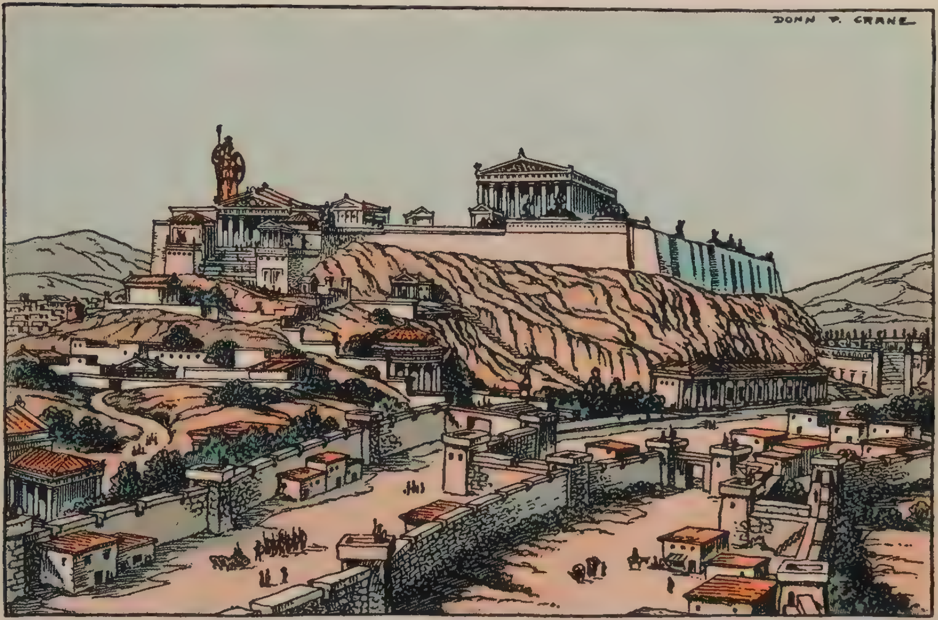
Pericles in the bronze warrior's helmet he seldom removed. (450 B.C.)


D. T. CRANE after Photo

The precipitous rock of the A-crop′o-lis, as it is today, showing the west slope which was the only one not too steep to climb. Here stood the castles of the early Kings, later replaced by temples. To the right, rise the beautiful ruins of the Par′the-non. This is exactly the same view as the reconstruction which appears on the opposite page.

Pericles was born of the noblest class in Athens. His mother had been the niece of Clis′the-nes, the reformer, and his family had consistently taken the side of the People. He himself had none of the arts of a popular leader. He was proud, reserved, and stately; he led a very simple life, never went to drinking parties and was seldom seen at private entertainments of any kind. His days and nights were busy with plans for the welfare of Athens, and his eloquence, calm sagacity, uprightness and patriotism won recognition from all. Tall and imposing in body, he had a very long head, always covered by a high helmet which he seldom removed.

As a boy, Pericles had been taught by An′a-xag′o-ras, the last of the great Ionian philosophers, who had come to Athens from Miletus. Because of his conviction that the universe had been set in motion, not by deified mortals, but



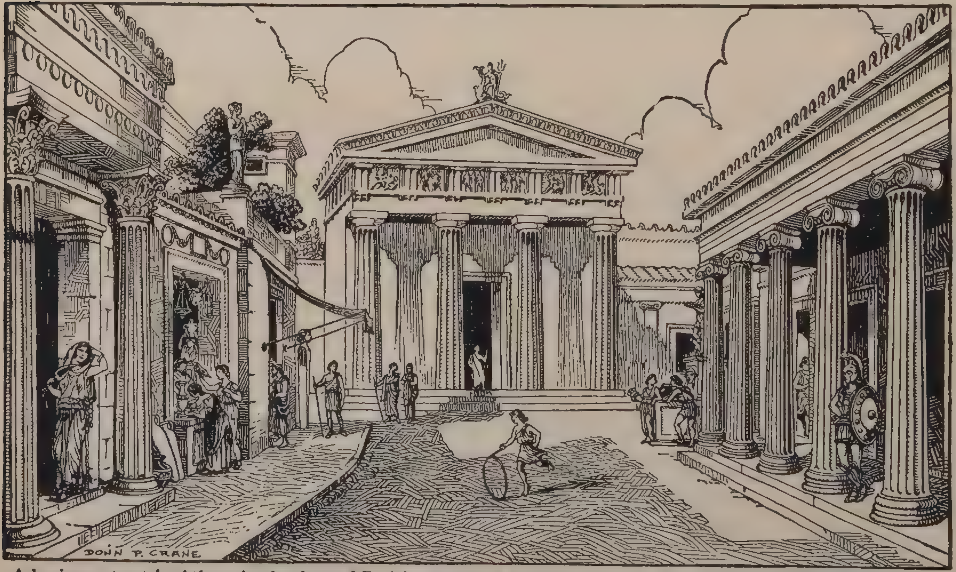
The Acropolis in the days of Pericles, showing the long flight of steps leading to the colonnade of the Prop′y-lae′a to the right of which is the small temple of Victory. To the left, rises Phid′i-as' huge statue of Athene and beyond that the graceful Er′ech-thei′on. To the right, is the Parthenon. Pericles built the Parthenon and the Propylaea.

by unchangeable Mind—Anaxagoras had taught his pupil not to believe in the gods, but in the power of Intelligence, and he had thus given the youth an independence of thought and freedom from superstition which set him above and apart from other men of Athens.

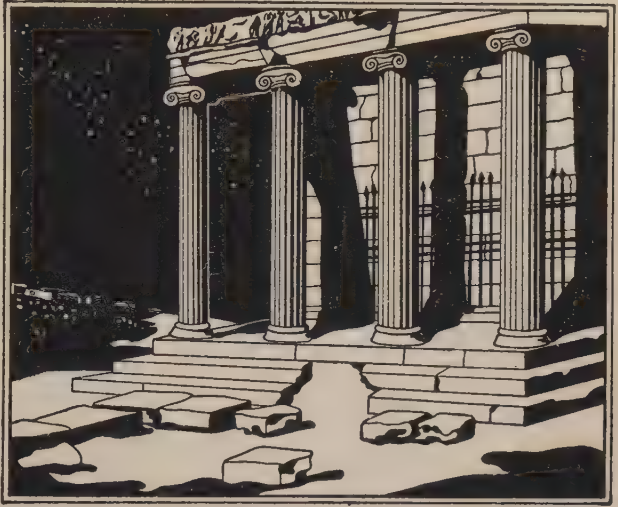
The great authority of Pericles came from no public office. True, he was fifteen times elected to serve as general, and generals had supplanted archons as the administrators of government; but the real power of Pericles rested altogether on his unofficial position as Leader of the People. General or not, he was master only while he could carry the People's Assembly with him, and before that august body he was compelled to defend each of his measures in turn. The Assembly had made great gains since the days of Clisthenes. All public officials had become its obedient servants.

Pericles in all sincerity wished the people to rule. Under him, all public offices, even the proud positions of archon, general and senator, were opened to the common people, and no longer confined to the nobles. Moreover, he brought it about that officials were paid salaries, so that even the poorer men could afford to hold the high posts.

Pericles sought to make Athens the ruler and teacher of Hellas. He adorned the city sumptuously from the contents of the De′li-an chest. The plan was unjust to other contributing cities in the Delian League, but it certainly beautified Athens. Under charge of the sculptor, Phid′i-as, and other gifted artists of this Golden Age of Art, temples, colonnades and porticoes arose, while the height of the Acropolis, no longer a fortification, became the Holy Hill, devoted to religion and art and crowned with stately temples, marble and glistening white.

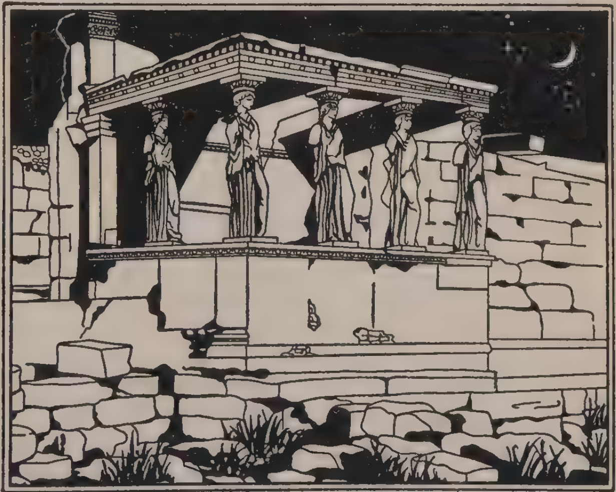


A business street in Athens in the days of Pericles; showing the three types of pillars characterizing Greek architecture. The temple at the end of the street has the simple, dignified Doric column, fluted, but with the capital at the top plain and undecorated. The long colonnade at the right has graceful Ionic pillars with twisted ram's horns at the top and the building to the left has Corinthian pillars blossoming at the top in acanthus leaves.

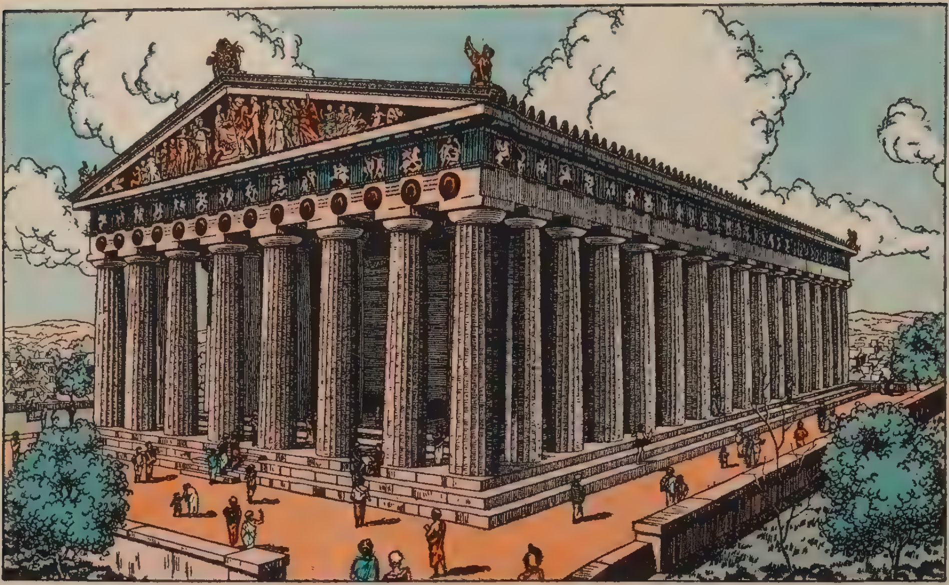


Ruins of the temple of the Wingless Victory which stood near the entrance of the Acropolis. This beautiful little temple was made of glistening Pen′tel′ic marble, and had Ionic columns with symmetrical ram's-horn capitals.

The precipitous rock of the Acropolis was to be climbed only by means of the slope to the west. Here was built a stairway, sixty marble steps leading up to the Prop′y-lae′a, a series of colonnades at the right of which stood the little temple of the Wingless Victory. Through the colonnade one emerged on the top of the rock, to see directly in front and towering to a height of seventy feet, Phidias' fine bronze statue of Athene, the Champion, whose spear-point catching the sun, was the first sign of the city to mariners far out at sea. At the left stood the charming Er′ech-thei′on with graceful figures of maidens supporting the roof of a little porch. But by far the most beautiful gem in the fine collection of temples that adorned the Acro-



Graceful figures of maidens supporting the roof on a little side porch of the Er′ech-thei′on, a building dedicated to the ancient King E-rech′theus, who according to legend, introduced the worship of Athene to Athens.

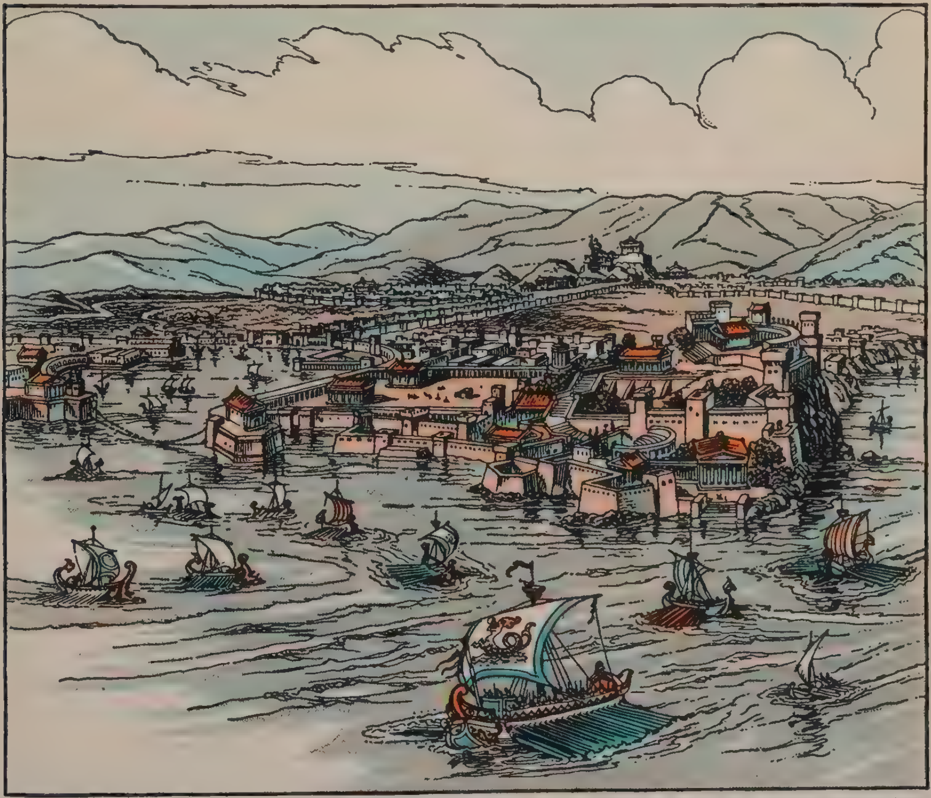


The Parthenon, "maiden-chamber" of Athene, most beautiful of all the buildings on the Acropolis. Its beauty lies in its simplicity, its exquisite proportions and the fine sculpture by Phidias and his pupils. See pages 155, 207.

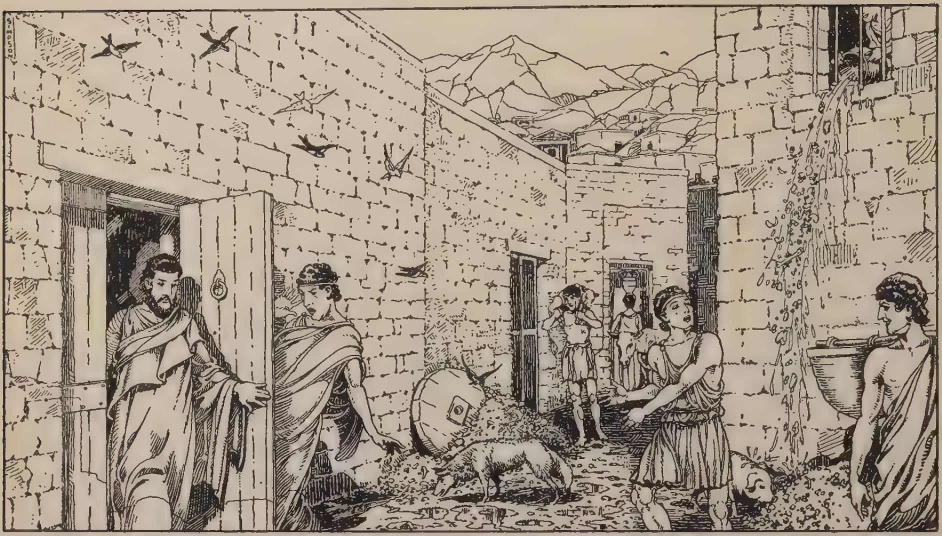
polis, was the Par′the-non, maiden-chamber of the virgin-goddess, Athene, which rose with its Doric columns and delicately painted frieze, a building peerless in loveliness among the buildings of the world.

In other parts of the city too, rose beautiful new buildings. The Ag′o-ra, or market-place, shaded with graceful planetrees, had a number of porticoes or colonnaded walks, among which the most popular was called the "Painted Porch." Nearby were the temple of The′seus, and the wooden O-de′on, built to imitate Xerxes' tent. All the rich desire of the Greeks to reproduce ideal beauty, now flowered in its greatest wealth. The art of Egypt and Assyria had always been rigid and stiff, but the Greeks, in the spirit of their freer life, gave living and natural form, movement and grace to their statues. Sculpture and architecture reached their height of perfection.

But Pericles did not devote all his thoughts to Athens. The port of Piraeus was swarming with ships. Here were seen goods from all over the world—frankincense, hides and ores, papyrus, dates, wines and timber. Pericles had the Piraeus all laid out anew by Hip-pod′a-mus of Miletus. For the first time a city was arranged in regular blocks and squares, the main streets all running parallel and cut at right angles by cross streets, a new idea in those days, and one which created much interest throughout the cities of Greece.



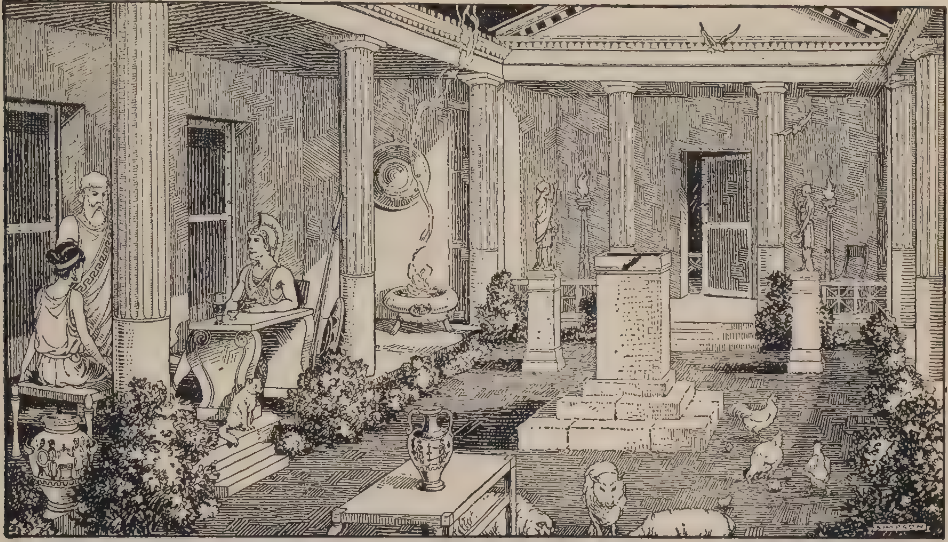
The great port of Pi-rae′us, Athens, and the Long Walls at the time of Pericles, based on a reconstruction from "Pictorial History of the World." Against the background of mountains, among which lay Mt. Pen-tel′i-cus, famous for its marble quarries, show the great rock of the Acropolis crowned with temples, the tall hill of the Ar′e-op′o-lis where the noble court of the Ar′e-op′a-gus met, and the lower hill of the Pnyx, meeting place of the Popular Assembly. The Piraeus was the first city in the world made over on the modern plan of city blocks and straight parallel streets, with intersecting cross-streets at right angles. See the map of these walls and fortifications on page 199.



Streets of dwellings in Athens were remarkably mean compared with the magnificent public buildings. One passer dodges garbage thrown from an upper window while a second is rapped by a door which opens outward.

In Athens itself the streets were narrow, crooked, and tortuous still, with neither pavement nor sidewalk, liable after rains to be thick with slime and mud. All the refuse and garbage was thrown directly into the street, and the houses had no water; all water was carried by slaves from public wells and springs. The Athenian home was indeed a very simple dwelling. Much as the people loved magnificent marble temples, they were satisfied to live in plain, even mean, flat-roofed houses one or two stories high, with no windows on the lower floor and only a door to decorate the blank wall that rose from the street.

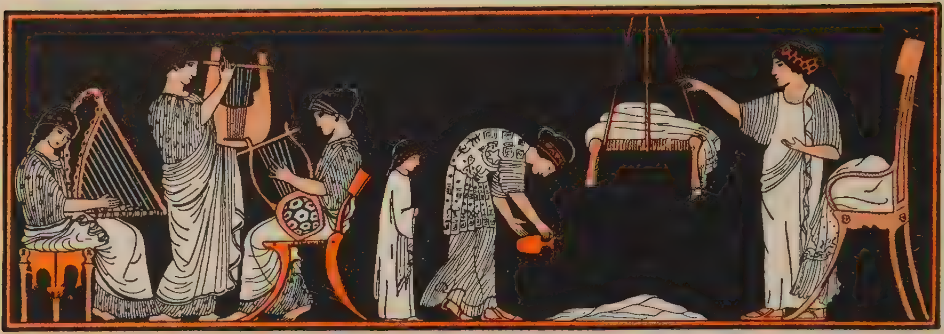
A slave always sat in the entrance hall to answer knocks at the door. At the other end of the hall was the aula or open court with a colonnade around it, and most of the rooms of the house opened into this court. There was no expensive furniture, although the chairs, couches and stools were invariably well-formed, and the floors were of dirt and pebbles tramped down and beaten hard.



Greek houses consisted of a colonnaded central court, the only garden, off which opened the various rooms. Houses were plain in Athens because the men spent most of their time in the Agora or other public places.

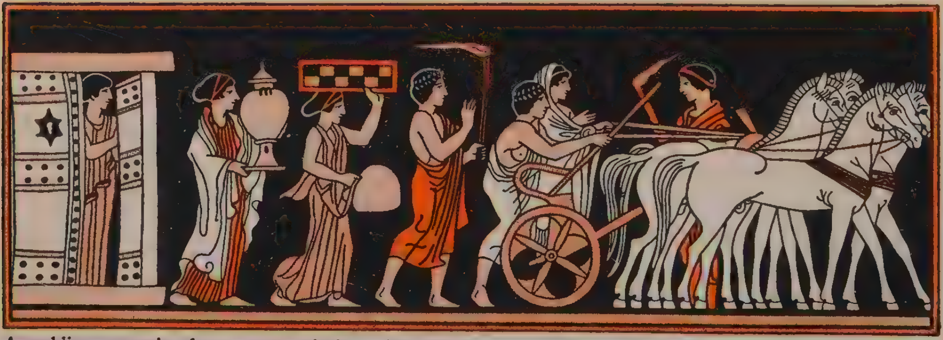
Windows were few and rooms were lit only by openings on the central court. In cold weather the house was uncomfortable, for except for a fire in the kitchen or in the *aula*, perhaps, the only artificial heat came from tall graceful braziers where wood or charcoal was burned.

Slaves did the hard work in Greece and because of this the freemen had plenty of time for politics, for poetry and art. Almost every freeman, no matter how poor he was, owned at least one slave, and it was thought a hardship to get along with less than half a dozen at least. The Greeks saw no wrong in slavery. "A free city," said the Greek, "cannot exist without slavery." The growing freedom and power of the common people in Athens was only for Athenian citizens. Slaves, women, and metics, or resident foreigners, were wholly excluded from citizenship, and had no rights whatever. The vision of the Athenians never stretched so far as to dream of freedom for all. Freedom was only for men and a limited class at that.

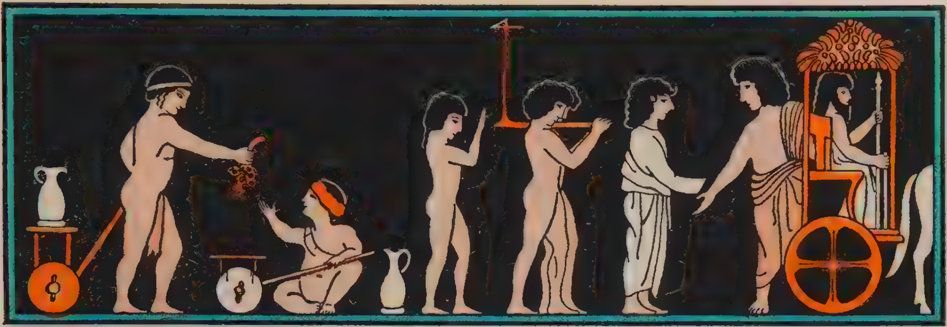


Greek women lived in great seclusion, seldom going out of doors. Here groups are shown from two vase paintings; those at the left entertain themselves with music, those at the right in beautiful embroidered garments are perfuming robes. In earlier days, robes were covered with embroidery; later only embroidered borders were used.

In all household work the slaves were directed by the women. Women in Athens and generally throughout all Greece but Sparta, were kept to their homes very strictly, living lives almost as secluded as the women of the East, never venturing out of doors except by their husbands' permission, and even then going veiled and accompanied by an attendant. Education was not for them; they were considered inferior to men intellectually and morally, and very few could read or write. When a girl was about fifteen she was married to an older man, and as soon as the wedding was over, she took charge of her husband's household, spinning, weaving, and directing the children and slaves.



A wedding procession from a vase painting. The bride in her wedding veil is in the chariot, the bridegroom is just stepping in beside her. Near the horses stands the bride's mother with a torch showing that it is night. Behind the newly married pair come a groomsman with a torch, a maid carrying the bride's trousseau in a flat box on her head, and in the bundle in her hand, and another attendant with a vase. They have just left the bride's home from the door of which a maid peeps out to take a last longing look at her mistress.

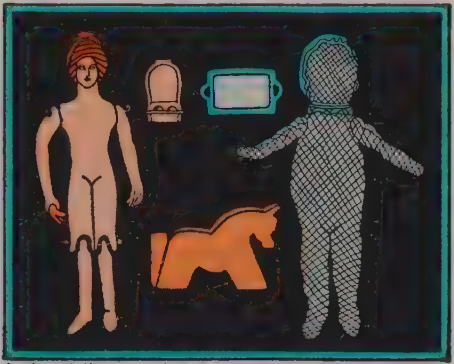


At the left, children playing with two-wheeled carts bought for about three cents apiece. (Vase painting, British Museum.) At the right, children act out ceremonies seen at a Di′o-nys′i-ac festival. Three carry a stand with fillets while two gather around a seated Di′o-ny′sos in a cart. (Vase painting, Metropolitan Museum, New York.)

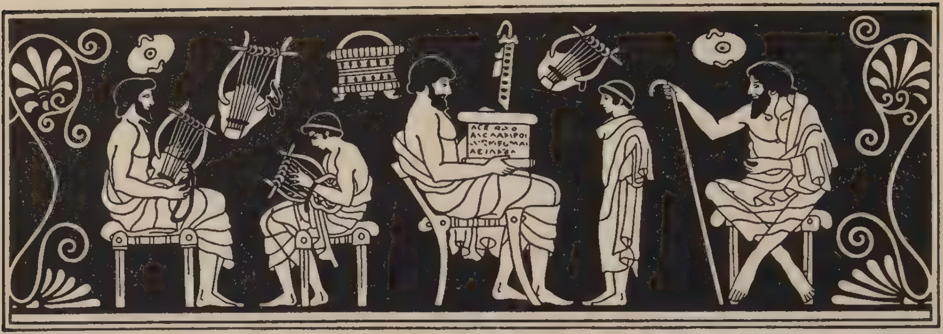
The Greeks were fond of their children and gave them interesting toys. The girls had wax or clay dolls. The boys had tops, balls and hoops, hobby-horses, carts and kites,—and both the boys and girls played many active games.

When the boy was seven years old, he was put in the care of a slave called a pedagogue, or "boy-leader," who took him to and from school and saw that he behaved himself properly in the streets.

At school the boy learned to read and to write on a tablet covered with wax in which he drew the letters with a stylus or metal stick. The boys were taught arithmetic, how to sing and play on the lyre. They learned to dance, to run, to leap, to wrestle and to throw the javelin and the discus. Everyone was expected to make his body strong and to learn how to use his muscles. A boy might not be able to win a foot race, but he could learn to carry himself well and to run with such ease that it was a pleasure to watch him. In Greece it was a youth's



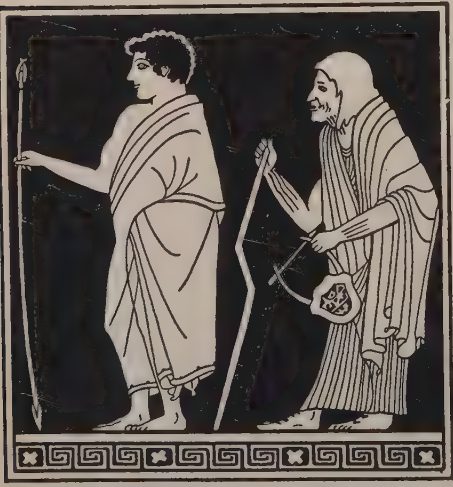
A clay doll, a rag doll, a horse, a tray, and a whistle, loved by children of ancient Greece as much as toys are loved by the children of today. (British Museum.)



An Athenian school scene. In the center, a teacher of literature holds an open roll from which the boy before him is learning a poem. Behind the boy sits his pedagogue, who brought him to school. At the left, a music teacher with a lyre, gives a lesson to another boy. Above are instruments of music. An Athenian cup, 480 B.C.

duty to be as graceful as possible. Women were held in such little esteem that all the Greek love of beauty was expressed in their admiration for graceful handsome youths, and the reigning belle of Athens in the days of Pericles, was not a beautiful maiden but some spoiled and handsome youth who was forever followed about by a train of admiring men, all striving to win his notice, as though he had been the village coquette surrounded by a bevy of suitors.

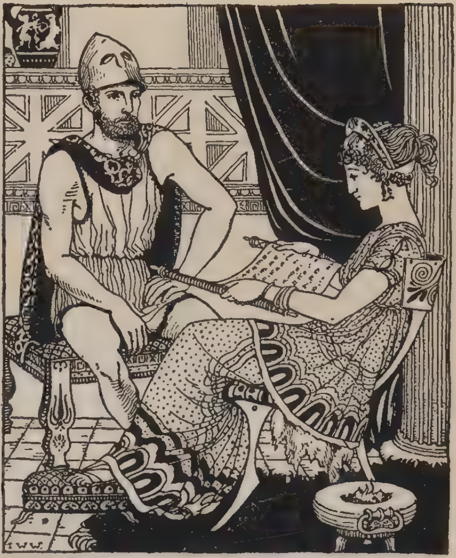
When the boy was eighteen or nineteen he became a citizen. His name was enrolled as a member of a tribe; a sword and shield were given him; and he was called upon to take a solemn oath to honor religion and to fight for his country.



Athenian youth followed by his ancient pedagogue or "boy leader," carrying his lyre. (Vase painting.)

In the home of Pericles, there were four youths of different ages, two sons of his first wife, his nephew Al′ci-bi′a-des, a handsome unruly boy, and little Pericles, the son of his much-loved As-pa′si-a.

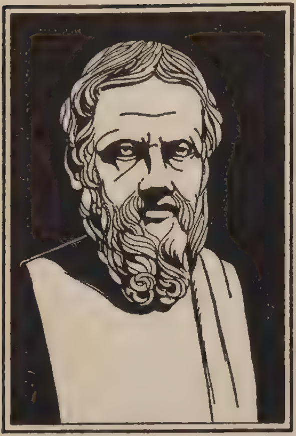
Aspasia was an exception



Pericles and As-pa'si-a, two of the famous lovers of history. To Pericles, not even Athens came before Aspasia.

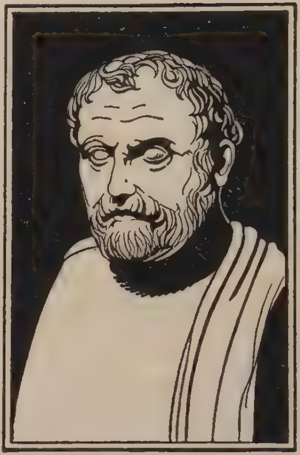
among all the women of Greece. She was beautiful and intelligent, well-educated and charming, one who could talk on all subjects as intelligently as a man. She had come from Miletus in Asiatic Hellas where women were not held in seclusion as they were in Greece itself, and she went about with a freedom that caused much gossip in Greece. But Pericles, so aloof, so occupied with his work, was struck to the core of his being by the beauty and wit of Aspasia. His deepest affections were roused. He had found what few Athenians ever dreamed could exist, a woman who could be a real comrade to her husband, who could share his dreams and his interests, and live with him as an equal. His first marriage had been, like that of most marriages in Athens, a matter of duty only, an arrangement for raising children, accompanied by no thought of affection on either side. His wife divorced him willingly and he straightway married Aspasia.

Unfortunately for both, Aspasia was an Ionian, and the laws of the haughty Athenians forbade an Athenian citizen to wed with any foreigner, even with an Ionian. Therefore the marriage of Pericles and Aspasia was looked upon askance by the gossips and old maids of Athens. The law would not recognize it and for many years refused to acknowledge Aspasia's son as legitimate heir to Pericles. Nevertheless the two remained warm and devoted lovers. Their affection never waned. They were models of true comradeship, tender and sincere.



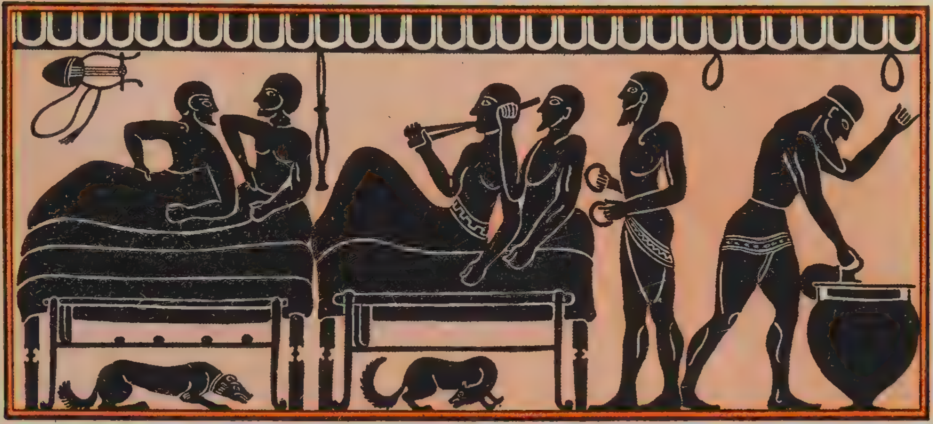
To the left, is the great Greek historian, He-rod′o-tus (484-425 B.C.), called "the Father of History," who wrote a History of the Persian Wars. He was a man of lively fancy and a traveler in many distant lands. Born six years after Mar′a-thon, he did not see the events he described, but relied upon story, tradition and information gained from talking with those who did take part in the struggle. Although true and accurate in general, many of his tales are mere colorful legends; his writings are always exceedingly interesting, however, and have survived while an earlier history by Hec′a-tae′us of Mi-le′tus is lost.

To the right is Thu-cyd′i-des (471-460 B.C.), a friend of Herodotus, who wrote of the Pel′o-pon-ne′sian War between Athens and Sparta, in which he took an active part, having command of seven ships at one battle. Unlike Herodotus, his history is exact and unprejudiced and shows great penetration and insight. It contains no tales or romances, but is a model of scientific writing.



Aspasia brought more liveliness to the house of Pericles. When she became its mistress all the men of learning, poets, artists, philosophers, began to come there often, until it became the gathering place of the greatest men of Greece.

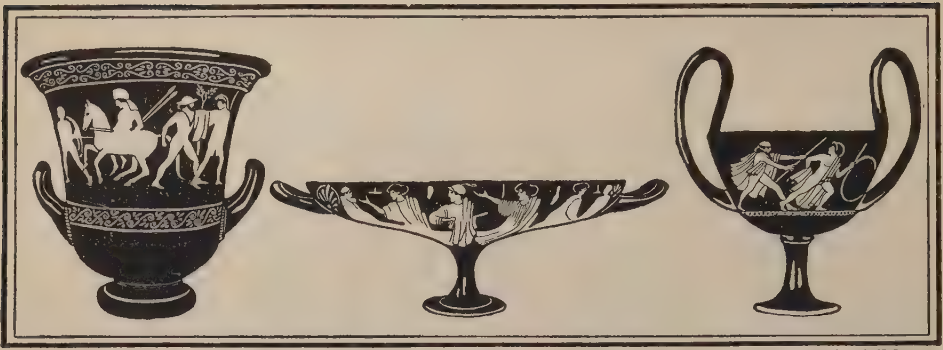
There at her morning receptions, or when Pericles held a symposium, were to be met Soph′o-cles, the great tragic poet of Athens, a handsome and dignified man, living in untroubled harmony with the opinions of his day, and his restless young rival, Eu-rip′i-des, sensitive and gloomy, reasoning, challenging everything, accepting nothing on faith. Thither came the historians—He-rod′o-tus, the lover of tales, not too insistent on truth, and that staid young man, Thu-cyd′i-des, most careful of historians, who thought the older Herodotus altogether too romantic, and was himself so devoted to strict and impersonal truth that he rarely unbent his dignity to make friends with anybody. There were also frequently seen Phid′i-as, the sculptor, who was working on the Par′the-non, Hip-pod′a-mus, planner of cities, who was laying out the Piraeus, An′a-xag′o-ras, teacher of Pericles, and that other much younger philosopher, the ugly, snub-nosed, young, and ragged, but kindly Soc′ra-tes.



A symposium with two merry guests on each couch. Dogs in lively fashion devour bread thrown away after guests have wiped their fingers. One slave before a huge krater mixes wine and water which another carries to the guests.

When Pericles held a symposium, Aspasia was seldom seen. No women were invited. The feast was only for men. Through the dark, narrow streets of Athens, the guests picked their way to his home, each attended by slaves who held torches to light the way, and carried heavy clubs to protect their master from robbers.

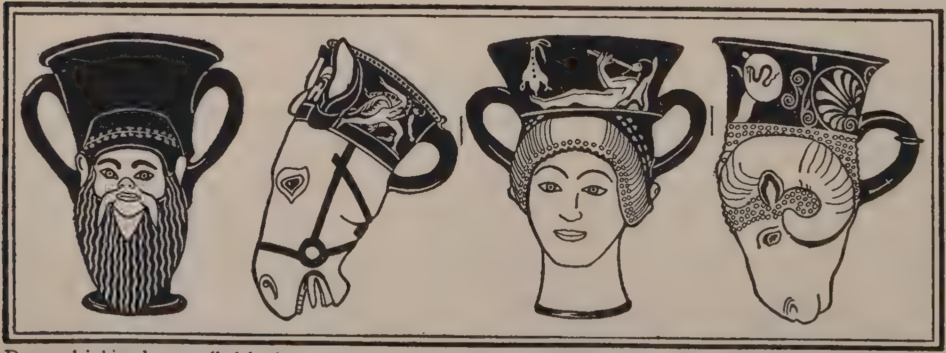
Pericles received his guests in the spacious open court. Slaves removed their sandals and bathed their feet with oil; then all repaired to the dining room, now brilliantly aglow with the light of tall oil lamps. Pericles took his place on a couch at the head of the room, while on each of the other couches, arranged on three sides of a square, two men lay side by side, resting their left arms easily among the piles of cushions while their right arms were left free. As soon as all were settled, slaves brought in basins of water to wash the hands of the guests, and then placed before each couch a handsome little table on which the food was served. There were no knives nor forks, no table-cloths nor napkins. Each guest ate with his fingers, wiping them when necessary on little pieces of bread, which he afterward threw on the floor to be devoured by the dogs.



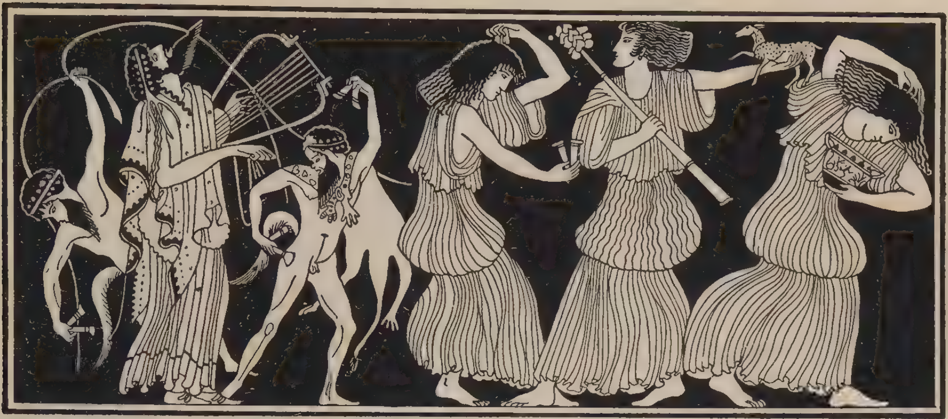
A kra'ter in which wine and water were mixed; a ky'lix or shallow two-handled drinking cup on a standard (Metropolitan Museum, New York), and a beautiful kan'tha-rus or deeper two-handled drinking cup. (Boston Museum.)

The meal was eaten in silence till the tables were taken away; but when wine from the huge mixing *kra'ter* was passed to each guest in a *ky'lix*, or graceful drinking cup, conversation began, with entertainment by dancers, and much talk of *Oed'i-pus Ty-ran'nus*, the play which Sophocles would present at the next Di'o-ny'si-a.

It was in a dignified way a very pleasant evening, though the infrequent feasts of Pericles bore little similarity to the rowdy drinking parties of his nephew Alcibiades and the wild young rakes of Athens. When the hour had grown late, the guests arose from their couches and joined in a final libation. "Shoes, boy!" each cried to his yawning slave, and after thanks to their host, they were all escorted home.



Deeper drinking horns called for by guests when they grew exceedingly merry and found the ky'lix too small. A head of Si-le'nos, comrade of Di'o-ny'sos, god of wine; a horse's head; a woman's head, and a ram's head.

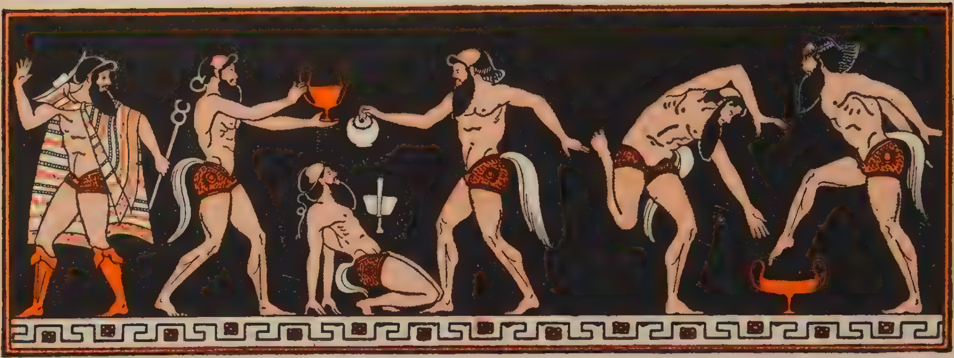


Di′o-ny′sos, drunken and reeling, attended by satyrs in deer-skins, clacking their castanets. (From a cup by the master Bry′gos, 490 B.C.). Mae′nads, frenzied women-worshipers of Dionysos, dance with wine-bowl, ivy-wreathed wands, castanets, and a fawn for sacrifice. (From a cup by Makron.)

The Festival of the Greater Di′o-ny′si-a

Di′o-ny′sos was the youthful god of wine and of the Spring. His worshipers often gathered by night on the mountains bearing long ivy-wreathed wands and dancing in the flare of their torches, wildly and still more wildly, till they worked themselves into a frenzy, and sometimes tore limb from limb, the bleating kids, lambs, or fawns they had brought for sacrifice.

But in addition to these wild orgies, there were other more orderly ceremonies in honor of Dionysos. Every year in March, the Greater Dionysia was celebrated in Athens, most splendid of all Athenian festivals, except the Pan-ath′e-nae′a. The chief feature of these feasts was the chorus of satyrs, the attendants of Dionysos, who danced around the altar clothed in shaggy goat-skins and singing their *trag′o-dia* or *goat-song* of Dionysos. Early in the history of this festival, the leader of the dancers separated himself from his fellows, dressed himself in the character of some person from the legend, and began to talk with the chorus. Later an actor was added, then two actors, and at last three in addition to the leader of the chorus.

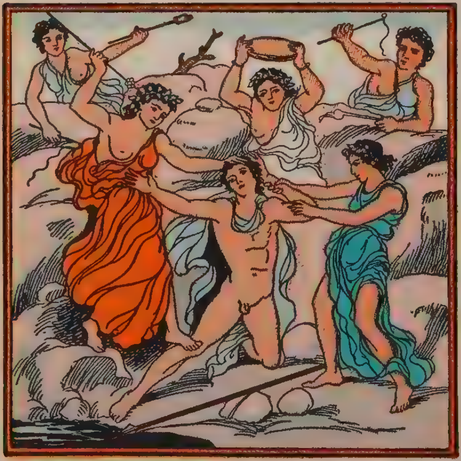


The herald at the left announces to spectators the first *tragedy* or *goat-song* from which came the modern sad play. This chorus, impersonating satyrs, was part of the worship of Dionysos, a god introduced from Thrace. (Vase.)

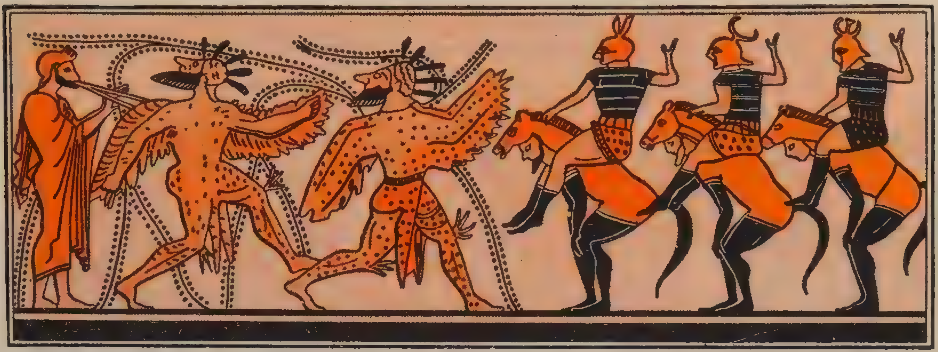
Legends not connected with the life of Dionysos began to be presented and the dancers appeared, not in the ancient goat-dress, but in costumes suitable for their part in the play. So, though stories of the life of O-si′ris and I′sis had long ago been acted out in Egypt, it was in Greece that regular drama really began. Gradually the performances came to be limited to the sadder parts of the various myths, till the *tragedy* or *goat-song* became a play of deep sadness.

Aes-chy′lus was the first of the great tragic poets of Athens. After him came Soph′o-cles and the great Eu-rip′i-des who won the prize from Sophocles in 441 B.C.

Comedies or humorous plays arose, like tragedies, from the Di′o-ny′si-ac Festivals; but they grew out of the riotous mummeries of masked revellers who sang songs and flung coarse jests at the people in the little villages and through

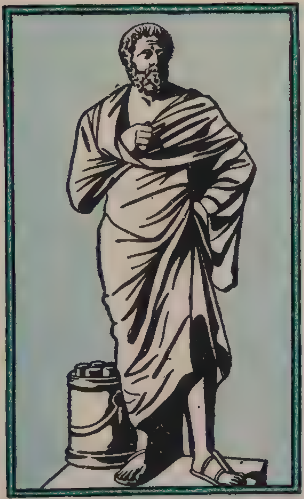


Pen′theus, King of Thebes, refusing to worship Di′o-ny′sos, is slain by his own mother and sister whom Dionysos has driven mad. *Goat-plays* acted out such sad legends till the word tragedy meant only a sad play. (Reproduction of an exquisite Pompeiian wall-painting.)

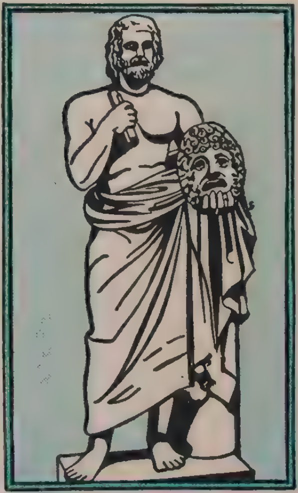


Masked mummers in a Comus (Ko′mos) or revel. From such rude jests at the Di′o-ny′si-ac festivals grew the comedy or funny play. Left, revellers dressed as birds (British Museum); right, cavaliers on steeds (Berlin Museum).

the countryside. The word comedy meant a *Co′mus* or revel. The greatest of the comic poets, Ar′is-toph′a-nes, lived a generation after Pericles, but even in Pericles' day, there were sharp-witted comic poets who made fun of everything under the sun, including the great men of Athens.



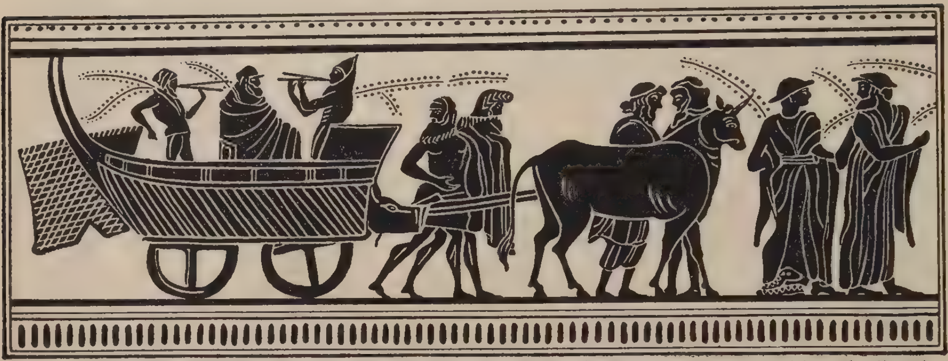
Soph′o-cles (495-406 B.C.), was in perfect sympathy with the discouraging Greek belief that man's life was governed by the whims of the gods and that it was impossible to escape one's fate. His plays showed always that regardless of nobility of character, disaster and misfortune fell as the gods willed.



Eu-rip′i-des (480-406 B.C.), a deep thinker, held a much more encouraging view as opposed to Sophocles. He believed that an impartial Intelligence ruled the world and that men governed their own destinies by winning the victory in the struggle between good and evil that went on within their hearts.

At the Festival of the Greater Di′o-ny′si-a three poets were permitted to present three dramas each, and some wealthy citizen called the *Cho-re′gus* was allowed the honor of paying all the expenses of the play. A committee then voted a prize for the tragedy and the comedy which they adjudged the best.

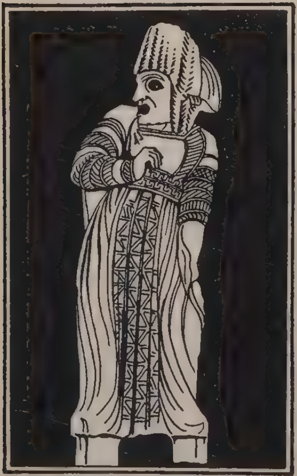
On the eve of the festival all Athens



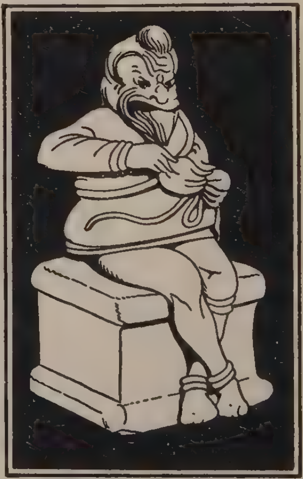
Procession of the Greater Di′o-ny′si-a. At the right, two youths bearing branches, then two citizens leading the sacrificial bull, and the "wagon-ship," bearing the image of Dionysos. Vase painting, 500 B.C. (See page 215.)

appeared in the streets or on the housetops to witness the procession in honor of Dionysos. The ancient wooden image of the god was carried from its temple to the stage of the theater, with citizens and magistrates leading the procession, and jugglers, musicians, and acrobats dancing in and out.

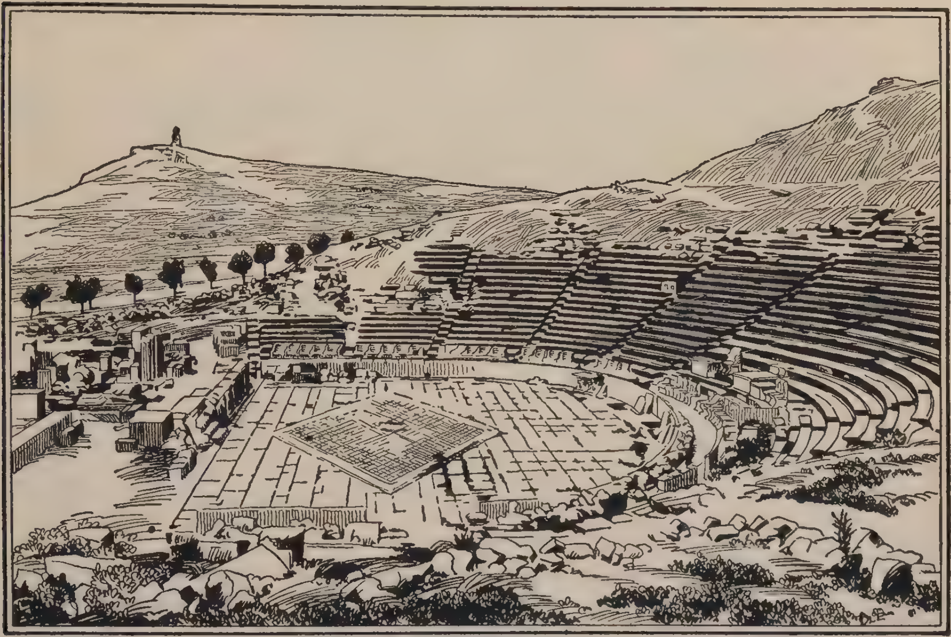
The first day of the festival was given to singing contests between choruses of men and boys, but early morning of the second day saw a mighty throng in the theater, for then was to begin the presentation of new dramas, both tragedies and comedies. People came from all quarters of Athens, from the suburbs and the farms, and each one wore a garland. No one was absent through poverty; for everyone in need was given from the public treasury, the admission fee of two *obals*.



Ivory statuette of a tragic actor. He wears high-soled shoes or buskins, and an elaborate mask, showing the character he is portraying.



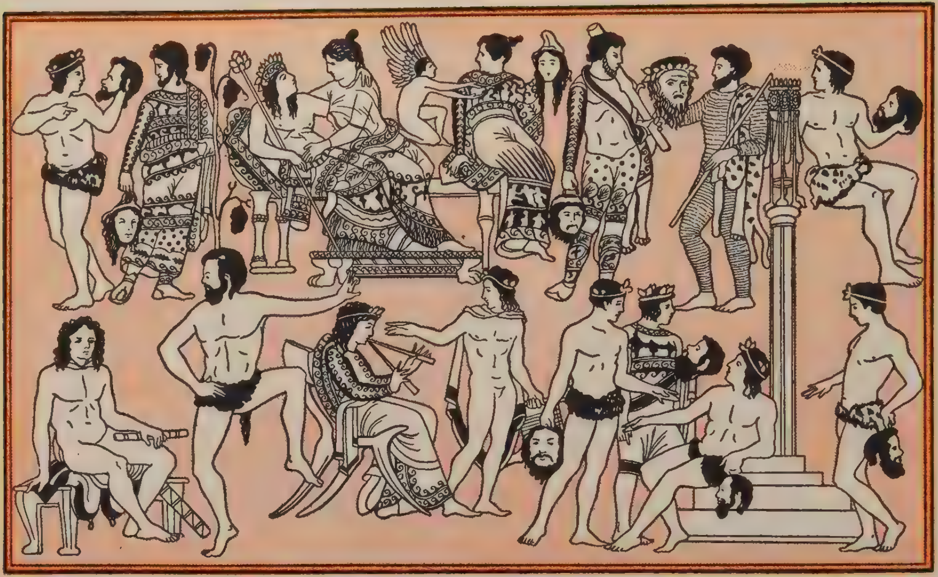
Terracotta statuette of a comic actor taking the part of a slave. His costume is grotesquely padded, and his chiton is ridiculously short.



Ruins of the theater of Dionysos showing front row seats for magistrates with the High Priest's seat in the center.

Open to the sky, with seats for seventeen thousand people, the theater of Dionysos, carved into the solid rock at one side of the Acropolis, was built in the form of a half-circle, with stone seats and wooden benches rising tier on tier almost to the top of the hill. In front of the seats was the stage, a permanent stone structure representing a palace. In a circular space before the stage, the chorus sang and danced.

The theater filled slowly. Pericles entered with the archons and the magistrates, taking seats of honor in the first row. All round about, the roofs of houses overlooking the theater were crowded with men slaves who had this day been given permission to see as much as they could. There was an incessant hum of voices, friend greeted friend, and women exchanged gossip, for this was one occasion when women of good family were allowed to appear in public, carefully veiled, of course, but eager, vivacious, and fluttering.



Behind the scenes at a satyric drama. In the upper row are actors in costumes of the play carrying their masks. In the lower row are musicians and the chorus in satyr goat-skins, with tails. (Greek krater painting, 400 B.C.)

Trumpeters appeared on the stage at either end of the curtain and their sudden blasts hushed the audience. The priest of Dionysos walked majestically to the altar and poured the libation. Then kneeling with arms outstretched, he lifted his voice in invocation. All heads bowed for a moment and he took his seat in a solemn hush.

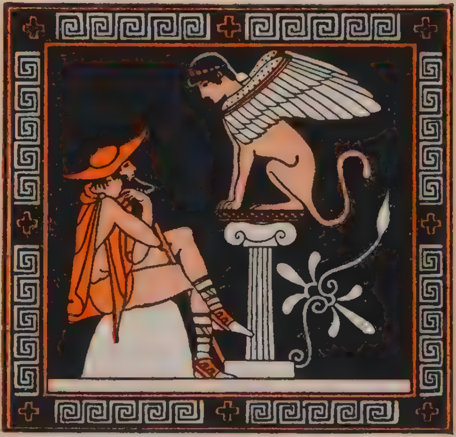
The play opened. It was *Oed'i-pus Ty-ran'nus*, or *Oed'i-pus, the King*, by Sophocles. The actors wore costumes and masks to show what characters they represented, but since masked faces could not express changes of emotion, the actors had practiced gesture, intonation and eloquent movements of the body until their acting was so perfect that the lack of facial expression was completely overcome. Such carrying power had their voices that even the slaves on the roofs could catch a phrase now and then. The story of the play was well-known to the Athenians. Like most tragedies, it was taken from a legend of the early days of Greece.

The "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles

Oed′i-pus was the son of La′i-us, King of Thebes, and Queen Jo-cas′ta, his wife. The father of the child had learned from an oracle that he would be killed by his own son, and in order to prevent this misfortune, he had the baby's feet pierced and tied together and ordered the little one carried away and left on a mountain to die. But a shepherd found the baby and took him to Pol′y-bus, King of Corinth, who reared him as his own son, giving him the name Oed′i-pus, because of his swollen feet, and telling him nothing about how he had been found on the mountain.

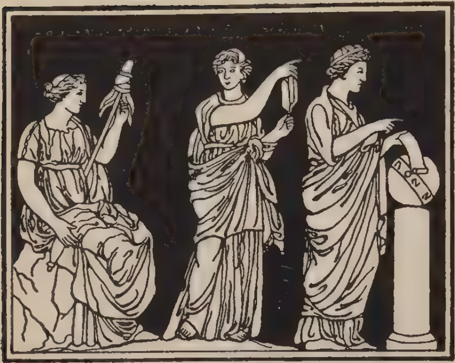
When Oedipus grew up, the oracle told him that he was to kill his own father and marry his mother. Believing that Polybus was his father, the young man ran away from Corinth in order to escape this fate. On the road from Delphi, however, he met La′i-us, whom he did not know, and Laius roused his anger by thrusting him from the path. In the scuffle which followed, Oedipus killed Laius never dreaming that he was thus fulfilling the first part of the oracle.

In the meantime there had appeared in the neighborhood of Thebes, the terrible winged Sphinx, half lion and half woman. Seated on a rock, the Sphinx put a riddle to every Theban who passed, and those who could not solve it, she killed. This was the riddle: "A being with four feet has two feet and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most, it is weakest."



Oed′i-pus meets the Sphinx near Thebes. (Scene and design from an Athenian Cup, 480 B.C.)

In order to rid themselves



The three fates, who, the Greeks believed, governed human destiny, Clo'tho, who spun the thread of life, At'ro-pos, who cut the thread at death and Lach'e-sis, who assigned the course of life. Sophocles, in common with most Greeks, held the discouraging belief that no man could escape his fate or struggle against misfortune.

of the monster who was thus slaying their citizens, the Thebans proclaimed that whoever solved the riddle should become King and marry the Queen, Jo-cas'ta, the widow of King Laius. Oedipus solved the riddle by saying that the being was a man who in infancy crawls upon all fours, in manhood stands erect upon two feet, and in old age has three feet because he supports his tottering legs with a staff. Hearing the right answer, the Sphinx threw herself from the rock and died. Oedipus married Jocasta and became the King of Thebes, thus fulfilling the second prediction by marrying his mother.

But Oedipus did not know what he had done, and when his unrecognized sin had brought a dread plague upon Thebes, he sent messengers to the oracle to learn the cause of the trouble. Here Sophocles took up the story. Poor, unfortunate people his characters seemed to him, innocent, suffering mortals, pursued by a fate they could not evade; for he shared the common Greek view that men were the victims of the fates whose decrees for joy or sorrow they could not escape. He made his people real. He made them suffer severely. The audience was overcome with sympathy for Oedipus. Every moment was dramatic, thrilling and intense.

The play opened with the silent spectacle of the eager throng of supplicants at the palace gate, grief-stricken by the plague, and appealing for help to Oedipus:

Now powerless to uprear her head
Out of the abysses of a surge of blood,
Thebes is dispeopled, and with groan and wail
The blackness of the grave made rich!

To this sad outcry of his people, Oedipus replies:—

Ah my poor children, what you come to seek
Is known already—not unknown to me.
You all are sick, I know it; and in your sickness,
There is not one of you so sick as I.
For unto you 'tis but your own pain
That to each comes singly; but my heart at once
Groans for the city, for myself, and you!

He says he has sent to the oracle to learn the cause of the plague, and the audience is deeply moved, knowing that the King himself is all unconsciously the cause. The dramatist has made the character of Oedipus so noble that the very spirit of tragedy is caught in the first few moments of the play.

The messenger from the oracle returns with this command: "To drive the plague from the land, bring now to justice him who murdered Laius!"

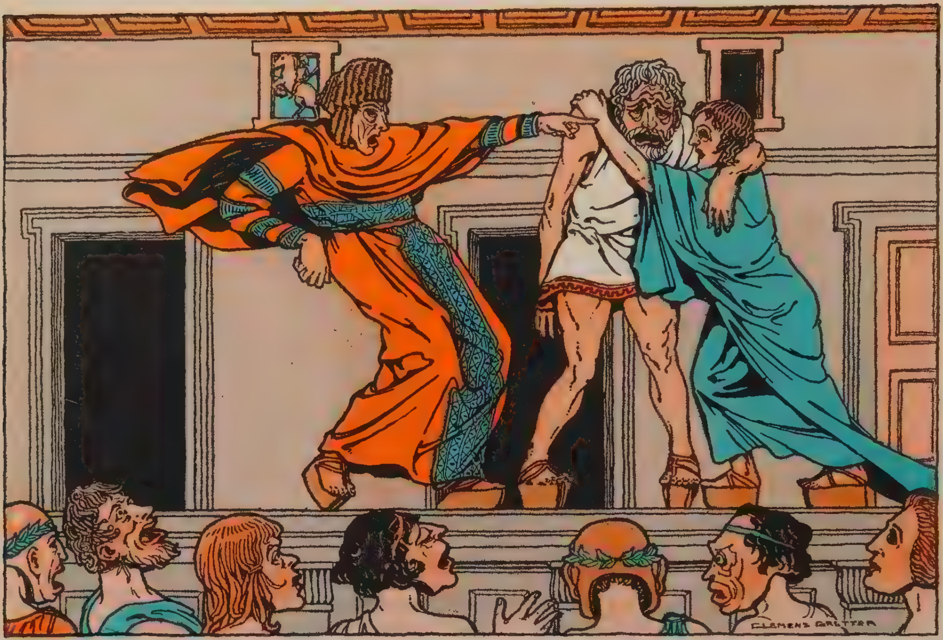
Oedipus acts quickly. He issues a proclamation ordering anyone who knows the murderer to confess, and he cries:

Why, 'tis not for my neighbor's sake, but mine,
I shall dispel this plague-spot; for the man
Whoever it may be, who murdered him,
Might lightly hanker to serve me the same!

The audience sits enthralled. How dramatically Sophocles has built up the situation! Here is the murderer, noble and good, promising to bring himself to justice, not knowing he has killed King Laius.

Swiftly the play sweeps on to its terrible climax. Ti-re'si-as, a prophet, is called for. He knows something concerning the murder,—that is clearly evident,—but he refuses to tell. Oedipus grows angry; he entreats and abuses the prophet. Tiresias still keeps his secret. Not until the King accuses Tiresias himself of having committed the crime, does the old man lose his patience and declare that Oedipus is in truth the murderer of King Laius.

I say that you are Laius' murderer—
He whom you seek!



In the semi-circle below the stage, the chorus stands representing citizens of Thebes. On the stage in masks and high-soled shoes are Jo-cas′ta and Oed′i-pus, the King, whom the prophet Ti-re′si-as accuses of murdering his father. The great Greek tragic poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, developed the first real drama, the first actual art of play-acting. They learned to make thrilling plots, to work audiences to a climax and to make a telling ending.

So terrible a truth King Oedipus cannot believe. His wife, the Queen Jocasta, tries to give him comfort. "Fear not, O Oedipus," she says, "for an oracle once revealed to Laius that he would be slain by his own son, but he caused the infant's ankles to be pierced and pinned together and left him to die in the mountains. It was highwaymen in a foreign country who slew the King. It was not you!"

Then Oedipus begins to doubt,—his own feet so swollen that he had been called Oedipus—the man whom he slew on the highroad! Deeply stirred, he tells his story: how the oracle declared that he would kill his father and marry his mother, how he fled from Corinth to escape his fate, how he met a man on the road who thrust him from the path, and so angered him that he killed him.

A messenger from Corinth enters. King Pol′y-bus is dead; he has ordered that Oedipus be told how he was found in the mountains and was not in fact his son. When Jocasta hears this, she knows the truth and begs Oedipus not to try to unravel the mystery further. But Oedipus persists, and Jocasta leaves in a frenzy of misery, crying:

> O woe, woe, unhappy! This is all I have
> To say to thee and no word more forever!

Then the old shepherd who found Oedipus tells the rest of the story, and at last the King knows the truth. He has fulfilled the oracle, killed his father and married his mother.

Every moment of delay has heightened the suspense of the audience until they have been brought to such a pitch of excitement that there is an audible groan when Oedipus discovers the truth. Rushing from the stage, he cries:—

> Woe! woe! It is all plain, indeed! O Light,
> This be the last time I shall gaze on thee,
> Who am revealed to have been born of those
> Of whom I ought not—to have wedded whom
> I ought not—and slain whom I might not slay!

A messenger tells what followed.

> When Queen Jocasta passed
> So frantically inside the vestibule,
> She went straight onward to her chamber,
> With both hands tearing at her hair; the doors
> She dashed to as she entered, crying out
> On Laius, long since dead, and calling thus to mind
> That infant born so long ago, by whose hands
> Laius died, thus leaving his own son to be
> Unnaturally the husband of his mother,
> And his wife to find the father of her children her own son!
> And then—I know no further how she perished;
> For Oedipus brake in and cried aloud.
> On him we gazed, as he went raging all about,
> Beseeching us to furnish him a sword
> And say where he could find his wife—no wife,
> His mother, rather, and the mother also of
> His children! As he raved, some Power
> Did show him,—for we showed him not, the door!
> As following some guide, he burst the bars
> Out of their sockets, and alighted well within.

There we beheld his wife entwined within a noose
Where she had hanged herself. He seeing her, with one
    terrific groan,
Did loose the halter; and when on the ground
The poor wretch lay,—dreadful it was to see
What followed—snatching from her dress gold pins
Wherewith she was adorned, he lifted them
And smote the nerves of his own eyeballs, saying
Words somewhat like this—that those poor eyes should
    see no more
Such evils as by him had been endured or wrought!
Not once, but many times, he raised his hand
And stabbed his eyes; so that from both of them
The blood ran down his face, not drop by drop,
But all at once, in one dark shower of gore!

The audience was moved to the very depths of their souls. Many wept in sympathy. Oedipus appeared once more, blinded and an outcast, taking leave of Thebes; and the play closed with the chorus chanting:

Dwellers in Thebes, behold this Oedipus,
The man who solved the riddle marvellous,
A prince of men,
Whose lot what citizen
Did not with envy see!
How deep the billows of calamity
    Above him roll!
Watch therefore and consider that last day,
And of no mortal say
"That man is happy!" till
Vexed by no grievous ill
    He pass Life's goal.

For a moment when the play was over, the multitude sat hushed, unable to throw off the spell cast by the wonderful acting and the marvellous art of the dramatist; but when a herald proclaimed that the prize had been awarded to Sophocles, the crowd broke into cries and tumultuous shouts of approval. Pericles came forward to congratulate Sophocles and together they left the theatre. Slowly the audience followed, still exalted and tense. How deeply they had been stirred! Never would they forget that day when the masterly drama of Sophocles first tore at their heart-strings.

Socrates and a Second Great Adventure in Thinking

In the Golden Age of Pericles, the Ag′o-ra hummed with life. Hucksters and tradesmen called their wares, donkeys squealed in protest against too heavy loads, swine tugged at their leg cords. Wandering vendors cried: "Buy my oil! Buy my charcoal! Wine! Honey! Flowers!" Young dandies bought garlands of roses, violets and narcissi. Politicians talked and gestured, and to and from the fountains walked graceful slave girls, balancing tall pitchers on their heads.

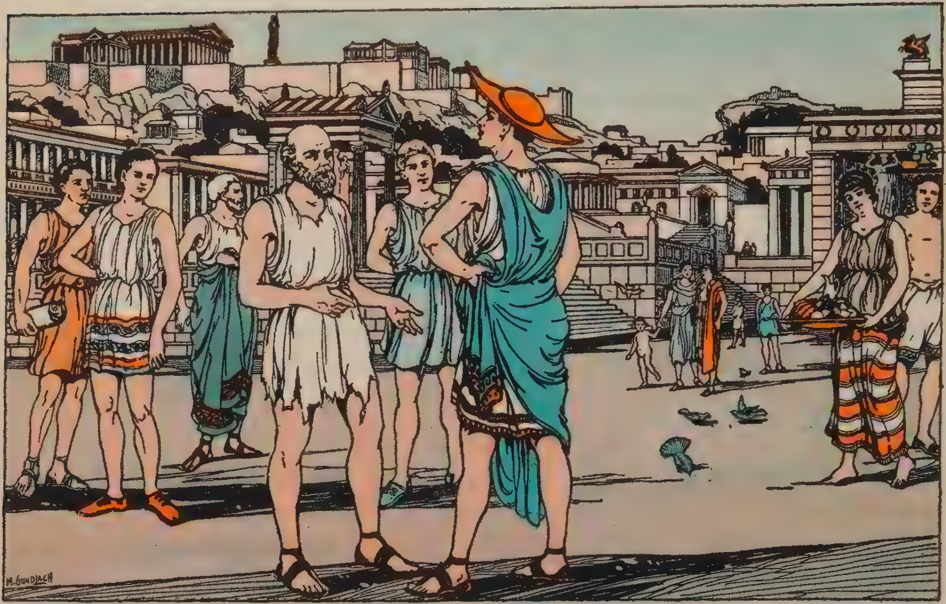
But in the midst of this bustle, a man, lost in contemplation, stood conspicuously apart. The cries, the sounds, the smells did not exist for him. Short, stocky, and stout, the first impression he made was anything but pleasing, for he was barefooted and ragged, his great round full-moon face, his bald head and broad snub nose made him appear grotesque, like some ugly Si-le′nus mask; and yet the people who passed paid him the deepest respect.

A tall young aristocrat grasped him by the arm.

"Good news, master!" he cried. "The oracle at Delphi has pronounced you the wisest of the Greeks!"

Thus aroused, the ugly one answered with a smile:—
"One thing only I know, and that is that I know nothing!"

Such was Soc′ra-tes, the wisest of the Greeks. He should have earned his living carving images of the gods, but much to the disgust of his shrill-voiced wife, Xan-thip′pe, he was quite content to be poor, to live on bread and water, have no cloak for winter, and go barefoot in the snow. It made no difference to him if he did not earn an obal. He must always be in the market-place, trapping unwary passers, asking innocent-sounding questions, then making his victim show by the inconsistencies of his answers, how foolish were his opinions. Socrates thought his chief business in life was to show men how little they knew in order to smash their conceit and start them on the road of trying to make

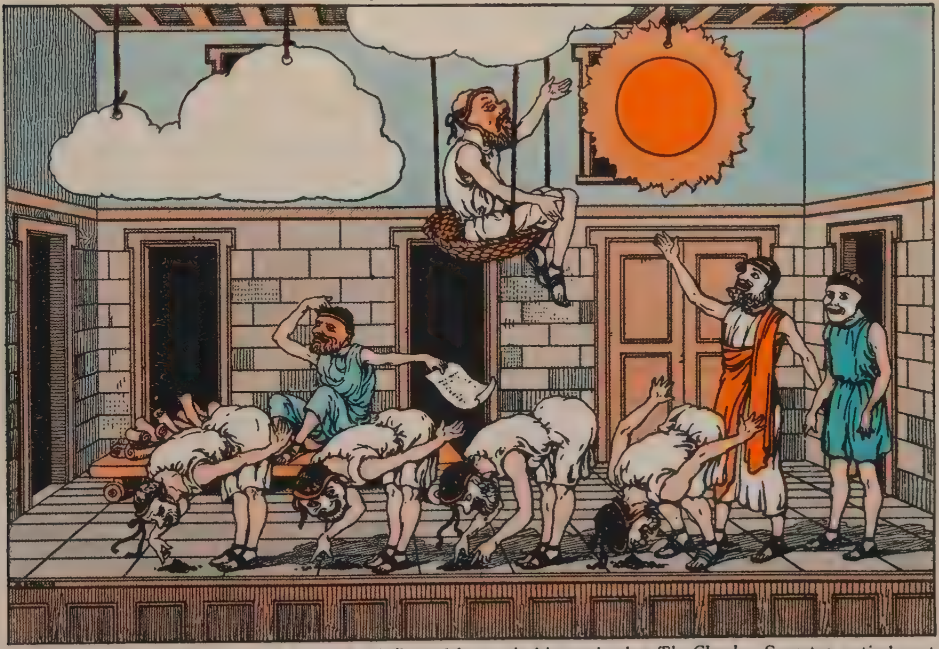


In the Ag′o-ra or market-place, Socrates, followed by lively youths, traps Glau′con, a conceited stranger into an argument to show him by his foolish answers how little he knows, thus making him humble enough to improve. Glaucon boasted that he hoped for election to high office in his city. "Do you know your city's income, its expenses, and whether it is well guarded?" asked Socrates. Glaucon answered "No." "To manage even one household," said Socrates quietly, "requires knowledge of such matters. Why do you not first take charge of your uncle's household?" "I would gladly," replied Glaucon, "but he will not let me." "You cannot persuade your uncle to let you manage one house," retorted the philosopher, "yet you think you can persuade the whole body of citizens, your uncle among them, to let you manage their city!"

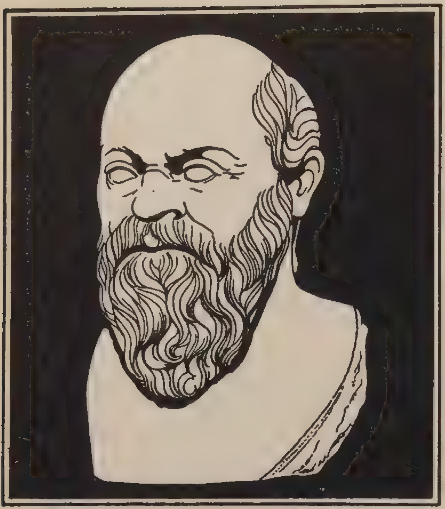
themselves better. Such proceedings afforded huge merriment to the crowds of lively youths who always followed at his heels; but among those whose pride he had injured, it made him bitter foes.

The old Ionian philosophers had tried to find out from what principle the universe first arose. An′a-xag′o-ras, who had brought philosophy from Ionia to Athens, had declared that Mind was the principle of the universe. "In the beginning all things were chaos," he said; "then came Intelligence and set all in order." Groups of teachers, called Soph′ists, now declared all search for original cause was vain and that men could never know absolute truth. Socrates, like the Sophists, stopped searching for the cause of the universe. "The business of man," he said, "is to *know himself*, and the work of philosophy is to think about human conduct, to decide what is good and to do it."

His ugliness, his queer ways, his attacks on human conceit, often made him the butt of coarse jibes. Ar′is-toph′a-nes, the comic poet, put him in a play called *The Clouds*, which awakened roars of laughter. He showed him as the master of a "*thinking shop*," wherein pale-faced disciples dug into the bowels of the earth vainly searching for knowledge, while unscrupulous fathers brought sons to the shop to have them taught how to argue so they could make evil seem good! Socrates himself was shown cut loose from the earth, swinging aloft in a basket and contemplating the sun!



The Thinking Shop of Socrates, as shown by Ar′is-toph′a-nes, in his comic play *The Clouds*. Socrates, entirely cut off from earthly affairs, swings aloft in a basket, uselessly studying the heavens and worshiping strange and scientific gods, Ether and King Vortex, while his students delve into the bowels of the earth, impiously prying into the secrets of nature. Aristophanes represents Socrates as a swindling sophist and corrupter of youth, occupied with such useless matters as trying to calculate the length of the leaps of a flea. A father, deeply in debt, brings his dissolute son to Socrates to be educated in the false arguments of Soph′is-try, so that he can free himself from debt by legal quibbles that make wrong seem right. The father, however, suffers so much from his impertinent, up-to-date son, that he burns down the *Thinking Shop* on the stage. Aristophanes' representation of both Socrates and the Sophists was wholly unfair but it provoked peals of laughter.



A bust of So′cra-tes, Naples Museum. Socrates was wholly concerned with teaching men to know themselves, to decide between good and evil in their own souls and to act on the good. He held that no man is willingly bad, but is only bad through ignorance. In his *daemon* he first defined that little inner voice in each man's soul which is more than the simple word conscience because it warns him not only when he is about to do evil, but also when he is about to offend good taste. To this little inner voice Socrates bade men hearken, but superstitious people said he was teaching false gods and talking with daemons, and his daemon was a devil.

To all such jibes, however, Socrates paid no heed. It mattered not a whit to him whether or not he was popular. He saw his own course and pursued it. He wished to show men how to separate between good and evil in conduct, and his sweetness and beauty of spirit made him the noblest figure in all the course of Greek history.

As time passed, the number of people who hated Socrates increased. They were eager to find occasion to make a complaint against him. He had discovered what no Greek had thought of defining before, the little inner voice of conscience, which speaks to every man's soul, and constantly warns him if he is about to do something evil. This inner voice, Socrates recognized as divine, as the voice of God speaking to him, and he called it his *daemon*; but when he spoke of that voice so natural in every way, superstitious people began to whisper about that he was teaching false gods! He had said that he talked with daemons!

These pious people at last lodged a complaint against him. He was, they said, guilty of rejecting the gods of the city, of introducing new divinities, of corrupting the youth of Athens! This was a serious charge. The old man was tried and condemned, and his angry accusers demanded that he be sentenced to death. He himself had the right to suggest a lesser penalty and let the jury choose; but instead of offering to pay an exceedingly heavy fine as his friends had urged him to do, Socrates said he ought to propose that he be maintained in honor at the expense of the state as a public benefactor, but that in deference to his friends' entreaties, he would suggest a very small fine! The angered jury, by a close vote, pronounced the sentence of death.

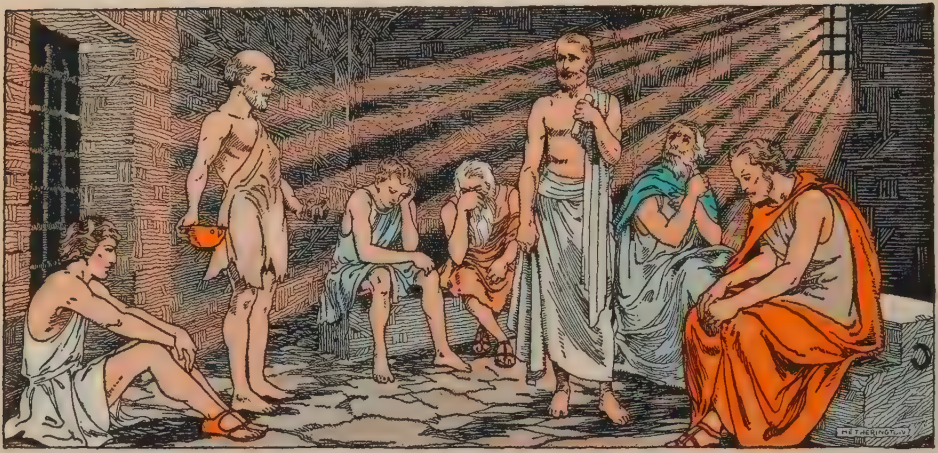
Friends urged Socrates to bribe his jailors and flee; they even made all arrangements for him to get away; but Socrates said: "No! Death is not an evil! For Socrates to escape and teach youths by his example to violate the law,—that would indeed, be an evil!" And he would not run away.

Thirty days he remained in prison; for the sacred ship that went annually to the festival of Apollo, had just departed for Delos, and according to Athenian law, no executions could take place until it should return. Each day in his usual manner, Socrates conversed with Pla'to and his other disciples, talking of life as eternal on the very day set for his death. Some of the friends feared that death would be an endless sleep or the soul disappear in thin air. But Socrates comforted them, assuring them gently and cheerfully that the soul is indeed immortal.

Still misunderstanding him, Cri'to, one of his friends, asked in a sorry manner: "In what way shall we bury you?"

For hours the patient Socrates had been trying to show his friends that his true individuality was not in that body of flesh, that his real self was eternal and after what they called death would still be existing somewhere, that he himself would be absent from whatever they did with his body, yet Crito continued to ask: "In what way shall we bury you?"

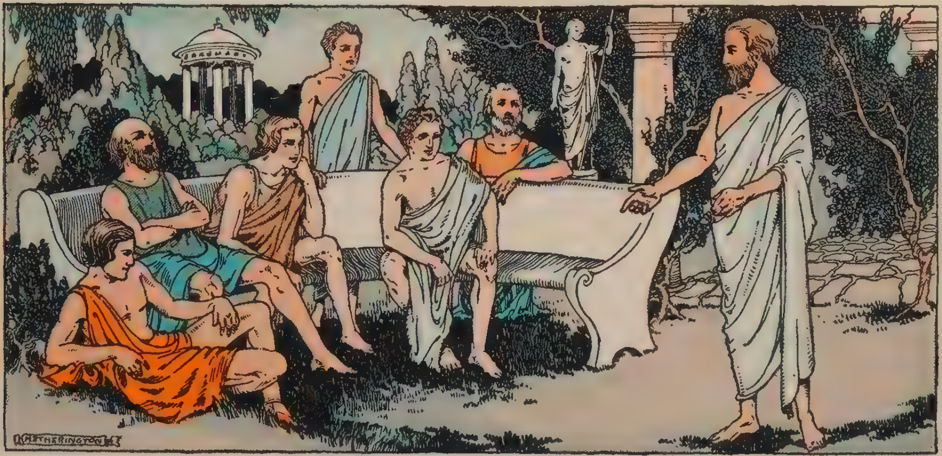
Socrates answered, half-smiling: "Bury me in any way that you like. Only you must first get hold of me and take care that I do not walk away from you! I have spoken many words to show that I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed; but these words with which I comforted you have had, I see, no effect on Crito. And so I want you," he nodded



Socrates in prison on the eve of drinking the poisonous hemlock, is cheerful and contented as he assures Plato and his sorrowing friends that it is only his body which will be buried. The soul, he confidently declares, is immortal.

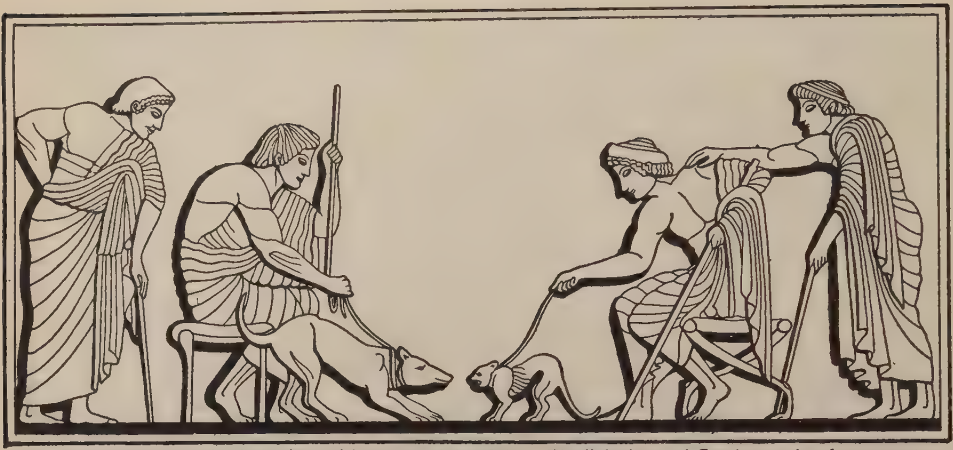
to all his friends—"to be surety for me now as Crito was surety for me at my trial, but with another sort of promise. For he promised the judges that I would *remain*, but you must be my surety to him that I shall *not* remain. Then he will not be grieved when he sees merely my body burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my lot or say: 'Thus we follow Socrates to the grave'; for false words such as these infect the soul. Be of good cheer, then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only!"

Thus with a gentle jest on his lips and the calm assurance that life is eternal, he drank the fatal hemlock and died, bravely, sweetly and cheerfully. Akh-na'ton, Pharaoh of Egypt, had been the central figure of the first great adventure in thinking. He had died of a broken heart. Here was a second adventure. Socrates was the first great martyr condemned to death by his fellows because he thought for himself—because he offered the world something better and holier than it was willing to take. His teachings nevertheless, became the cherished guide to generations of Greeks and Romans, seeking a higher life in the years that were to come.



Plato teaching in the Academy, a garden outside of Athens. Plato taught that ideas alone are real, and that all outward things are merely the shadows of ideas. Socrates, Plato, and Ar′is-tot′le were the great Greek philosophers.

Socrates left no writings, but that devoted pupil of his, who was nicknamed Plato, *the broad-browed*, preserved many of his master's ideas by writing them in his own books. Socrates had taught that knowledge of oneself meant the bringing out of ideas by which life could be guided into better ways. Plato on his marble seat teaching his disciples in the garden called the Academy, outside the city-walls, declared that ideas alone were real and that all outward things are merely the shadows of ideas. Seeking always to define ideals, he dreamed of an ideal state, where all men should be happy—a republic governed by justice, with equal rights for men and women, with education for all, with all things owned in common, the rulers of this republic being no kings or tyrants but the most intelligent men. This ideal state Plato described in his book called *The Republic.* For the first time men were actually dreaming about ideals and asking themselves: "What constitutes real happiness? What will bring the highest measure of good not to one, but to all?" For the first time groups of men were thinking not of themselves alone, but of happiness for all.



Athenian youths entertain themselves with a cat and dog fight. The light-hearted Greeks sought pleasure naturally and in general with due moderation, but they were not in the least troubled as to whether the cat and dog enjoyed the fight. A slab of sculpture used as building material in the hurry of erecting the wall of Themistocles.

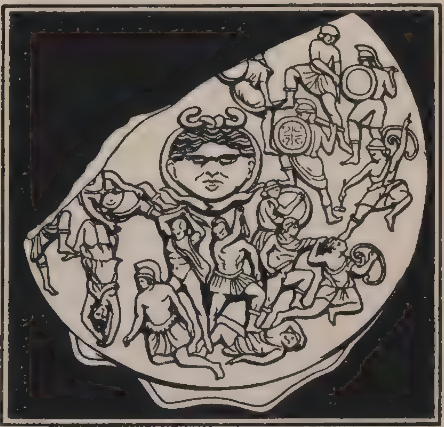
It was true of the light-hearted Greeks that they believed it natural to seek a full measure of happiness. Their innate and joyous certainty that happiness is normal and right was one of their great gifts to progress, but the common Greek still sought happiness on a wholly selfish plane, happiness for himself only, happiness for men, happiness for the upper classes. The happiness of women and slaves, even of the poorer classes, was very little in their thoughts, and all too often to the mass of people, pleasure alone was joy. Moderate they were by nature, and so, in general kept from the wildest and ugliest vices, but they still had no standards of conduct; they still distinguished little between constructive pleasures, intelligent and innocent, and those pleasures that were no pleasures, because they brought sorrow and grief somewhere in their wake. Now came the great philosophers seeking the highest good, and the way to attain it for all. Through Plato, the pupil of Socrates, and Ar′is-tot′le, pupil of Plato, the idea was set forth clearly that happiness is the highest good, and that happiness can be gained only by leading a life of virtue.

The Peloponnesian War

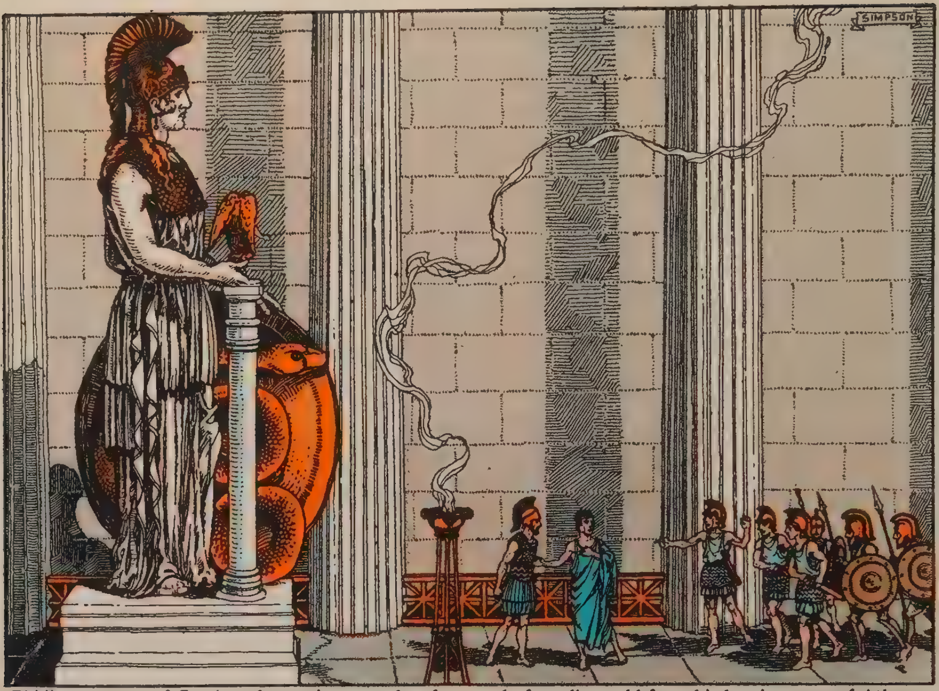
(431 B.C.—404 B.C.)

Before half the Thirty Years' Truce between Sparta and Athens had passed, Corinth, jealous of Athens, began to stir up trouble. For thirty years now, Pericles had been at the helm of state. His favor with the common people had never for an instant waned, but the noble oligarchs hated him. He had many powerful enemies, secret clubs of aristocrats, and ranting low-born demagogues, who could not abide a noble. No man, even yet, dared attack Pericles openly, but they sought to strike at him by striking those he loved.

His friend, the great sculptor, Phid′i-as, he who had done so much to make the Acropolis beautiful, he who had embodied as none other had ever done, the highest ideals of Greek art, Phidias was thrown into prison. It was first charged that he had embezzled a part of the gold set aside by the state for his statue of Athene inside the Parthenon, a wonderful statue of ivory and gold, standing on a golden pedestal, with a golden helmet on the head, and a golden shield in the hand. This gold, however, was detachable. It was taken down and weighed and the charge was proven false. Nevertheless, a foe of Pericles and Phidias in squinting at the figures which decorated the shield, had discovered in two of the little gods, likenesses to Pericles and Phidias himself. Sacrilege! for an artist to introduce his own face and the face of one of his friends in the likeness of a god!



A-the′ne's shield which caused so much trouble. (Copy from a fragment in the British Museum.) The figure covering its face with its arm is said to be Pericles, the bald-headed man to the left, is thought to be Phid′i-as.

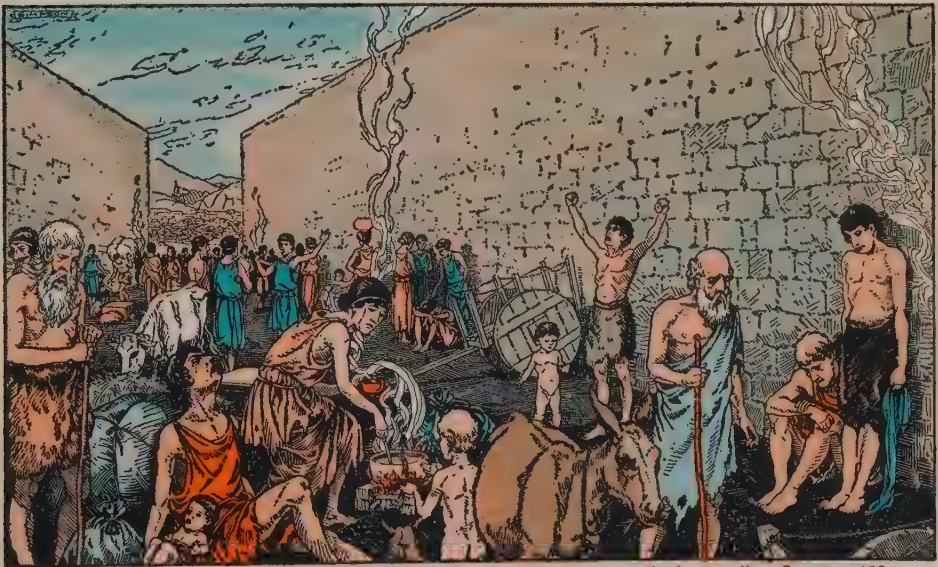


Phidias, greatest of Greek sculptors, is arrested and accused of stealing gold from his heroic statue of Athene.

Phidias was accused of insulting the gods, condemned, and thrown into prison where he wasted away and died!

Then An′a-xag′o-ras, the aged teacher of Pericles, he who said that Mind and not the gods of the Greeks was the cause of the universe, he too, was prosecuted for disbelief in the gods, condemned to pay a heavy fine and forced to leave the city. Last of all, Aspasia was charged with sacrilege, and only the pleading of Pericles saved her from a sentence of death. Pericles lived continually in the midst of dangerous foes, yet his power was still supreme, and when Sparta, egged on by Corinth, sent a haughty message commanding Athens to free her subject cities on the Aegean, the assembly influenced by Pericles, returned this dignified answer: "We do not want to begin the war, but we shall know how to defend ourselves if we are attacked."

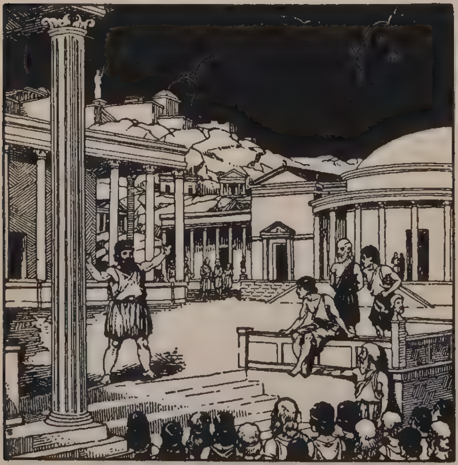
So in 431 B. C., began the Peloponnesian War. Sparta came up with her hoplites and ravaged the fields of Attica. Pericles ordered the country-folk to seek refuge inside the city, driving in their flocks and herds, sheltering themselves in the temples or in the open spaces and the stretch between the Long Walls; but when the people saw their enemies laying waste their crops, cutting down olive trees, burning their homes in the villages, and coming up defiantly to the very walls of Athens, they clamored in a frenzy to be led out against the foe. Pericles strained his authority to prevent so great a disaster. In battles on land the Athenians could probably not defeat Sparta; Pericles was depending wholly on the fleet. The fleet could harry Sparta's coasts and he meant to wear Sparta out. The resources of Athens were endless. Her treasury was full and plenty of grain from South Russia came in on her numerous ships. In a war of endurance, victory would certainly fall to Athens.



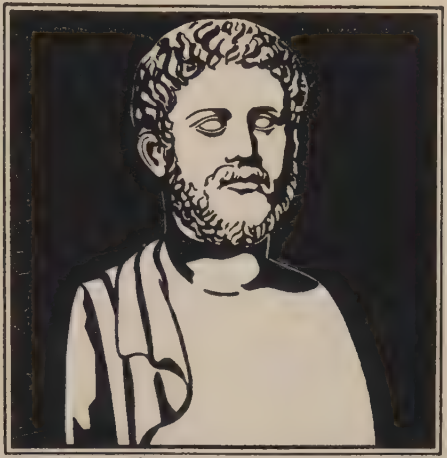
The poor countrymen crowd into Athens occupying the space between the long walls. See page 199.

Pericles' plan was sound, but unfortunately for all, a tragic disaster spoiled it. Plague broke out in the city. Living crowded together in miserable little huts in the stifling heat of the summer, the people by hundreds fell victims. A fourth of the population died. All activity ceased, and the joyous self-confidence of Athens lay shattered in darkness and gloom. Pericles' two sons died; only Aspasia's son, the young boy, Pericles, remained to comfort the father. Pericles himself was tried and deposed from power, and though he was soon recalled, the plague, returning next spring, just as the Spartans likewise returned to ravage the fields, this time struck Pericles, and the greatest leader of Athens died, leaving Athens in this great crisis with no one of real merit to guide her through the war.

The great days of Athens were over. For twenty-seven years the war was to drag along with varying success—now Athens and now Sparta gaining the upper hand, but the Golden Age was passed. In Athens itself there rose to power an utterly new class of leaders, Cle′on, the tanner, and Hy′per-bo′lus, the lamp-maker, men of strong will and much force, but rude, untrained, unscrupulous, ready to sell their souls to gain the favor of the crowd. Such men led Athens into many blunders and crimes, and against them stood only a group of weak, incapable nobles, Nic′i-as, good but stupid, and Al′ci-bi′a-des, Pericles' brilliant nephew, unprincipled and selfish, the spoiled darling of Athens, but an adventurer through and through.

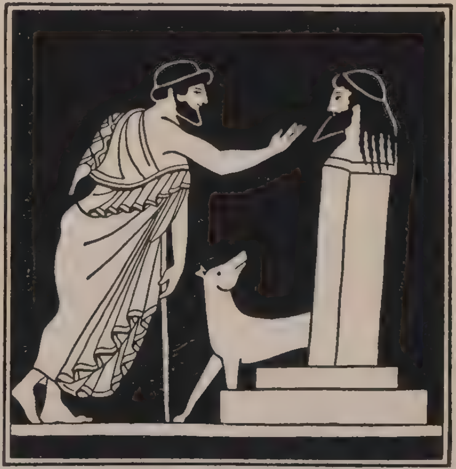


Cle′on, the tanner, making a ranting speech to stir up hate and gain influence for himself. Such demagogues from the lower classes followed Pericles in Athens and under their influence Athens steadily declined.

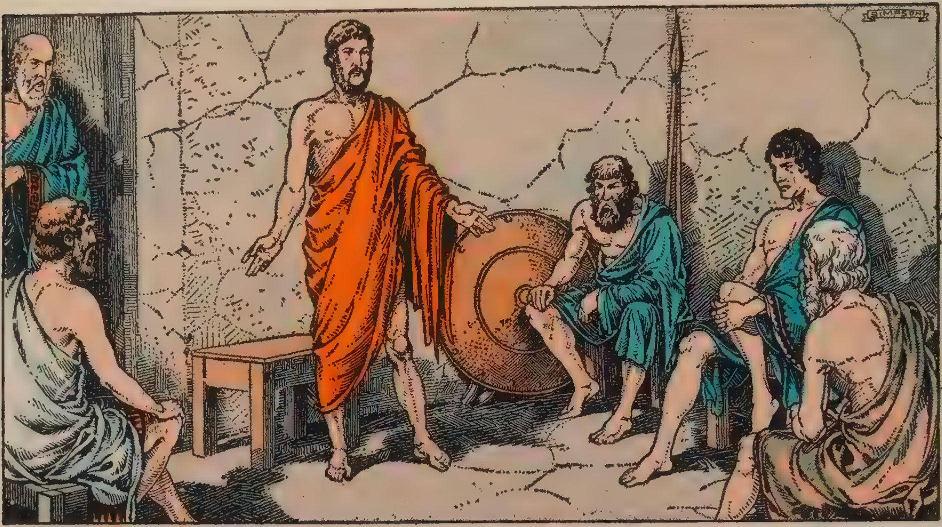


The handsome Al′ci-bi′a-des from a bust in the Capitoline Museum, Rome. Alcibiades was the bad boy of Greek history, charming, admired, spoiled, headstrong, impulsive, self-willed, vain and absolutely unprincipled.

Handsome and dissipated, insolent and showy, Alcibiades had no desires in life save to find ever new excitements and push himself into prominence. Being jealous of Nicias, who wanted to make peace with Sparta, he headed the party for war, urging the people to send an expedition to Sicily, there to fight Spartan interests, by espousing the cause of her foe, the city of Se-ges′ta. Carried away by tales of the wealth of distant Segesta,—Athenian envoys said that the vessels of her temples were gold and that every rich private citizen had a table service of gold,—the young men of Athens shared Alcibiades' wild dream of conquest in the West, and were for departing to Sicily without a moment's delay! One night before they left, however, some profligate young jokers, out on a drunken spree, smashed all the statues of Hermes everywhere in the city, knocking off their noses in the style of mischievous boys; and enemies of Alcibiades, knowing well his flippant irreverence and disregard of the gods, laid the blame for this outrage on that dissolute young man. Under the cloud of this charge he set sail for Sicily.



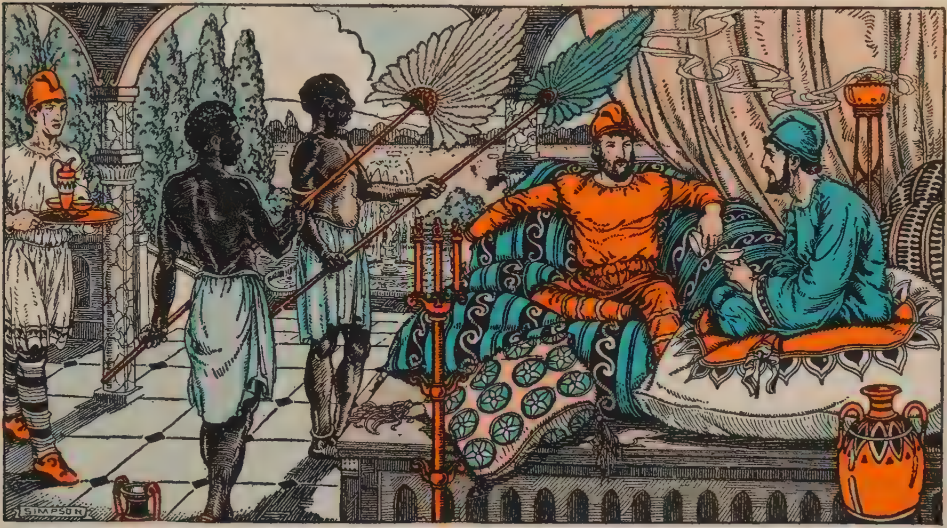
One of the many busts of Her′mes, god of the streets, which stood in public places in Athens and on which public notices were fastened. Alcibiades was accused of smashing the noses on such busts. (Vase, 400 B.C.)



Al'ci-bi'a-des, forced to flee from his city, takes refuge in Sparta, exchanging his showy and luxurious manner of living for stern Spartan simplicity and treacherously telling the Spartans all Athens' most closely kept secrets.

And now it appeared that Se-ges'ta had artfully fooled the envoys. The vessels they had thought gold were only silver gold-plated! Moreover, the people of Segesta had stealthily made use of their few gold table-services, to pass these from house to house, thus leading the envoys to think each host who entertained them, possessed his own service of gold! Segesta was not so rich! The expedition was stupid! Disappointment led the Athenians to recall Alcibiades to answer the charge of sacrilege in the matter concerning the statues.

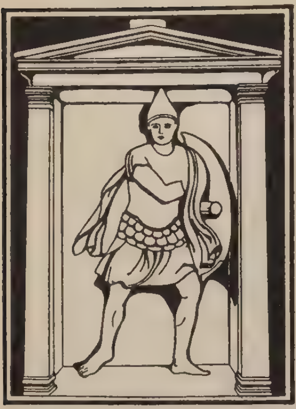
The adventurer started home, but on his way he escaped, and made his way to Sparta. There he laid aside his luxurious, showy habits, and lived for a time quite simply, in the harsh plain Spartan way. So he made himself a favorite in the city, and he told the Spartans all of Athens most closely kept secrets,—just what Sparta could do to make sure of defeating Athens. In the service of Sparta he stayed, till the plots of jealous Spartans, forced him once more to flee, and he made off to Tis-sa-pher'nes, a Persian Satrap in Asia.



With the same ease with which he became a harsh, plain-living Spartan, Alcibiades, driven from Sparta, becomes a luxurious Persian, lolling in magnificence and making himself indispensable to Tis-sa-pher′nes, the Persian satrap.

There he resumed again his old luxurious habits and proceeded to make himself indispensable to Tissaphernes, meanwhile biding his time to do some spectacular deed in the interests of his mother-city, so that he might redeem himself and be recalled to Athens. The opportunity came. He found means to put himself at the head of a considerable army, to defeat the Spartans and Persians, and so restore briefly to Athens, the dominion of the sea. In honor of this victory, he was invited to return to Athens, and in 407 B. C. he made a triumphal appearance in the city he had betrayed. His triumph was short, however. Failing in his next expedition, he was forced to flee to Thrace, and take refuge in a castle built from his earlier spoils.

Now during these latter years, Sparta had made a disgraceful alliance with Persia, buying the aid of the Persians by promising to let them retake the Asiatic Greek cities. Persian funds henceforth built fleet after fleet for Sparta, till Athens was quite exhausted. The last Athenian fleet was



Tomb of a soldier (Athens.) Such were the soldiers slain by Lysander. Some of the most exquisite work of Greek sculptors is found on gravestones which always portray active, interesting scenes from life.

captured at Goat Rivers. Ly-san′der, the Spartan commander, slew 4,000 Athenian captives, and after a terrible siege, Athens itself surrendered in 404 B. C. Sparta compelled Athens to renounce all claim to empire, surrender all but twelve of her ships, and promise to follow Sparta both in peace and war.

And so the great defender of democracy fell. The oligarchs lifted their heads in all the cities where Athens had so long fostered People's Assemblies. Sparta was a harsh ruler; luxury and corruption had replaced her old simplicity. Her poor had increased in numbers, their vote had been taken away, they were called *Inferiors* and no longer regarded as citizens. Sparta at last acknowledged only 2,000 citizens. Under the supremacy of such an aristocratic government, democracies were overthrown everywhere in Greece, and oligarchies set up, the long pent-up hatred of the nobles wreaking vengeance on the people in bloodshed, expulsion, outrages, assassinations and massacres. In Athens itself was established the rule of the Thirty Tyrants, nobles from oligarchic clubs, greedy, despotic, cruel. A Spartan garrison under control of a Spartan, *Har′most*, was established on the Acropolis, and rich democrats and merchants were exiled or put to death.

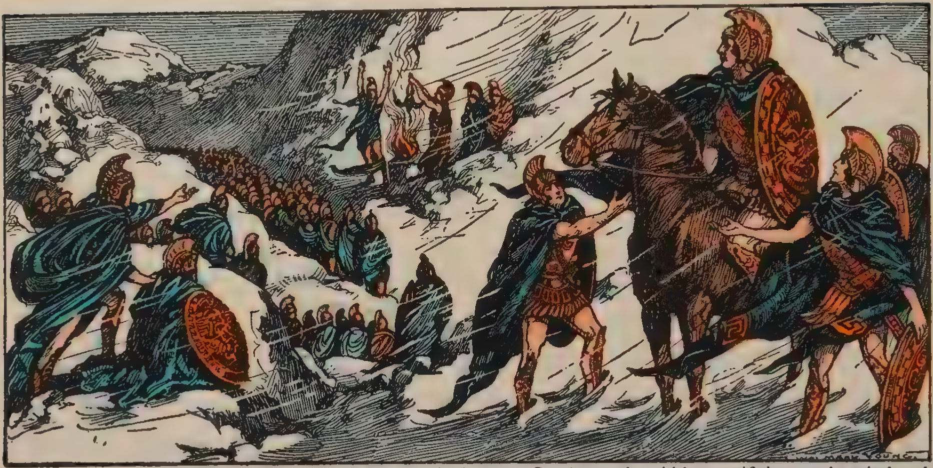
These thirty tyrants at once requested the Persian King to dispose of Alcibiades who had now sought refuge in a distant castle in Phrygia. King Ar′ta-xerx′es, therefore, ordered his satrap in Phrygia to put the traitor to death. The satrap caused his soldiers to fire the castle by night and when Alcibiades tried to escape, they shot him with a volley of arrows. So died Alcibiades, the spoiled bad boy of Athens.

Xenophon and the March of the 10,000

In the past years many Greek soldiers had found a new way of making money. They hired themselves out as mercenaries to fight for whoever paid well. In 401 B.C., 10,000 Greeks were hired to fight for the Persian Prince Cyrus, the brother of King Ar′ta-xerx′es, who had succeeded Da-ri′us upon the throne of Persia. Miles and miles inland they marched, away from their beloved sea, wondering where they were going. Now and again they murmured, but a raise of pay stilled their complaints. At last Prince Cyrus informed them that they were going to Babylon to fight the Great King himself, for he was intending to seize the throne from Artaxerxes. The Greeks at once balked at this news, but the promise of richer rewards once again stilled their murmurs. They met Artaxerxes in battle. The army of Cyrus was scattered and Cyrus himself was slain, but the 10,000 Greeks held their own against the Persian host and fighting with furious courage, still refused to surrender.

Tis-sa-pher′nes, Artaxerxes' general, entrapped the leaders of the Greeks to a meeting in his camp and then proceeded to slay them, leaving their soldiers leaderless in a place from which the Persians thought it impossible for strangers, 2,000 miles from home and girt about by enemies, ever to return to Greece. But under the leadership of a common Athenian soldier, Xen′o-phon by name, the 10,000 chose new generals and made a gallant retreat. It was bold to undertake such a long march over unknown rivers and mountains, through the lands of barbarous folk, with inexperienced officers and no guides whatever to lead them.

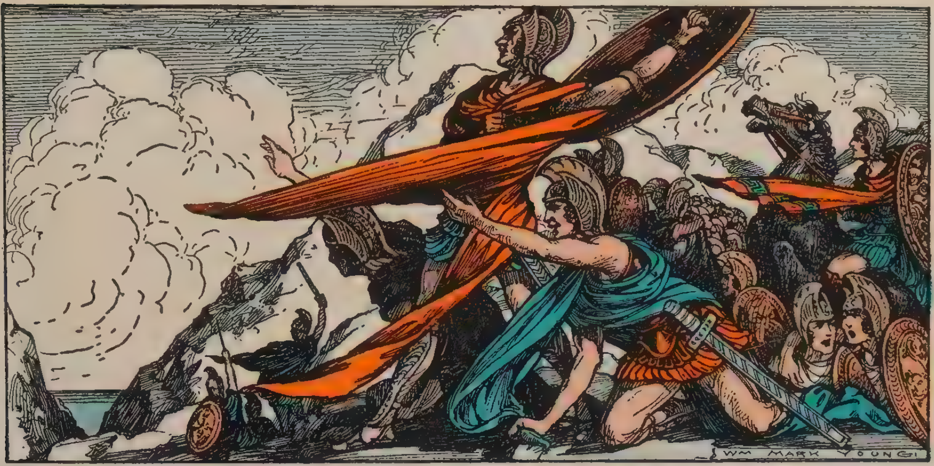
Up the Tigris River, past the ruins of Nineveh they marched under Xenophon. Night watches by the firelight in the plains of Babylonia and by the rivers of Media, wild faces in the mountains, and fighting in dangerous passes succeeded one another like dark phantasies of a dream.



Exhausted by their ceaseless struggle against snow and wind, the Greeks sue for aid by sacrificing to the wind-god.

Starving and half-frozen, the 10,000 ploughed through snow that was often six feet deep. The north wind blew full in their faces, benumbing them, holding them back like some living and obstinate foe. One of the priests advised them to sacrifice to the wind. An offering was duly made and the wind, appeased by the sacrifice, was seen to lessen its violence. They marched all the next day through snow, suffering from ravenous hunger. So they came down to villages nestling on the plain and at last arrived in a city rich and well-inhabited.

The governor of this country sent them a guide who promised to bring them within five days to a place from whence they should be able to look upon the sea. If he did not fulfill his promise, he said they might put him to death. The fifth day they arrived at the holy mountain called Thech′es. As soon as the men in the vanguard ascended the mountain and saw the sea lying down below them, they gave a mighty shout, and those who came running to join them swelled the sound of the cries, which, when Xenophon heard, he concluded that some enemies were attacking them in front and, mounted on horseback, he rode swiftly to their



The 10,000 emerge successfully from the dangers inland, and at last have their first glimpse of their beloved sea.

assistance. Thus presently he heard the soldiers calling "The Sea! The Sea!" and cheering one another.

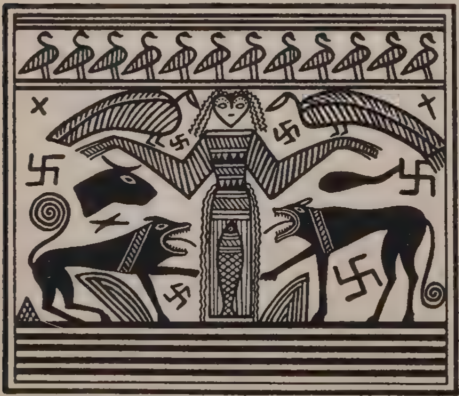
At this they all set a-running, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the beasts of burden and horses. When they were come to the mountain top, they all embraced one another and also their generals and captains, their eyes being filled with tears. And immediately the men gathering a great heap of stones, made a large mound upon which they piled ox-hide shields with staves and bucklers taken from the enemy. After this, the Greeks gave their guide valuable presents, and he, having shown them a village where they were to quarter for the night and the road that led back to Greece, took his departure from them. After many adventures, the Greeks had now reached a place whence they could find their way home.

Taking service now and then to replenish their empty purses, Xenophon and the 10,000 made their way back to Greece where Xenophon retired to a pretty country estate to lead a happy life among meadows, wooded hills, and jolly country festivals, there to write his *A-nab'a-sis*, the story of the 10,000, and their Up-Going out of Persia.

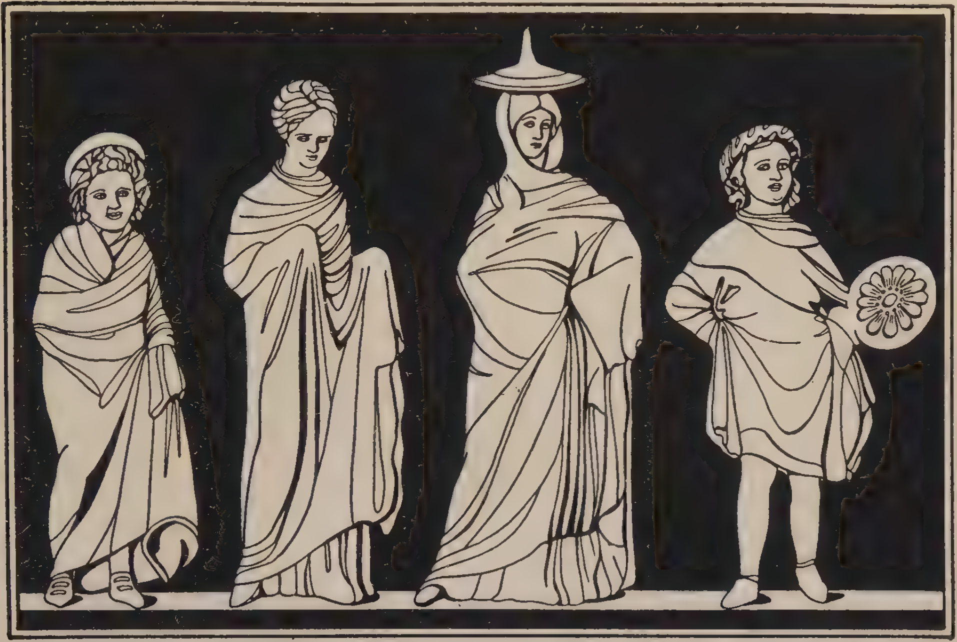
The Glory of Hellas Fades

Heretofore the Greeks had fought Persia only along the coasts; they had never before ventured inland, but when these 10,000 warriors had marched almost at will through so many hostile nations, the Greeks began to dream, not merely of defending themselves, but of carrying the warfare inland and conquering the whole Persian Empire. A-ges'i-la'us, King of Sparta, was the first Greek general to try this. He invaded Persia, but while he was away enemies rose at home. Thebes, Corinth, Athens, and Argos formed an alliance against him. Co'non, the Athenian general, who had been defeated at Goat Rivers, returned with a Persian fleet, destroyed Spartan naval power at the battle of Cni'dus, and sailed from island to island expelling Spartan governors, and restoring democracy as Athens had done at home.

The Spartan King, thus recalled, took Thebes by a trick, seizing the citadel by attacking it on a festival day when it was given over entirely to the use of women who were celebrating the feast. Then he set up in Thebes an oligarchic government wholly favorable to Sparta, and he exiled crowds of citizens, meantime making perfidious treaties with the Persians, his recent foes.


North of Attica lay the state of Boe-o'ti-a governed by Thebes. This crude geometrically designed vase-painting of the goddess of lakes and rivers was found in Boeotia.

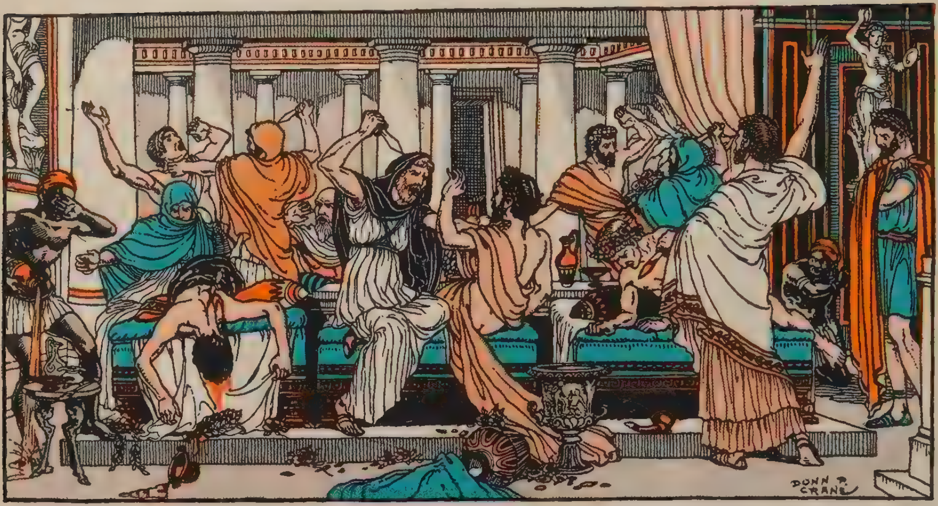
But Sparta's high-handed outrages reacted in rebellion. Pe-lop'i-das, a young Theban living in exile in Athens, resolved to take his life in his hands and free his native city. Finding six other youths as daring as himself, Pelopidas went to Thebes, and nearing the city at nightfall with his party disguised as huntsmen,



Charming statuettes from Tan'a-gra, a prosperous manufacturing city just 15 miles east of Thebes in Boe-o'ti-a. Left, a curly-haired boy and a more serious older girl. Center, a woman from Tanagra wearing the odd-shaped hat over her hood. Right, a boy with a fan. Such people were among the crowd entering the gates of Thebes.

he passed through the gates unnoticed, mingling with the crowd of citizens and peasants who were just coming in for the night. The conspirators hid in the home of a wealthy fellow-conspirator, and the following night another friend gave an elaborate banquet, inviting the two Theban generals who were in the service of Sparta, and tempting them to come by promising them the presence of some high-born and beautiful women.

During the carouse, the generals called for the women. The host said the women were shy and declined to appear until all the attendants were dismissed. When no one remained in the dining hall but the generals and a few friends, the women at last came in and sat down beside their lords, their faces covered with veils; but even as they were bidden to lift their teasing veils and reveal their feminine charms, they



Pe-lop′i-das and his fellow-conspirators, disguised as women, stab the Theban generals who have betrayed Thebes.

buried their daggers deep in the bodies of the generals; for the women were none other than Pelopidas and his friends.

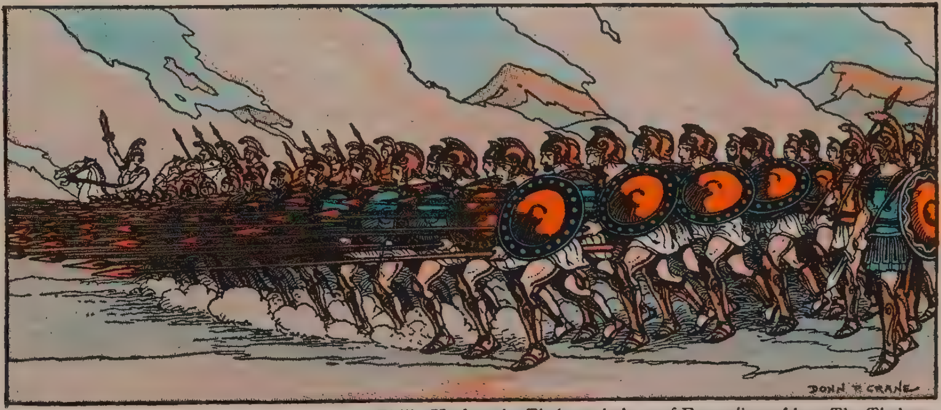
Then the conspirators ran through the streets calling on the people to expel the Spartans from the citadel. Pelopidas was made a general, the Spartans were driven from the city and democracy was restored.

For several years after this, Sparta and Thebes were at war, but at last E-pam′i-non′das, a remarkable general of Thebes, won a decisive battle, using a new and much more powerful arrangement of the phalanx, so that part of his ranks were fifty men deep, massed in overwhelming force against one part of the foe. More than half of the Spartan warriors, the King and a thousand hoplites died in ten minutes at Leuc′tra. The thirty-three years of Spartan leadership of Greece had come to an end at last. But at Sparta, news of this crushing defeat was not allowed to interfere with a festival then in progress, and it was not the relatives of the dead, but the kinsfolk of the survivors who appeared on the streets in mourning!

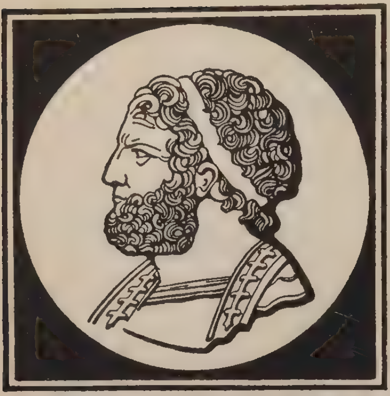
For nine years after Leuctra, Thebes was the head of Greece, owing to the genius of her great E-pam′i-non′das, but Athens, now jealous of Thebes, leagued with Sparta against her, Epaminondas was killed in a most unfortunate battle and the glory of Thebes was gone.

There was now not a single state left to assume the leadership of Greece. Each had in turn been overthrown by the jealousy of the others. Twenty years of anarchy followed and then Greece fell to a foreign master.

In the days of Epaminondas there had dwelt as a hostage at Thebes, the young prince Philip of Macedonia, a land to the north of Greece. Philip had watched the soldiers drilling in the Theban phalanx and when he went back home to become king in his land, he took that knowledge with him. Macedonia was half barbaric, a mixture of Greeks and Pe-las′gi-ans, roving shepherds of the hills, clad in the skins of beasts and waging ceaseless war to protect themselves from the Thracians who constantly ravaged their land; but the young King, Philip II, united their scattered tribes and taught them to fight in a phalanx with solid ranks of men presenting five rows of spears beyond the foremost soldiers.



The Mac′e-do′ni-an phalanx was modeled by Philip II after the Theban phalanx of E-pam′i-non′das. The Thebans massed their troops 50 men deep at one point, leaving the rest of their line thin, and it was the force of the massed part that broke the enemy's lines. The front of the phalanx bristled with spear-points held by the first five rows.



Philip II of Macedonia; from a gold medallion.

Philip led his warriors down from their rugged hills, he drove back the thieving Thracians and made his Macedonians masters in their own land. Then he set himself to turn his men into Greeks and to make them masters of Greece. The Greeks played into his hands; they let him force them to quarrel. He sowed discord everywhere by means of his secret agents, and the only man who saw and opposed his ambitious designs was Demosthenes, the Athenian, the greatest orator of Greece. To check King Philip's advance became for Demosthenes the only aim of life, and the last glow of Greek independence flamed up in his noble *Phil-lip′-pics*, passionate appeals to Athens that she rise up now and fight to defend a threatened Hellas against the Macedonians as she had once defended her land against its Persian foes.

His flaming words stirred for the moment but had no lasting effect. Philip's wealth was enormous; he could keep a huge standing army. His phalanx was irresistible; his Macedonian nobles furnished the finest of cavalry, and he organized an artillery with curious engines which could throw darts and hurl stones for three hundred yards.

In 338 B. C., Philip threw off the mask and made an invasion of Greece. Athens and Thebes, combining against him, were crushed at Chaer′o-ne′a. A congress of Greek states at Corinth was obliged to recognize Philip as the head of all the Greek states. It was agreed that the separate states should keep their local self-government, but decisions on foreign matters, such as war and peace, were committed to Philip alone. Philip was also declared general-in-chief of the armies of Greece for war against the Persians. Thus he wisely posed not as the Conqueror of Greece, but as her loyal champion against the hated Persians, the common foe of all Hellas.) He patiently tried to reconcile all the fickle Greek states, but in particular Athens. Nevertheless, with the Macedonian conquest of Greece, the history of Hellas closed. After this, Greece was never more than a province of some foreign power. The Macedonian conquest was to spread Hel-len′ic civilization over all the known earth, but the history of Hellas itself was to be henceforth submerged in the story of a great Hel′len-is′tic world.

The Greeks made tremendous contributions to the progress of mankind. They were the founders of democracy, the first champions of the rights of the people. They were the first great philosophers, scientists, and dramatists, and they first brought sculpture and architecture to a great height of perfection. Their finest characteristics were their love of freedom, and of fearless, individual thinking, their active pursuit of truth and devoted love of beauty, their well-balanced sense of the normality of happiness and joy. Their worst points were their selfishness, their constant petty jealousies, their assertion of independence to the point where each individual considered only himself and yielded nothing to his neighbor, their limitation of freedom to men of the class of freemen, their exclusion of women and slaves, their everlasting lack of unity, their admiration for trickery and cleverness in place of honesty and sincerity, their lack of any definite standard of morality, their proneness to treachery, their acceptance of philosophy as an intellectual pleasure with little inner urge of the spirit to practice what they preached. The Greeks knew almost nothing of the warm and generous feelings, the broad, unselfish emotions. Pity, sympathy, tenderness, consideration for others, made no appeal to them. They admired moderation and balance, simplicity and dignity, intelligence and good taste.

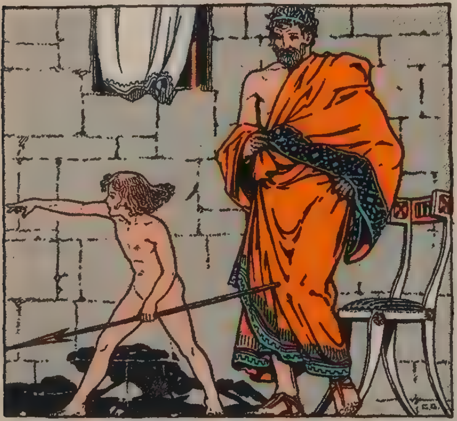
VI

Alexander Conquers the Eastern World

(336 B. C.—323 B. C.)

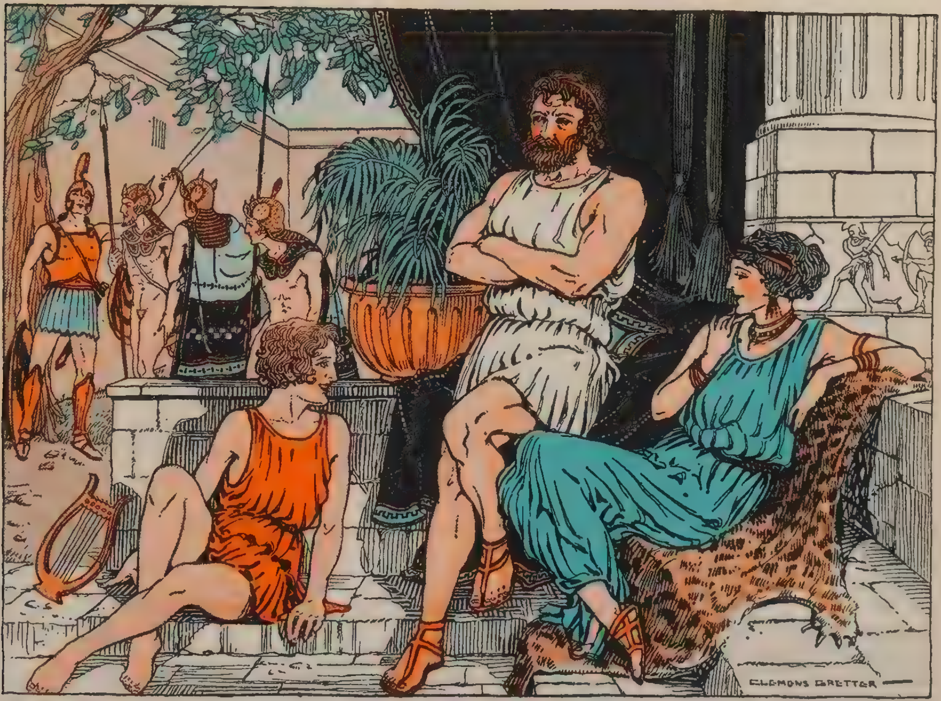
Eagerly the boy, Alexander, heir to Philip of Mac′e-don, awaited the great adventure. Le-on′i-das spoke of it constantly and Leonidas was the pedagogue who had taken charge of the child when he was seven years old. Leonidas trained the lad to endure hardships and privations, to forego luxury and to be sparing both in eating and in drinking—all to prepare him for the great adventure! Sometimes a friend of the family would send sweet-meats and cakes to the boy but none of these things were allowed. Leonidas hardened his body by all-night tramps and light breakfasts.

"Why, sir," said the boy when he had grown to manhood, "that man Leonidas would go and unlock my chests where I kept my blankets and clothes, and look in them to see that my mother had not given me anything that I did not really need, or that conduced to luxury and indulgence!"



Under the strict discipline of his pedagogue, Le-on′i-das, the young Alexander is trained to endure and excel. Many interesting incidents of Alexander's life are told by Plutarch in his *Parallel Lives*. Plutarch (46-120 A.D.) was a Greek who lived in Rome many centuries after Alexander. In his *Parallel Lives*, he tried to give a true picture of the famous men of Greece compared with those of Rome, and he is the chief source for our knowledge of incidents about Alexander's boyhood.

Moreover, Leonidas fired the boy's mind with heroic tales of leadership, and he read to him often the story of Xen′o-phon and the march of the 10,000 Greeks through the heart of the Persian Empire; for the great adventure Leonidas hoped to see his pupil attain was nothing less than the conquest of Persia!



The boy Alexander with his mother and father. The Macedonians were not pure Greeks but a mixture of the Greek with the semi-barbaric Pe-las′gi-ans or Mediterranean Peoples who inhabited Crete and the mainland before the Indo-Europeans came down from the north. Alexander was much warmer and more impulsive than the Greeks.

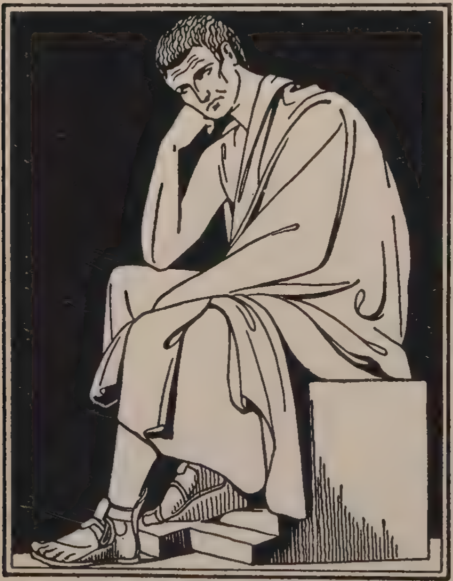
The boy was rash and headlong, imperious and commanding, yet singularly lovable. His nature was full of a passionate warmth which sometimes betrayed itself in furious outbursts of temper but more naturally found expression in the deep romantic fervor of his friendships and affections, his delicate tenderness for all who were weak or unhappy, and his princely generosity which made all people love him. His mother, a semi-barbaric princess of E-pi′rus, as generous, enthusiastic and warm of heart as he, fostered this warmth in the boy, and Philip, his father, sought to govern him by reason rather than compulsion, but Leonidas, his pedagogue, saw to it that he was well-disciplined, self-controlled, and strict, with the training of a soldier.

When the boy was born, his father Philip wrote thus to Ar′is-tot′le, the greatest living philosopher:

"Philip to Aristotle, greeting. Be it known that to me a son is born. I am thankful, therefore, to the gods, but not so much at the birth of the child as that he is born in thy time. For I hope that, trained and educated by thee, he will prove himself worthy of us and of succession to the throne."

And when Alexander was twelve or thirteen years of age, Philip sent for Aristotle to come and be his tutor.

Aristotle was the last of the great philosophers of Greece. He had been a pupil of Plato; but while his master taught that ideas alone were real, Aristotle was interested rather in things than in ideas. He liked to study birds and plants, animals and fishes, and to work out exact rules for reasoning, making logic into a science. He was the first man to collect and present in orderly fashion everything that man knew. Life under such a teacher was full of active interest. A youth taught by Aristotle must think in logical manner, clearly and independently. He must find the world full of subjects inviting investigation, and above all, he must understand that happiness cannot exist if separated from virtue. Aristotle taught young Alexander to admire Greek art and science with all the warmth of his soul, and to come closely in touch with the best Greek culture of his day.



The philosopher Ar′is-tot′le, pupil of Plato and teacher of Alexander. In later years Aristotle lectured at Athens in the Lyceum, a garden like the Academy where his master Plato taught philosophy. (Spada Palace, Rome.)

When Alexander was twelve, Phil′o-ni′cus of Thessaly offered to sell King Philip his beautiful horse Bu-ceph′a-lus for the price of thirteen talents. A train of courtiers in company with Philip and young Alexander, went down to the plain to try the high-spirited, handsome beast, but the horse proved balky and wilful. He would not let anyone mount him, and none of King Philip's attendants could even so much as get near him. Philip at last in disgust ordered the horse led away,—he was utterly wild and untrained,—so the King had decided. But the youngster, Alexander, cried out in indignation: "That is too good a horse for men to spoil, simply because they haven't the skill or the grit to handle him in the right way!"

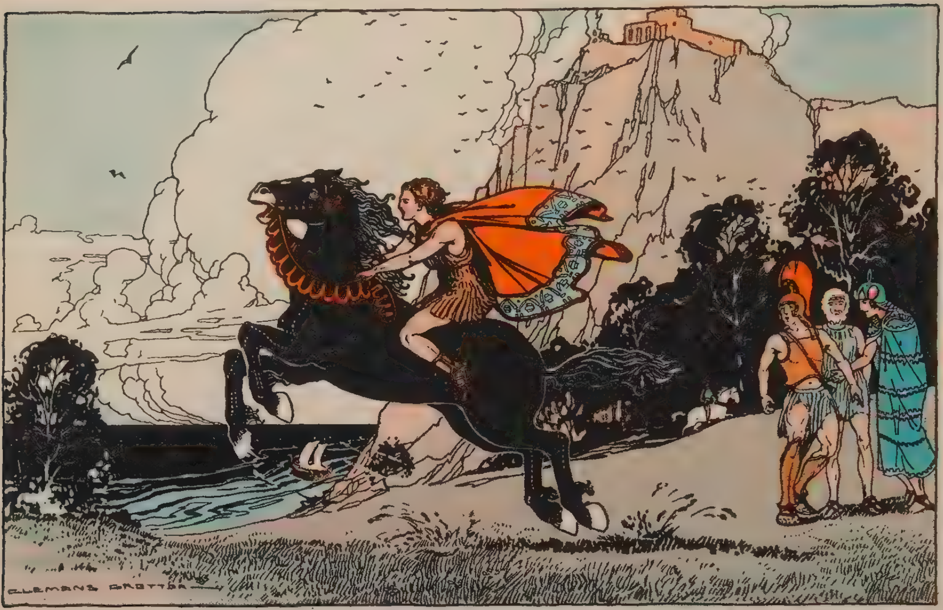
Philip paid no attention, but Alexander insisted until his father said: "What do you mean by criticising your elders as if you were wiser than they or knew so much more than they about how to manage a horse?"

"Well, I know I could handle this horse better than anyone else," Alexander answered. "Give me a chance and see!"

"In case you don't succeed," his father demanded mockingly, "what penalty will you pay?"

"The price of the horse, by Zeus!" cried Alexander hotly.

Laughter greeted this answer, but Alexander went straight to the horse, took him by the bridle and turned him around toward the sun. This he did on the theory that the animal's fright was due to seeing his own shadow dance up and down on the ground before him. He then ran along by Bucephalus' side, patting and coaxing him, until, seeing that he was quieted and getting over his nervousness, he swung himself up on his back, keeping his seat there securely. Then he guided the horse about by the reins without once striking or jerking him, and when he saw that Bucephalus was eager to gallop ahead, he let him go at last, driving him on with a sterner voice and directing him with his feet.



The boy, Alexander, taming the beautiful horse, Bu-ceph'a-lus, while his father and attendants look on.

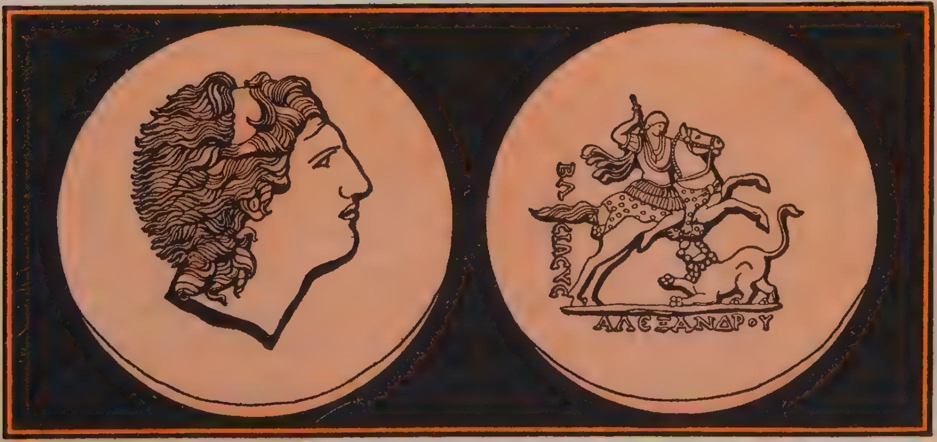
The spectators burst out cheering and Philip shed tears of joy, crying as his son dismounted, "My son, seek thee a kingdom suited to thy powers. Macedonia is too small for thee!"

And from that day forward, Bucephalus was Alexander's best friend.

Not long after this incident, there came to the court of Macedon, special envoys from Persia on a mission to King Philip. King Philip was absent from home, but Alexander, though only a boy, undertook to entertain them. He did this with skill and dignity. The questions he asked the visitors were, to their great surprise, not about trifling topics such as one might expect a boy to be interested in, but about the length of the roads and the methods of inland travel in Persia; about the Shah and what sort of a man he was in a military way; how strong the Persian army was, and what constituted the strength of the Persian empire.

So the boy grew in strength, in wisdom and in knowledge. And he dreamed of conquering the world. He was still only twenty years old, a handsome slender youth with fair skin, blue eyes and blonde hair, when his father, the great King Philip, was suddenly assassinated. No one thought Alexander in so great a crisis as this, could hold together the empire built up by the force and cunning of such a man as Philip. Revolt broke out everywhere, but the young King with marvelous speed, hurried down into Greece, restoring order there, and then turned swiftly about to quiet the savage tribes that lived beyond the Danube and the wild Il-lyr′i-an highlanders in their difficult mountain passes.

In the south it was reported that Alexander had been killed or defeated among the barbarians. Insurrections arose again, but turning about like lightning he fell on the city of Thebes, the leader of the revolt, took the city by storm and levelled it to the ground. Thirty thousand Thebans he sold into slavery, but the other states of Greece who hastened to submit, he treated with generous kindness. His authority thus established at home, he was ready to carry out his father's plans and make an invasion of Persia.



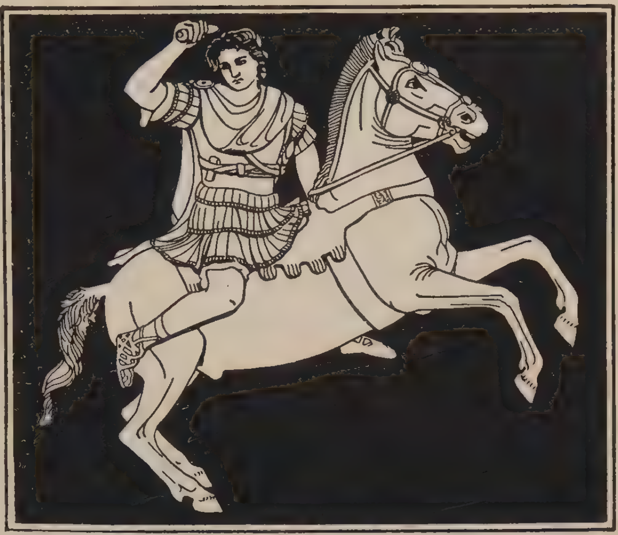
Head of Alexander, and Alexander on a beautiful horse, perhaps Bucephalus. (A gold medallion of Tarsus.)

"How much I owe to my father Philip," he said to himself at that time. "He has prepared the way for me; he organized and built up the army, and he first united Greece!"

The assembled troops were placed aboard ships for transport across the Hellespont, while Alexander, all eagerness, gave the signal from his flagship that the vessels should weigh anchor. In the middle of the channel the flagship was stopped for a moment. Alexander sacrificed a bull to Posei′don, god of waters; then, from a golden goblet he poured a libation to the mermaids.

"Success to my great adventure!" he cried with glowing eyes and the ship started on again. Rapidly it approached the Asiatic shore, leading the other ships by several hundred yards. The prow grated on the sand. From the deck, Alexander hurled a spear full into the soil of Asia, soil of the Persian Empire! Clad in full armor, he leaped ashore, the first of his troops to land!

The Satraps of Darius III were gathered in full force to meet him. Their army was huge in numbers and included some heavy-armed Greeks, who had hired out as mercenaries, and did not object to fighting against their fellow-Greeks. To meet these hosts, Alexander had only thirty-five thousand men, but they had been trained and disciplined until they had become the finest soldiers in the world. The Persians drew up their line along the Gra-ni′cus River near the Hellespont, and awaited the Macedonians. Here Alexander found them, determined to resist to the last. The river was deep and swift and the banks were steep and slippery. Alexander's officers did not wish to cross at once; it was too late in the day, they said! It was an unlucky month,—surely they had better wait! But without a word Alexander plunged down into the stream. The cavalry followed the great white plumes on his defiant helmet and clambered up the slippery bank in the face of a storm of arrows.

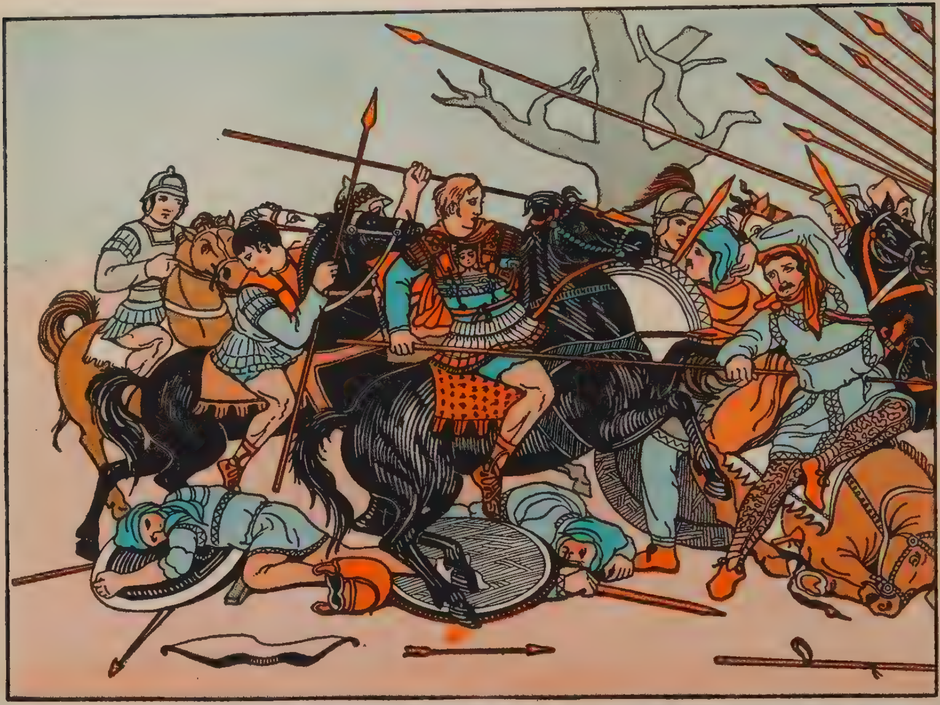


Alexander at the Battle of the Gra-ni'cus. (National Museum, Naples.)

Rashly the young King fought that day, always in the thick of the fight and more than once close to death, but his troops overwhelmed the Persians, slaying them right and left and driving them off in a panic, while the strong Greek mercenaries, hired traitors to Greece, were cut down to a man. So ended the first great battle of Alexander's expedition, the battle of the Granicus River, which gave all Asia Minor into Alexander's hands.

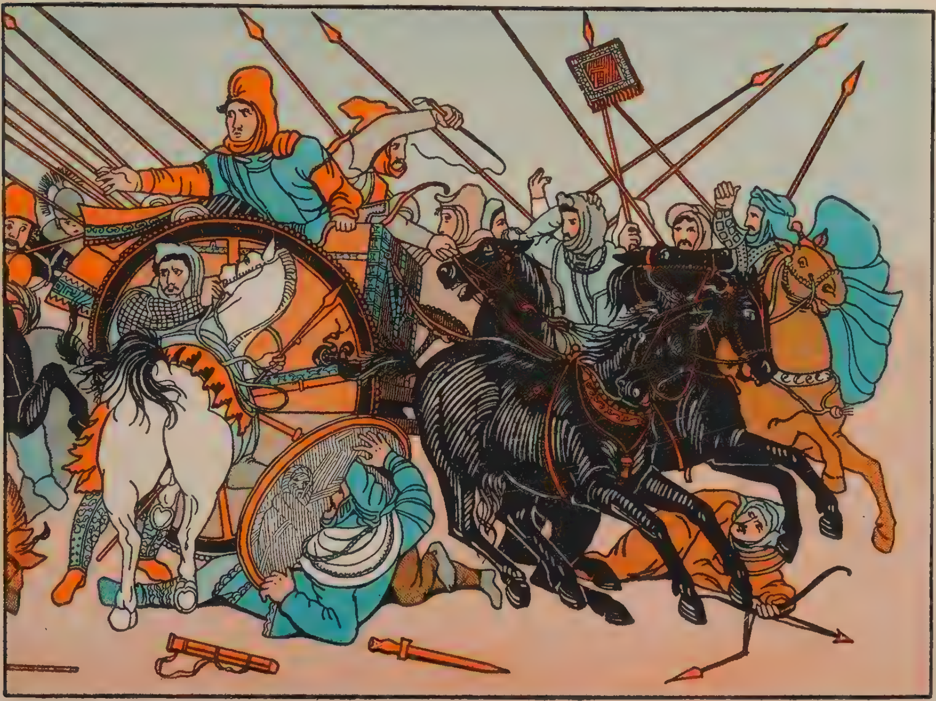
Marching along the coast, he freed the Greek cities from Persian rule and set up democracies in them. Then, following the route of Xenophon, the young King made his way inland where city after city fell before the might of his arms.

A stop was made at the city of Gor'di-um. Here in the temple, Alexander found an ancient wagon left as an offering to Zeus by Mi'das, a farmer lad, who had been chosen King of the land in fulfilment of an oracle which said the King should come to the city riding in a wagon. Legend now reported that whoever should loosen the cord which bound the yoke to the pole would gain the empire of all Asia. Alexander, finding no way of untying the puzzling knot, suddenly and boldly smote it with his sword and cut it through at a stroke. From his deed arose the expression "to cut the Gordian knot," which means to find a short, bold way out of a difficulty.



The Battle of Is′sus, a remarkably fine mosaic of the 4th century, B.C., originally laid at Alexandria but removed to the Roman town of Pom-pe′ii and found there. It is a copy of an older Hellenistic painting quite possibly done very shortly after the battle. Alexander, on horseback, charges furiously against Da-ri′us, seen in his chariot on page 267. The long spear of the King has pierced a Persian noble who gallantly defends Darius. The lower half of the figure of Alexander and the figure of his followers were damaged and are reconstructed in this drawing.

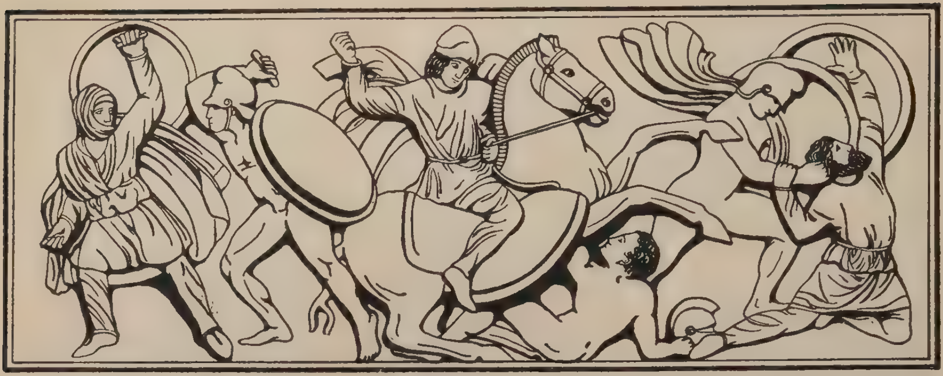
Alexander then went zigzagging through Asia Minor. At the Gulf of Is′sus, the youthful King at last met Darius III, the King of Persia himself, and with him 500,000 men. At first the battle seemed to go against Alexander, but the King at the head of the cavalry, forced his way through the Persians to the spot where Darius stood towering aloft in his chariot. The brother of King Darius, seeing young Alexander rush upon the King, gathered his horsemen together and threw them as a wall before the royal chariot. Alexander was wounded; but still he kept pressing on. And now the horses attached to the car of King Darius, pricked with the spears of the foe and infuriated with pain, tossed the



This part of the mosaic fits very closely to the one shown on page 266. The Macedonians crush furiously on the chariot of Darius, while devoted Persian nobles ride in between their King and the foe. Darius, with horrified eyes, throws out his hand in grief at the death of his noble friend, who has just been pierced by the lance of Alexander. The Persian charioteer, seen behind Darius, lashes his three horses desperately endeavoring to carry the king from the field in flight. A Persian noble dismounts and offers his horse that the King may escape.

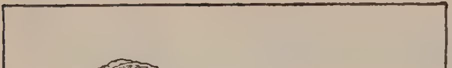
yoke on their necks, leapt and sprang in the air, and threatened to throw the King bodily from the car. Then Darius, in fear lest he should fall alive into the enemy's hands, leaped out from the chariot and was set on the back of a horse to turn about and flee. All the insignia of his splendid imperial office, with slight respect for form, he speedily threw aside! His troops too, took to flight. Wherever a way was opened, the fugitives burst through!

A second battle had thus been won by the troops of Alexander, (the famous battle of Issus.) The mother and family of King Darius were captured by the Macedonians and Alexander treated them with the greatest kindness and courtesy.



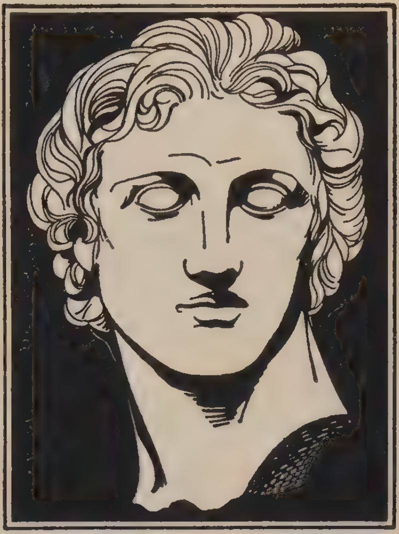
A scene in the battle of the Macedonians and Persians at Is'sus. From the sarcophagus of a prince of Si'don.

Darius now offered to give Alexander all Persia west of the Euphrates River, if he would only make peace, but Alexander refused; he styled himself King of Persia and ordered King Darius to address him "not as an equal, but as the lord of Asia!"



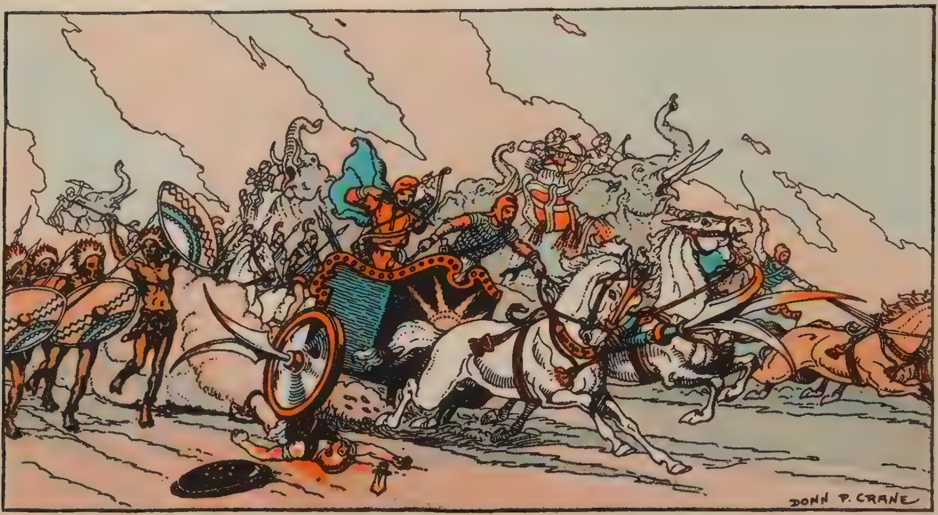
Alexander attacks Tyre from a half-mile long causeway.

For a year he laid siege to Tyre, an impregnable island-city with walls 100 feet high. Unable to attack by water, he built a causeway from the mainland to push his war-engines up to the walls. Tyrian triremes hurled missiles at his workmen, but Alexander erected two towers on the causeway with leather curtains to screen the workmen and with engines to return the shots. A Tyrian fire-ship burned Alexander's towers; the Tyrians put stones in the water to prevent the approach of his galleys, but Alexander persisted through the most stubborn siege of all his hard-fought campaign. Finally he took the city, thus frightening all Palestine and Syria into submission, and gaining the supremacy of the eastern Mediterranean.


The head of Alexander now at Copenhagen. It was due to Alexander that Greek culture was spread throughout the East. This constituted the truly great part of his adventures.

Having now made sure that he left no enemies in the rear, Alexander advanced to carry his conquests to Egypt. Egypt had been under Persian rule since Camby′ses, son of Cyrus, had conquered the valley kingdom in 525 B.C. During all these years, the Greeks and the Egyptians had come to be very friendly, and Egypt, therefore, rejoiced in the hope of exchanging Persian for Macedonian rule. The Egyptians threw their gates open and thronged about Alexander, heartily bidding him welcome. Near the mouth of the Nile, ever energetically planning some new activity, the young Macedonian King chose a site for a city to be named for himself, Alexandria.

Thereafter he marched north again into the heart of Asia while Darius was gathering men from the north, south, east and west to oppose the all-powerful invader. Darius did his best,—this was to be his last stand. He knew perfectly well if he did not defeat Alexander with such a force as this, he could never hope to defeat him. The two armies met at Ar-be′la, not far from ancient Nineveh, in 331 B. C. The evening before the battle one of Alexander's generals proposed to attack the Persians under cover of the night. "Persian armies are helpless at night," he urged. But Alexander was far too proud to take this



The elephants and ugly scythed-chariots, bristling with sword blades, by means of which Darius sought to win the battle of Ar-be′la, where he made his last stand. His efforts were in vain. He was defeated and slain.

advantage of Persia. "I will not steal a victory," he said; "I can beat Darius by daylight."

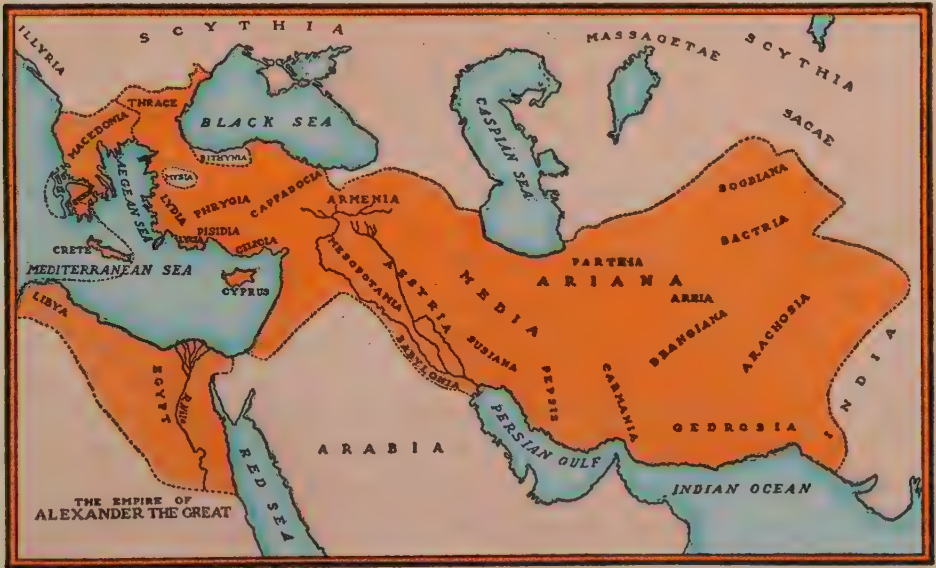
So, by daylight he met Darius, and in spite of the fifteen elephants that made the Persian host terrible and the two hundred ugly scythed chariots bristling with savage sword-blades, Darius was defeated, and as he fled to the mountains, he was stabbed by his own attendants.

Persian resistance was ended. Alexander was still only twenty-five years old, little more than a youth, and yet in five years' time, he had conquered the Persian Empire and fulfilled his great adventure.

He next turned his army eastward. Su′sa and Per-sep′o-lis hastened to surrender. North, south, and north again he went and even into India, with the zeal of an explorer. He carried his arms as far east of Babylon as Babylon was east of Macedonia, and from his expedition he sent back to his old master Aristotle, collections of plants and animals, the study of which enabled the scholarly Aristotle to write his great *Natural History*. At last he returned to Babylon.

Everywhere Alexander went, he carried Greek civilization. His heart was fired with a vision. Although born in Macedonia, he was Greek in thought and feeling; he would bring to all the vast east the beauty and perfection of that culture that flowered in Greece. At important points on his line of march, he established various cities which were to be the centers of this Hellenizing of Asia. Seventy cities were built, many of them called Alexandria, like the city on the Nile. Their walls sprang up in haste under the pick and spade of the energetic soldiers, and one great city was completed in the short space of twenty days!

The cities were all built on a large and comfortable plan, well paved, with ample provision for sufficient lighting by night, and with a good water supply. Moreover, people of these cities were given their own assemblies, they managed their own courts, and collected their own taxes. Greek became the common speech. Greek architecture and sculpture


SCYTHIA
ILLYRIA
THRACE
MACEDONIA
BLACK SEA
BITHYNIA
MYSIA
AEGEAN SEA
LYDIA
PHRYGIA
CAPPADOCIA
PISIDIA
LYCIA
CILICIA
ARMENIA
CRETE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CYPRUS
LIBYA
EGYPT
NILE
MESOPOTAMIA
ASSYRIA
BABYLONIA
MEDIA
SUSIANA
PERSIS
ARABIA
RED SEA
PERSIAN GULF
CASPIAN SEA
MASSAGETAE
SCYTHIA
SACAE
SOGDIANA
BACTRIA
PARTHIA
ARIANA
ARIA
DRANGIANA
ARACHOSIA
CARMANIA
GEDROSIA
INDIA
INDIAN OCEAN
THE EMPIRE OF
ALEXANDER THE GREAT

The enormous empire conquered by Alexander the Great included India and lands beyond the boundaries of the far-flung Persian Empire. Notwithstanding long campaigns in hostile country, Alexander never lost a battle.

were seen in the new-built temples. Greek theaters arose and in them vast audiences of Asiatic peoples listened to dramas in Greek. Thus the civilization of Greece was spread through the eastern world.

But as Alexander saw more of the East, he began to wish to unite East and West; to adopt some eastern ideas and not to crush them out wholly. The Persians always thought of their King as a god, and to Alexander this seemed a useful superstition. Therefore he had himself declared a god, both to the Greeks and the Persians. He made himself the absolute ruler of his subjects and declared that he ruled by divine right. He followed the Persian court customs, wore Persian robes and even married a Persian princess. Persian youths were trained by thousands to replace the veterans of his army. Persian nobles were welcomed at court and given high offices, and the government of Asia was intrusted largely to Asiatics. The different kingdoms remained almost as separate as before except that the rulers paid tribute, sent soldiers in time of war, and were expected from time to time to attend the court of the King.

Alexander had conquered the East. His thoughts, as active as ever, now began to turn to the West. There Italy, Carthage, and Sicily had not as yet been conquered. He would set out and take them too!

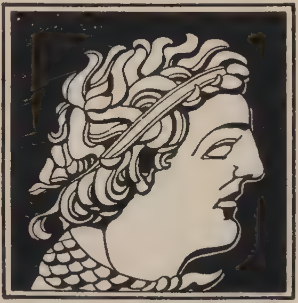
But while he still planned more conquests, he was stricken with fever and died in the splendid palace at Babylon. (323 B.C.). He was then thirty-three years old and he had been king for only thirteen years. But he had done what he had set out to do; he had conquered the Persian Empire, he had brought Greek ideas and Greek customs to the millions of people in Asia, Asia Minor and Egypt; his victories had been not merely adventures in military history, they had marked an epoch in the onward march of humanity, and his great adventure had been even greater than he had dreamed.

VII

Hellenistic Egypt

The Ptolemies in Egypt

(323 B.C.—30 B.C.)

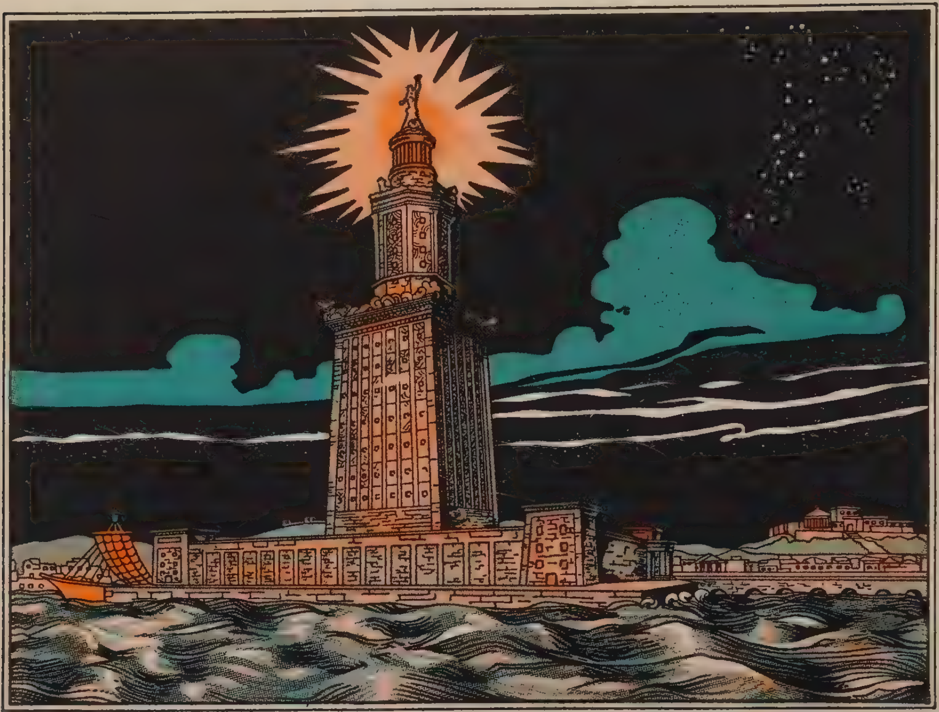


A coin of Ptol′e-my I, or Soter.

Just before Alexander died, he was asked to whom he wished his kingdom to go at his death. "To the strongest," he replied and that strongest proved to be not one man, but four, who after years of fighting, split the great empire among them. An-tig′o-nus, grandson of one of Alexander's commanders, became ruler of Macedonia and Greece; Se-leu′cus, another general, took most of the old Persian Empire and ruled it from a new city which he built in northern Syria and named An′ti-och. Egypt was taken by General Ptol′e-my, and about 280 B.C., a Macedonian noble established the kingdom of Per′ga-mum in western Asia Minor.

Of these four "strongest," the greatest was Ptolemy. Ptolemy began at once to protect his new possessions from the inroads of his rivals by building up a fleet which could control the Mediterranean. He did all in his power to make his capital-city, Alexandria, the greatest center of trade and commerce in the world. He encouraged merchants and craftsmen from all other nations to settle there, he started a national banking system, he built that seventh wonder of the world, the towering lighthouse on the island of Pha′ros, which soared up 370 feet in the air, a group of reflecting mirrors throwing its light far out to sea.*

*The Seven Wonders of the World were: 1—The Pyramids of Egypt, 2—The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, 3—The Statue of Zeus at Olympia made by Phidias, 4—The Temple of Ar′te-mis at Ephesus, 5—The Mausoleum of Hal′i-car-nas′sus at Ca′ri-a, Asia Minor, 6—The Colossus at Rhodes, 7—The Pharos Lighthouse at Alexandria.



The great stone light-house on the island of Pha'ros at Alexandria, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world (After Thiersch.) To the right a causeway connects the island with the land. This tall tower, influenced by the temple-towers of Babylon, was 30 stories or 370 feet high, an ancient sky-scraper. For 1600 years, until 1326 A.D., it stood as the greatest light-house in the world. Its impressive size shows the importance of Alexandria, which had become the greatest port on the Mediterranean only a generation after it was founded by Alexander the Great.

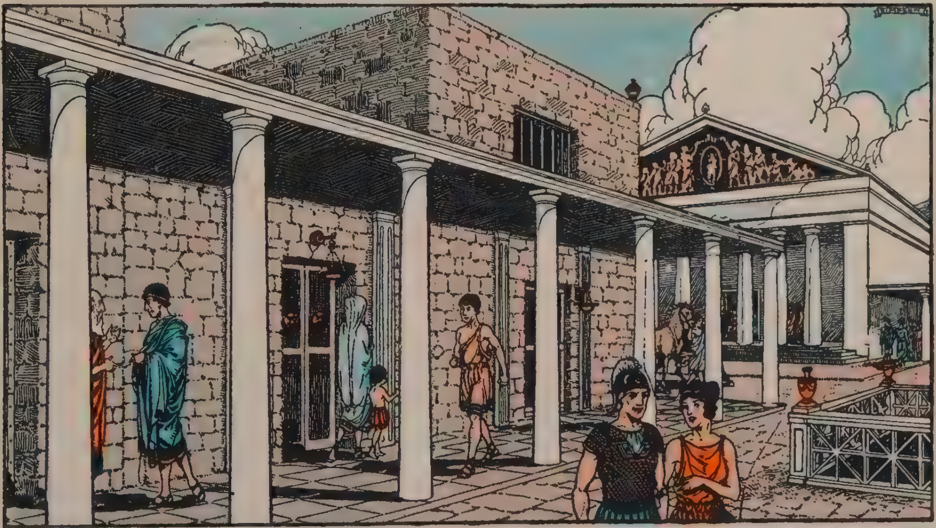
"All night," said a Greek poet, "will the sailor, driven before the storm, see the fire gleam from its top!"

Nowhere in the world were there docks and a harbor like that of Alexandria. Here were boats from Britain and India, from Africa and Spain. Side by side on the docks, lay tin from the British Isles, silk from China, cotton from India, amber from the Baltic, and other unusual wares from far-away corners of the earth. There were even those new arrivals, the rats, heretofore unknown in Europe, uninvited immigrants from India who stowed themselves away in bales of cloth, embarked on foreign adventures, and boldly gained free entry to many another new land.

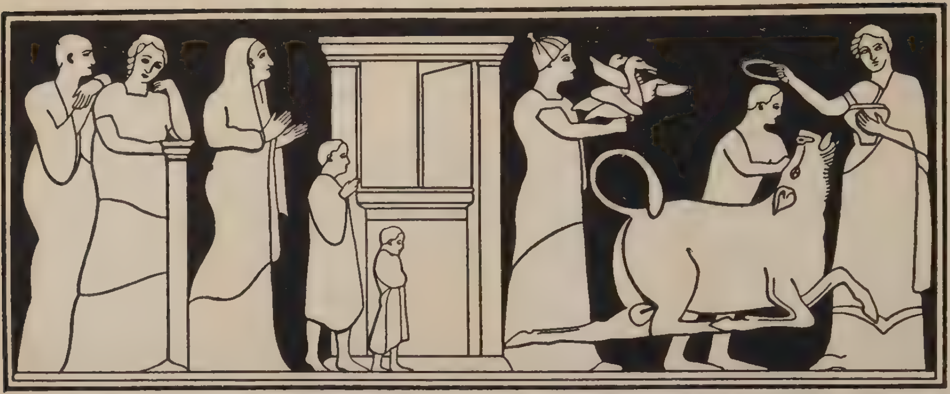
The streets of Alexandria were broad, straight and well-paved. Alexander himself had watched while his engineers had planned the city. The houses were built in regular blocks and the sidewalks were protected by covered colonnades. At night the streets were lighted by public and private lamps, and no longer was it necessary for slaves to carry water from the public wells. Water pipes ran to each of the houses and a bountiful supply was always at hand.

In Alexandria, as in the other Greek cities scattered throughout the East, the houses themselves were larger and better than ever before. The large living rooms were floored with bright, mosaic pavement, the walls were hung with colored paintings, and the furniture was more elaborate and artistic than it had been in earlier days.

Magnificent public buildings, stadiums, concert-halls, public-baths and gymnasiums gleaming with marble and statuary, lined the beautiful streets, while here and there were market places and basilicas for exchange.



A street in Alexandria. The houses are larger than Greek houses, although built on the same plan (see page 213); they are placed in regular lines upon broad streets whose sidewalks are protected by covered colonnades.

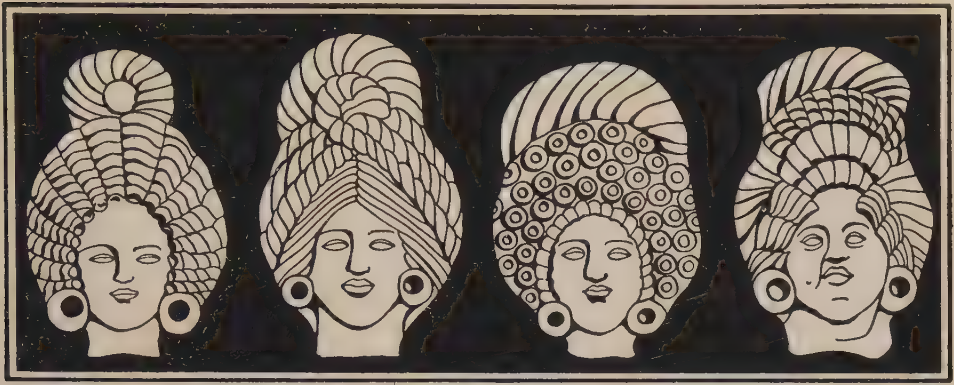


A fresco from the tomb of an Egyptian priest of the period of Ptol′e-my I, showing how Greek art has influenced Egyptian. The priest's family in Greek costume gather around the tomb, while an ox and ducks are sacrificed.

Manufacture became important. The Egyptian methods of making things were taken up by Greek craftsmen, who changed and improved their product by giving it the perfect form and expression of Greek thought.

Ptol′e-my welcomed to his city people from all nations, and the population of Alexandria was very mixed indeed. There were native Egyptians, soldiers from all the nations of Asia, pure Greeks and Macedonians, and a very large number of Jews. Indeed, there were so many Jews living in Alexandria that they had a special section of the city to themselves. All these people spoke Greek, the language of government and business, and thus so many of the Jews forgot their old Hebrew tongue that it was necessary to translate the books of the Old Testament into Greek. This work was done by seventy learned men and their work, called the Sep′tu-a-gint, is the most ancient edition of the Old Testament in existence.

But with all this interest in trade, Ptolemy did not forget to make his royal residence beautiful. His palaces were magnificent; they were built of pure marble and were set amid trees and gardens on a point of land which extended out to sea and formed one side of the harbor. The Greeks who in



Elaborate head-dresses of Greek women in Egypt. Great masses of hair were piled up in almost any fanciful arrangement and were adorned with a profusion of complicated curls, ringlets and braids. (Terra cotta statuettes.)

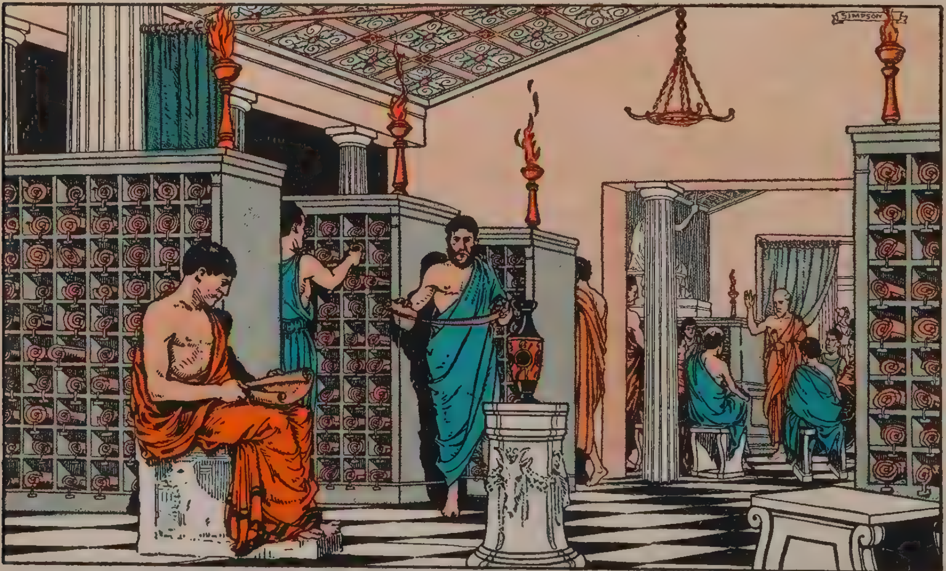
Greece itself had had no private gardens except those in their courtyards, had learned to love the beauty of parks around their dwellings. Egyptian nobles surrounded their residences with gardens and the Persian kings always had parks. Now the Greeks became interested in gardening, and the parks surrounding the palaces were full of fountains and monuments, artificial lakes and handsome tropical trees.

That bluff old soldier Ptolemy had all the Greek love of beauty and the Greek respect for learning. Perhaps the most important public buildings which he erected in Alexandria were those of the Royal Museum, consisting of a great library, lecture halls, exhibition rooms, courts and porticoes, as well as living rooms for philosophers and students. The Museum was not a place for displaying scientific specimens; it was the first real university and it had received its name from Plato's gardens in Athens. Plato had left these gardens to his followers as a place for study; but Athenian law did not recognize the right of any *group* of people to hold property unless it was a religious organization. Therefore this club claimed to be a religious organization devoted to worshiping the *Muses*, nine goddesses who governed all intellectual pursuits, and the institution was called the Museum!

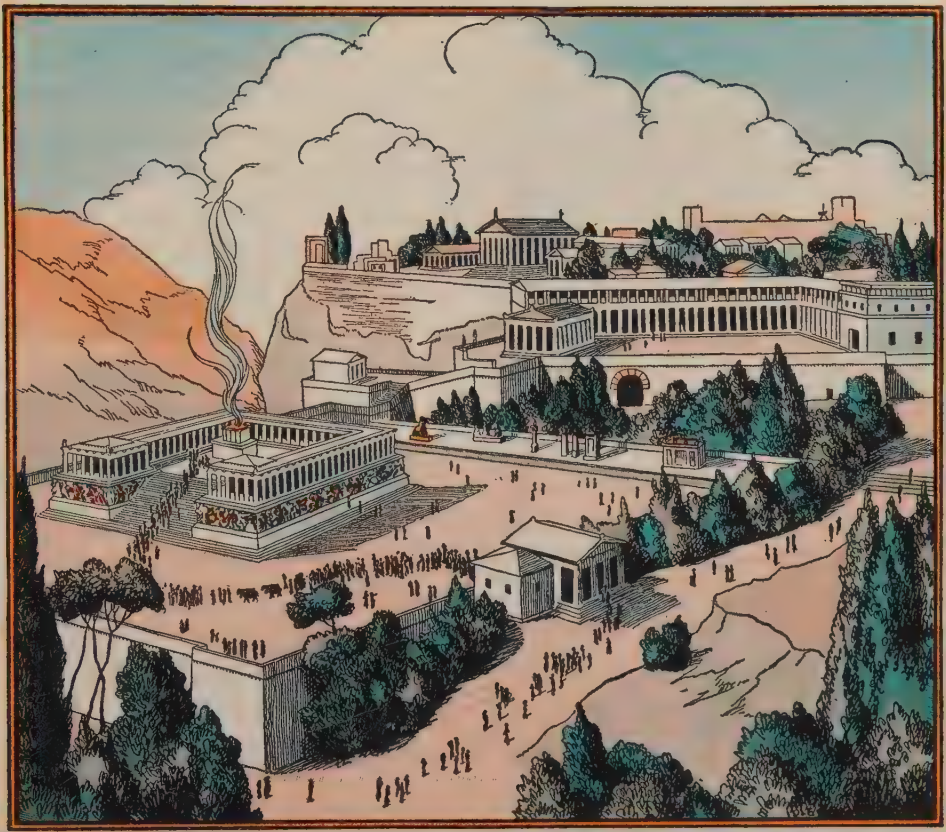
Learned men from all over the world came to Alexandria to teach at the Royal Museum, or to hear lectures there, and it soon became the greatest center of learning in the world. In a common hall poets, pupils and scientists all had their meals together. Everyone at the Royal Museum was supported by yearly gifts or salaries from the King and was provided free of cost with everything needed for his studies.

The library of the Museum contained some 500,000 volumes, and in it Ptolemy placed copies of all the Greek poets and dramatists, and the great works of Greek literature. The finding list of this library, compiled by the first librarian, filled a catalogue of one hundred and twenty rolls.

All manuscripts were in the form of papyrus rolls which were often twenty feet long. The writings were in columns placed side by side, and to read a work, the student held the roll in both hands. One hand unrolled the papyrus and the other rolled it up as the eye passed from column to column.



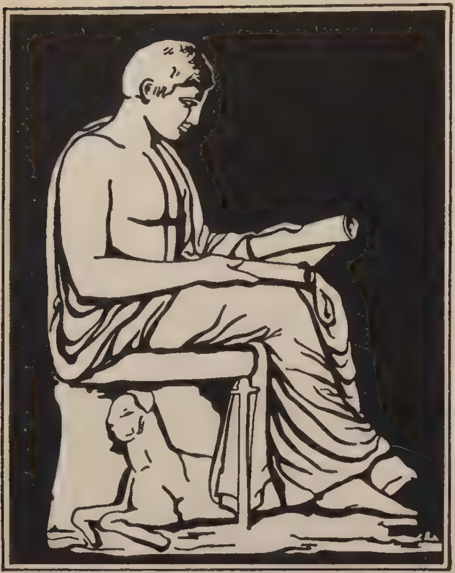
A youth reading in the library of the Royal Museum at Alexandria, the first university in the world, to which gathered scholars from all over the earth. In a court outside a scientist lectures. See the boy reading, page 280.



The Acropolis of Per′ga-mum, a beautiful city in Asia Minor, built by the Greeks and showing how Greek ideas were ruling a large part of the world. In the foreground is a magnificent altar of Zeus. The area around it is the market place. Behind the long colonnade in the background is the famous library, second only to that at Alexandria. Pergament or parchment books were written on sheep-skin. (Reconstruction by Thiersch.)

So proud was Ptolemy of this great library that he refused, out of jealousy, to allow the rulers of Per′ga-mum, who had also built a fine library, to buy papyrus from Egypt. In Pergamum therefore the scribes were obliged to write on sheep-skin, which was called *pergament*, or *parchment*.

In the spacious grounds of the Royal Museum, students listened to teachers lecturing on astronomy, geography, physics, mathematics, botany, zoology, anatomy and medicine, as well as rhetoric, grammar and literature.


A Greek youth reading a book. He holds the roll open so that a column of writing is smoothly stretched in front of him and when he has finished reading that column, he rolls it up to the left and brings into view another column from the roll at the right. (See page 278.)

Science and mathematics were both extremely important and the Greeks now began to make many new mechanical devices. There were automatic door openers, automatic dispensers of holy water for priests, water pressure sprinklers to reduce fire, levers, cranks, screws and cogwheels, cables for lowering stone, water wheels for raising water, and even automatically moved scenery in the theatres.

For the study of astronomy Ptolemy had built an observatory, and although telescopes had not been invented, important observations and discoveries were made. A Greek, by the name of Ar′is-tar′chus, learned that the earth and the planets moved about the sun. Another astronomer, Er′a-tos′the-nes, figured that the earth was 28,000 miles around. Aristotle had said years before that men could probably reach Asia by sailing west from Europe, and most learned men in these days believed that the earth was round.

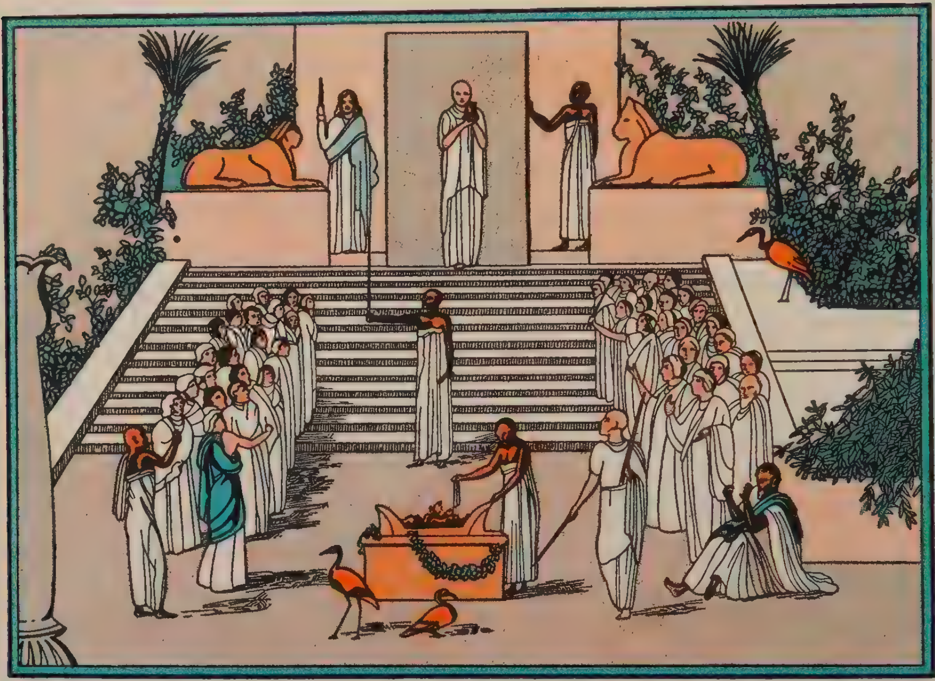
In fact, every branch of learning of any importance, except philosophy, had its leading men at the Royal Museum in Alexandria. Alexandria had replaced Athens as the center of Greek learning. Only in philosophy did Athens still remain the leader; but the philosophy of these days was not the philosophy of Plato and Socrates. Two new philosophies had been presented by earnest thinkers, and these were to be the standards by which men lived for several hundred years.

One of these new philosophies was Stoicism. It was first taught by a Semite named Zeno, related by race to the Jews. He opened a school in Athens about 300 B.C., and gave his lectures in the "Painted Porch" or *Stoa*, on the north side of the market-place. His ideas were, therefore, called *stoic*. Stoicism taught that the highest good was doing one's duty. Health, or sickness, fortune or misfortune were to be treated with indifference, and to gain a peaceful soul was regarded as the greatest end in life. Henceforth, the noblest characters of the Greek world belonged to this sect of the Stoics.

The other philosophy, Ep′i-cu-re′an-ism, was the opposite extreme from Stoicism. According to Ep′i-cu′rus, the Athenian, happiness or pleasure was the highest good in life. Epicurus himself had a high and noble conception of what constituted pleasure. He lived frugally and taught that one must be good to be happy, but just as the followers of Zeno often degenerated into stern ascetics, so the followers of Epicurus sometimes degenerated into the grossest devotees of purely sensual pleasures.

Hardly anyone now believed in the old Greek gods, yet only the most educated steered their lives by philosophy. Ptolemy felt that there must be something for the common people to worship; and so he chose an Egyptian god of healing, named Se-ra′pis, as his state god. A beautiful temple was built at Alexandria for Serapis and both Greeks and Egyptians joined in worshiping there.

Henceforth, for about a hundred years Egypt became again the most important nation in the world, and Alexandria the recognized center of Hellenistic culture. How interesting Alexandria was, may be judged from the following letter recently found in Egypt, written with atrocious spelling and grammar by a bad little boy whose father had given him the slip and set off without him on

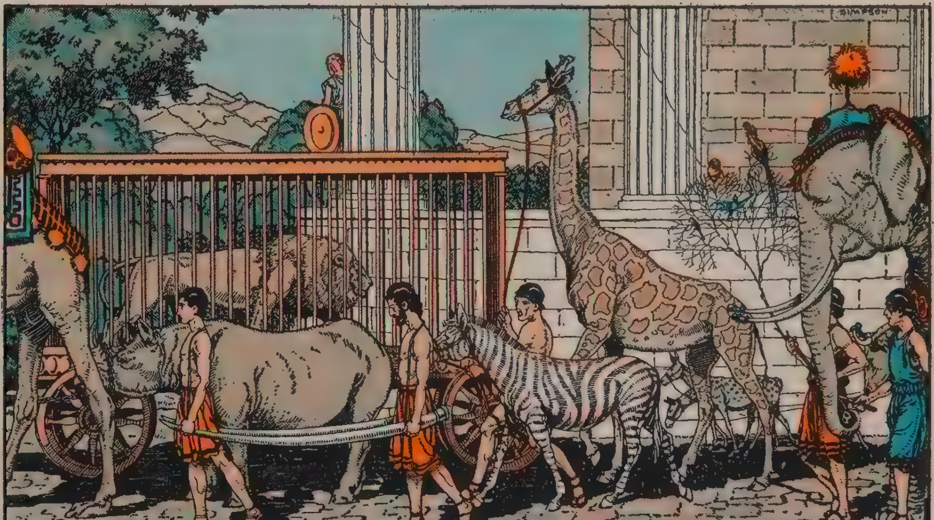


An Egyptian temple service in Graeco-Roman days. (A fresco from Her′cu-la′ne-um, 1st century, A.D.) The priest who stands between the attendants is officiating in a temple court where palm-trees and Egyptian bushes grow. In his hands, which are wrapped in his white dress, he holds a sacred bowl probably containing Nile water. An attendant leads the choir which stands in two rows singing while a priest offers sacrifice on an Egyptian horned altar before which are two sacred ibises. The seated figure to the right clashes the cymbals. The priests and the congregation are white, the attendants are black.

a journey which would probably take him to Alexandria.

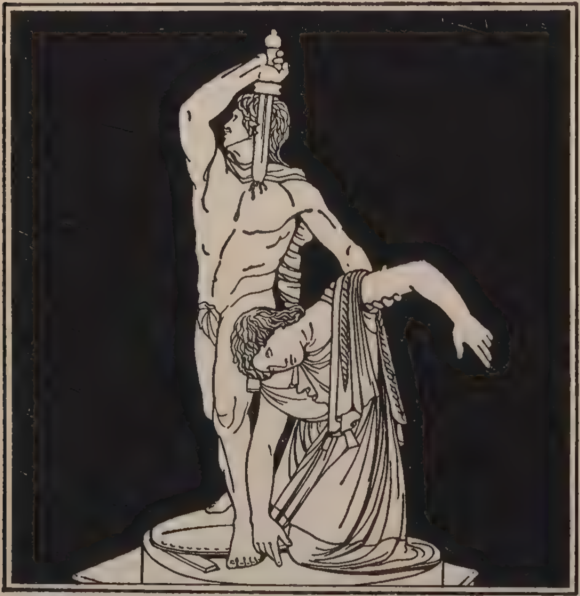
"Theon to Theon, his father, greeting. You did a fine thing! You have not taken me along with you to the city! If you refuse to take me along with you to Alexandria, I won't write you a letter, or speak to you, or wish you health. And if you do go to Alexandria, I won't take your hand or greet you again henceforth. If you refuse to take me, that's what's up! And my mother said to Archelaus: 'The boy upsets me! off with him!' But you did a fine thing. You sent me gifts, great ones, husks!! They deceived us there on the twelfth when you sailed. Send for me then, I beseech you. If you do not send, I won't eat, I won't drink! There now! I pray for your health!"

In 283 B.C. the first great Ptolemy who had been the general of Alexander, died and left the throne to his son, Ptolemy Phil-a-del′phus, or Ptolemy the Second. The accession of Philadelphus was marked by a great parade which lasted all day long. His father had established a zoological garden with many different animals to add to the glory of his city, and most of these interesting animals appeared in the parade. There were twenty-four huge lions, twenty-six snow-white Indian oxen, fourteen leopards, sixteen panthers, a camelopard, a rhinoceros, four lynxes, and a great white bear. There were chariots drawn by elephants, antelopes, goats, and zebras. There were camels loaded with spices, men bearing ivory tusks and stems of coal-black ebony, or carrying shrubs and branches to which had been fastened all sorts of unusual birds. There were cages filled with peacocks, magnificently colored pheasants, and picturesque guinea-fowl. And to close the procession there came two thousand four hundred dogs of many different breeds.



The magnificent parade which marked the accession of Ptolemy II or Ptolemy Philadelphus to the throne of Egypt. The name, Ptolemy, came from *ptolemos*, the epic form of the word for "war," *polemos*.

The new Ptolemy Philadelphus carried on the work of his father, and devoted himself to the task of making his kingdom stronger. The Se-leu′cid Empire in Asia Minor was next to Egypt in strength, and its capital city, Antioch, was almost as great a commercial center as was Alexandria. An-ti′o-chus II, the King of this great empire, anxious to make his kingdom the strongest in the world, had built up a great fleet, and now allying himself with An-tig′o-nus, the King of Macedonia, who was flushed with a recent victory over hordes of savage Gauls that had swept down on his domains, he made war on Philadelphus. The allies gained many victories but they could not destroy their foe, and so at last peace was declared and Philadelphus gave Antiochus Ber′e-ni′ce, his daughter, to be his wife and queen.



A Gal′lic chieftain in defeat, slaying his wife and himself. One of the finest examples of Hellenistic art, portraying in every line the wild impetuosity and unconquerable courage of this barbarian who preferred death to captivity. (Museum at Rome.)

It was in 278 B.C., that the tribes of Indo-Europeans called Celts or Gauls broke into Macedonia, invaded Greece, and overflowed into Asia Minor. After many weary struggles, they were finally driven from Greece and Macedonia and were settled as peaceful colonists in that part of Asia Minor which took from them the name Ga-la′-tia.

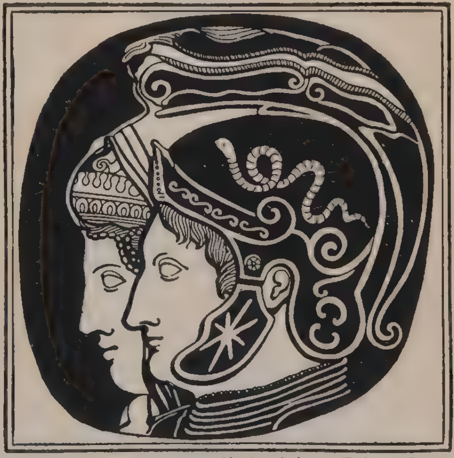
Philadelphus was far less a soldier than he was a great organizer. He had to rebuild entirely the agricultural life of all that vast Egypt that lay outside of Alexandria, and how he did it, how shrewd he was, how he and his fellow-Greeks shone as business men, is well illustrated in the following story compiled from the letters of Ze′non, which were found by some peasants digging in the ruins of Philadelphia.

The Struggles of a Self-Made Man

Zenon, Manager of a Great Estate in Egypt from 256 B. C.—241 B. C.

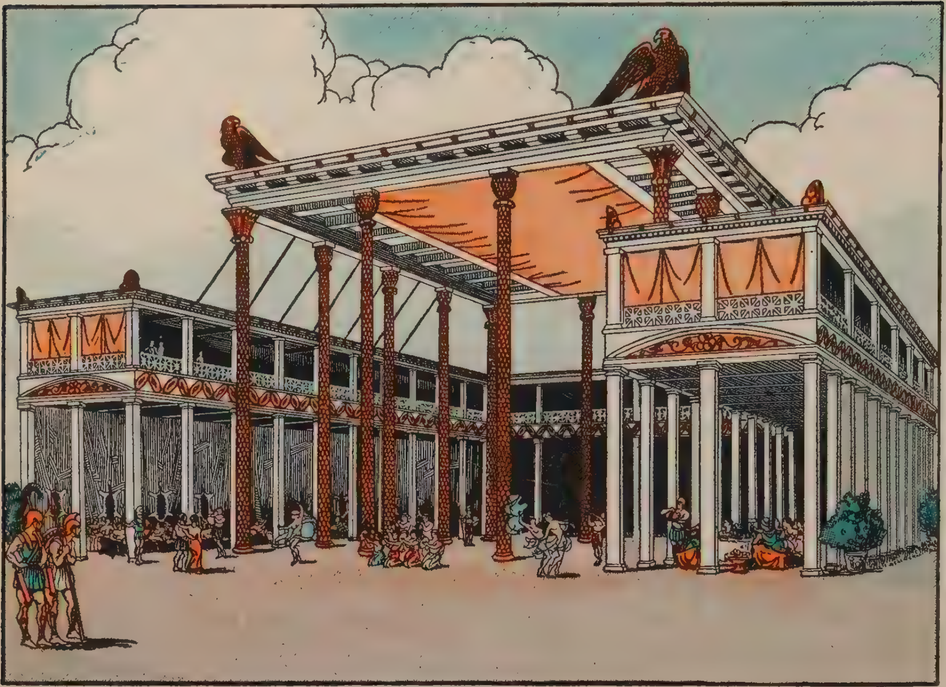
Ze′non had a mind to get on in the world and that meant to his practical Greek mind, making money, heaping up plentiful stores of drachmae, mina, and talents. The scientists, literati and philosophers of the Museum might rave about ideals, the brotherhood of man, and the conduct of a Perfect State, but it was not for the sake of ideals that Zenon had left his boyhood home in Asiatic Greece. He had come to Egypt for one purpose only—to seek his fortune, to enrich himself, and that was why nine-tenths of his countrymen had come to the Land of the Nile. None of your hazy ideals, your day-dreams and your visions! It was mina, talents and drachmae that filled the active mind of the average intelligent Greek.

Zenon had found a good place with Ap′ol-lo′ni-us, the Di-oe′ke-tes, the manager in the name of the King, of all the industries, commerce and agriculture of Egypt. A big man Apollonius! No man in Egypt held a more important job. A shrewd business man, too, a big capitalist, who knew how to use his position to push his own private affairs and increase his own store of wealth! He owned great merchant fleets on the river and the sea and he did big business of different kinds in Palestine and Syria.



Ptolemy II and his sister-wife Ar-sin′o-e. This Ptolemy followed the ancient Egyptian custom of marrying his sister, a custom abhorrent to the Greeks, but followed by many succeeding Ptolemies. The word *Philadelphus* meant "loving his sister." A cameo, Vienna.

As Apollonius served the King, Ptolemy Philadelphus, so Zenon served Apollonius.

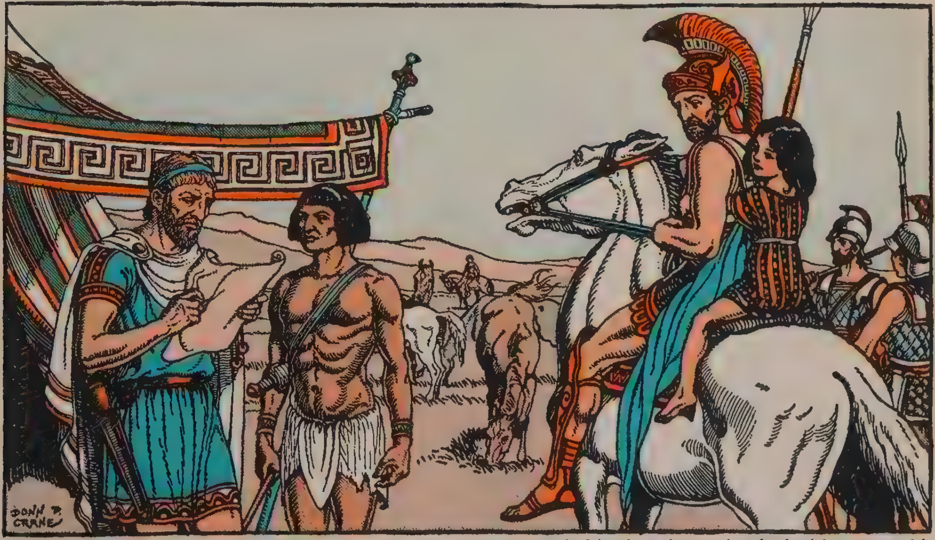


The gorgeous pavilion and banquet tent of Ptol′e-my Phil′a-del′phus, showing the Ptol′e-ma′ic eagles. Ptolemy II was no strong Macedonian warrior-chief like his father, but a shrewd business man and organizer who maintained a splendid court in Alexandria and carried pomp and magnificence with him wherever he went. The material and literary splendor of the Alexandrian court was at its height under Ptolemy Philadelphus and his son Eu-er′ge-tes. A detailed description of this tent remains, and this restoration after Stud-nicz′ka was based on that description.

The Greeks in Egypt were doing well from Ptol′e-my Phil′a-del′phus down to the lowest vine-dressers! They had control of the commerce, the industries, and the farming. What were the Egyptians but a pack of common laborers! They had not kept up their canals, they had let rich tracts of farm-land sink back into sandy desert or tangled stretches of brushwood. The Greeks would set matters right. They were making the land productive as in the ancient days, and winning back for Egypt the trade of the Mediterranean. Well then, if they did all this, who should object, pray tell, if they also enriched themselves by ways not always too honest? Zenon did not object. Slyness and craft were qualities ever admired by the Greeks.

In the household of Apollonius, where the scores of Greek officials spoke Greek and wore the Greek costume, Zenon had many friends—A-ris′teus, the treasurer, Ar-te-mi-do′rus palace-manager, A-myn′tas, master of slaves, and Kri′ton, captain of the fleet. They were good fellows, those comrades, and none of them was above a little sharp-dealing at times. They wrote from the ends of the earth, wherever their duties called them, carefully giving each other a tip, if they thought that one of their number was about to be embarrassed by any too close and searching investigation of his accounts.

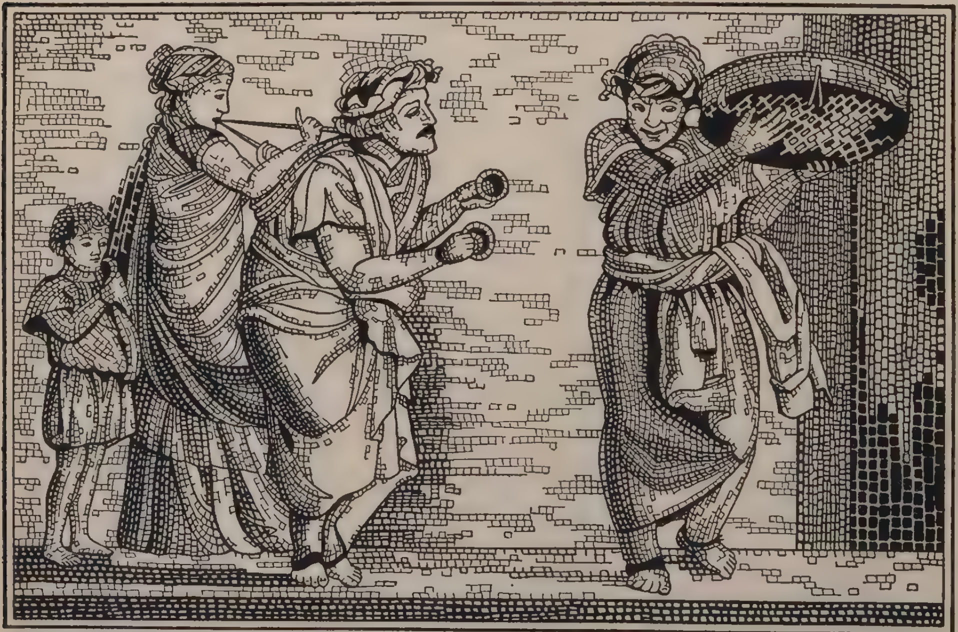
"Apollonius has opened the treasury and has missed seven talents of silver," Kriton wrote to Zenon; "he has ordered the accounts of Aristeus verified. I have written this to you that you may accordingly make your own accounts ready!"



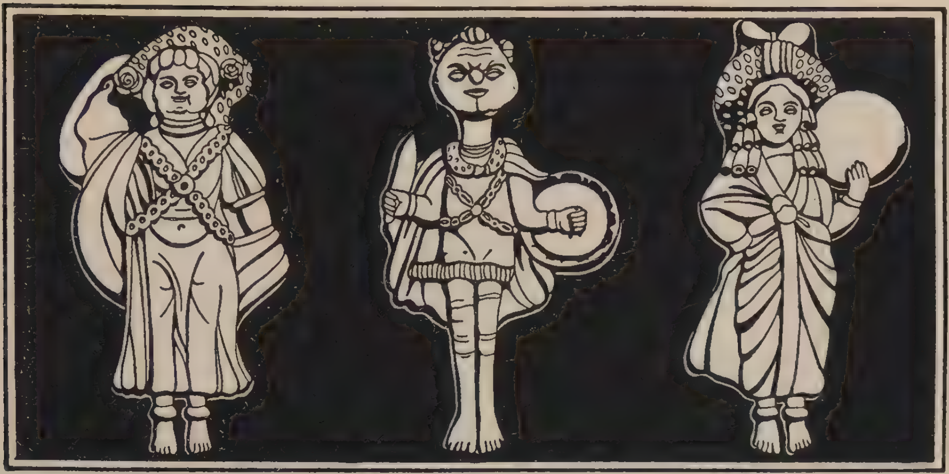
Ze′non, in Syria on business for Ap′ol-lo′ni-us, receives a tip from his friends at home that he had better get his accounts in good order as Apollonius has begun looking into account books. Slyness and craft were qualities ever admired by the Greeks. While their great men were philosophers dreaming of high ideals, the common Greek was a business man, competent, shrewd, determined to get on in the world, and by no means always honest. The recently found letters of Zenon, from which this story was compiled, throw an interesting light on this side of the ancient Greek character. The cavalry officer in the picture brings Zenon a little Syrian girl seven years old whom he desires to sell as a slave. See page 288. The horses Zenon is buying for the royal army graze in the distance. Zenon's letters describe all this. Syria and Palestine now belonged to Ptolemy, but An-ti′o-chus, King of the Seleu′cid Empire, desired this country also, and it was long the scene of war between Egypt and the Seleucids, till it finally fell to the Seleucids and became a part of the Hellenized Kingdom of Syria. See pages 414-416.

Zenon was up in Syria now on business for his master, buying a slave occasionally, filing the contract of sale of a little girl seven years old whom he bought from a cavalry officer, dealing in grain for Apollonius, and buying up horses for the royal army as they grazed the rolling prairies. Those were rough lands where he stayed,—send a man to collect a debt from a rascally native sheikh and the whole town would rise up and cast out the Greek with violence! The grooms who tended his horses, too, were turbulent, wicked fellows. They drank, stole girls as slaves, and then disappeared with the girls and some of the beasts in their charge.

Zenon had plenty of trials in carrying on business here, but it's all in the life of a business man. If one succeeds, what difference? A hundred percent successful, he set sail for Alexandria, too busy to bother his head with any



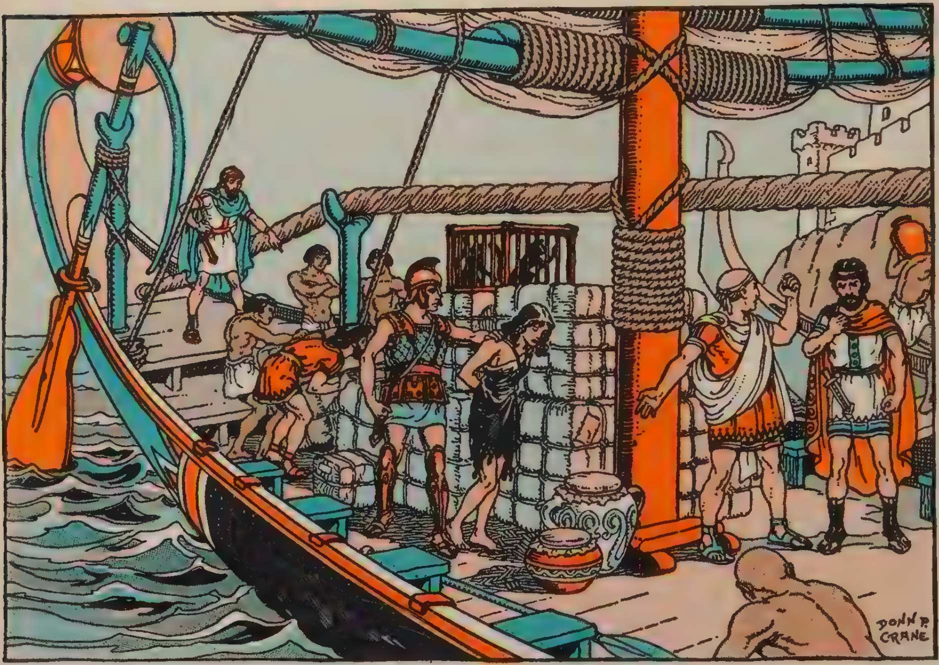
Wandering musicians like these made the streets of Alexandria gay in the days of Zenon. One man has a large tambourine, the other plays castanets and both are swaying their bodies or marking time to the music. The woman plays pipes and the boy collects the coppers. A mosaic copy of a Hellenistic picture. (Naples Museum.)



A dancer, a comic actor, and a tambourine player, from the gay life of Alexandria. Greek statuettes found in Egypt.

anticipations of the pleasures and delights that made the city of Ptolemy famed throughout the world.

At the ports of Egypt, however, a new trial was awaiting him,—the troublesome farmers-of-customs, always snooping about, searching for smuggled goods, pestering honest merchants, and poking officious noses into cargoes of incoming vessels. These fussy, meddlesome fellows had bought of the King the right to collect the duties at certain places, and were allowed to keep for themselves whatever they could collect over and above the amount promised to the King. Hence they were called the farmers-of-customs, and they were always busily, persistently, on the job,—so at least it seemed to Zenon; for how does an honest merchant-man feel when he sees these obtrusive fellows go prying and peeping about through the precious bundles and bales among which the merchant-man knows he has hidden some Syrian slaves, and a score or more large jars of Syrian olive-oil, articles forbidden to be imported to Egypt without a special license? Zenon and his comrades were always getting in quarrels with those eagle-eyed farmers-of-customs.



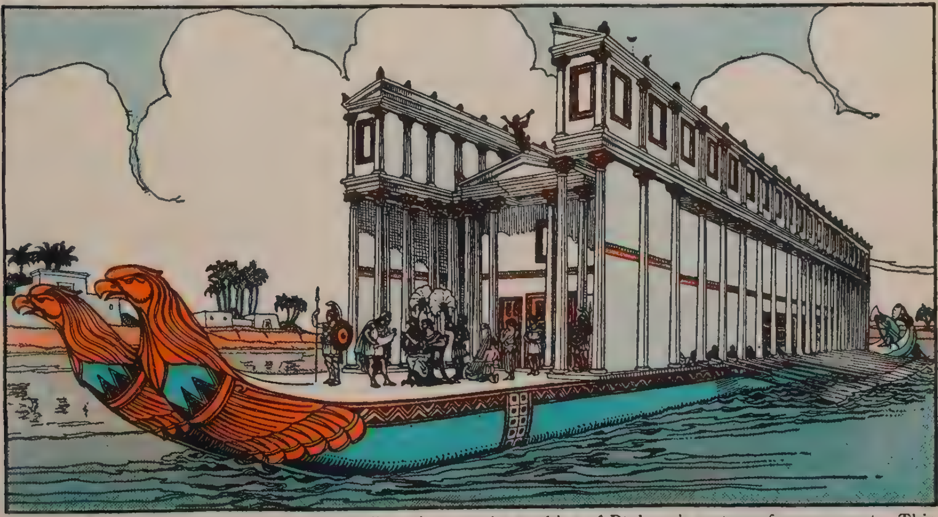
Early attempts at smuggling and the first recorded troubles with officials of the customs. Me-ne'cles, Zenon's man in Tyre, has attempted to smuggle forbidden goods, a few slaves, and some jars of oil through the customs and has been caught by the officials, who in Zenon's opinion were always snooping about and giving trouble.

"Me-ne'cles, your man in Tyre, transferred some slaves and goods of yours from one ship to another in Tyre without declaring them to the farmers-of-customs, and without having a license for export," a servant wrote Zenon in great alarm. "The customs officials became aware of what he was doing and came and confiscated both the goods and the slaves!"

Poor Zenon, alack, what a nuisance! An agent of Kriton's had to go to those ornery customs officials and set matters right for Zenon.

It was good to be back in Egypt! After all, Alexandria was the richest city in the world—big banks, big storehouses, big depots of wholesale merchants,—all the Greeks there prospering—making plenty of money!

Not for long, however, did Zenon enjoy Alexandria. Ap′-ol-lo′ni-us soon gave orders that Zenon should accompany him on a voyage up the Nile to see how Ptolemy's new system of government was working. These Ptolemies looked on Egypt as their own great private estate won at the point of the sword. Every square inch of land they regarded as their own. The peasants who worked on the land merely rented it of Ptolemy and they paid him large land-taxes. Every man who raised grain, raised that grain for Ptolemy, and must pay him a generous share before any became his own; every craftsman in Egypt wove wool, or made pottery, or followed some other craft solely as the servant of Ptolemy, and must pay him a share of his output. Even the beer-shop keepers and the keepers of the public baths had to pay the King a revenue. This was the system by which the Ptolemies governed Egypt, farming out to their most efficient servants the right to collect these taxes, and over all this activity, Apollonius, Zenon's master, now had complete control.



Zenon and Apollonius make a trip up the Nile to inspect the working of Ptolemy's system of government. This beautiful ship is copied from the pleasure ship built by Ptolemy IV, for his trips on the Nile. (After F. Caspari.)

Journeying up the Nile on a pleasant river barge, as one of a victorious race looking out on a conquered land, was very pleasant to Zenon, to say nothing of being in company with a great man like Apollonius. Zenon learned much and prospered, but even on such a journey he was haunted by little fussy details of his daily duties.

"A-myn′tas to Zenon greetings," wrote Amyntas, master of slaves. "You must know that the cook whom you bought ran away taking with him the 80 drachmae which had been given him to buy hay for the horses. He was met by some people near A′thrib-is. He is now with the Cap′pa-do′ci-ans who have their camp there. You would do well if you would announce to all your servants and write to everybody whom you find useful, to catch him and return him!"

But reward for patient attention to all such little matters was about to come to Zenon. Ptolemy Philadelphus had granted Apollonius two enormous estates, one near Memphis, and one near the little village of Philadelphia in the Delta. The one near Philadelphia consisted of 6,800 acres of land and with it went the village. Not that Ptolemy gave this land to Apollonius! He never gave land to anybody,—all Egypt was Ptolemy's land,—but he rented it to Apollonius who paid him a certain amount each year, and could then make for himself, whatever he took in, over and above that amount. This was the scheme by which Ptolemy got his most efficient servants to reclaim bad land that had gone to waste under Egyptian mismanagement. In 256 B.C., Apollonius rewarded his self-made servant, Zenon, by making him the manager of this enormous estate.

There was creative work for a man of Zenon's ability! There was a chance for Zenon to go ahead in the world!

The estate, when Apollonius took it, had not been entirely desert, nor entirely uncultivated. There were some dykes and canals left on it from ancient days, and there was the straggling village where the peasants who worked the land lived in their rude mud-huts; but water-works were needed before the fields would be fit for profitable cultivation.

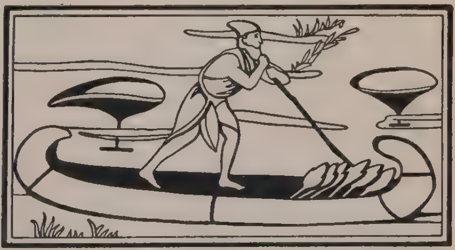
Apollonius himself had gone to inspect his grant, and approved a plan of improvements, whereupon the work had been let out to a number of special contractors.

News of progress filtered back to Apollonius in letters,—work was going on well, but all expenses had to receive a final O.K. daily from certain state officials, Di′o-do′rus and Da′mis, the Nomarch. Diodorus kicked a lot,—he grumbled and growled and found fault—always hanging around and watching things like an eagle.

"Diodorus contradicts every day more than is reasonable," wrote Apollonius' agent; then thinking that perhaps he had said too much about an official of the King, he crossed out the words and wrote: "Diodorus makes difficulty continually; nevertheless the expense is registered daily."

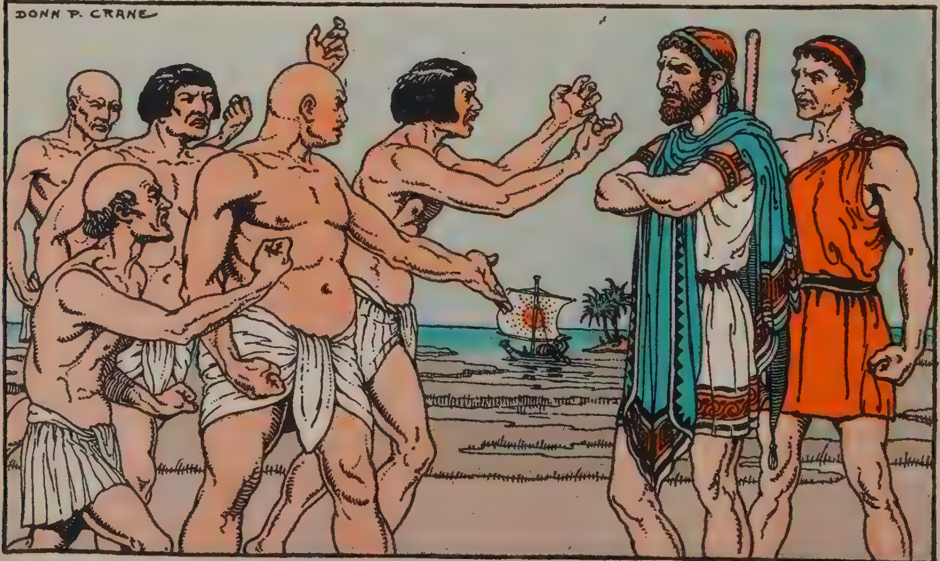
When Zenon went down to take charge of affairs, work was busily humming. Before the first crop could be planted, the land must be cleared of brushwood, the stumps must be burned out and dykes and canals must be built. For this the Egyptian peasants were forced to compulsory labor. Zenon soon found difficulties. They were stiff-necked, rebellious fellows, those dogs of Egyptian workmen! Peasants forced to do guard work along the newly built dykes wrote Zenon in a great huff: "If you send us our food and wages, all right! If not, we shall run away!"

Always just like that, —give us our terms or we quit! Yes, there were plenty of black looks, plenty of sulks and frowns everywhere for Zenon.

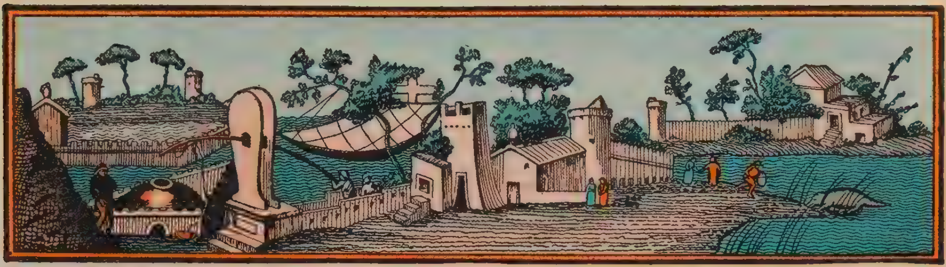


One of Zenon's stiff-necked peasants in a boat. Egyptian peasants now wear tunics instead of the ancient Egyptian skirt or loin-cloth. (A mosaic, see page 298.)

When the land was prepared, it was rented out in large shares, 680 acres at a time, to groups of dirty peasants, swarms of whom came in a band from some less fertile district. As soon as the grain was ripe, state officials valued it and determined the amount which the peasants must pay the state before any belonged to them. In addition to this the peasants must pay rent to Apollonius. The state officials were there to get all they could for the King, Apollonius' agents were there to get all they could for Apollonius, and as to the greasy peasants, why, who cared what they got? If they didn't like the decisions of the officials, they struck! Great Zeus, they were always striking! They walked out in a body and ran away to some temple to seek the protection of a god. There they stayed and sulked until their requests were granted, or until Zenon called on the Nomarch to turn them out of the temple. Conflicts, strikes, complaints were the daily fare of Zenon.



The first recorded strikes of workmen. Laborers on the estate of Apollonius lay down the law to Zenon and in a very modern manner threaten a walk-out if he does not yield to their terms for better working conditions.



Country life in Zenon's day. Three farms on the banks of a canal in Egypt. The one on the left has two tower-like buildings, and is surrounded by a brick wall. The central one has a gateway approached by a flight of steps, a high tower and a long low farmhouse, with a tower embowered in trees. To the left this farm has a *shadoof* which two men are operating, drawing up the bucket from the water to fill an irrigation ditch. To the left of the *shadoof* is a well or silo. The farm at the extreme right across the canal has a two-story house and a wooden fence surrounding a garden. Towers were parts of most Egyptian farms in the days of Zenon. Along the canal men attack a crocodile. This picture of Egyptian country life is a fresco recently found in the ruins of Her′cu-la′ne-um.

The dirty, unwashed rascals even dared to write the great Apollonius himself!

"There are lots of mistakes in this business of the 6,800 acres," they wrote, "because there is no intelligent person to manage the agricultural work. Call some of us up and listen to what we have to tell you!"

The individual Greek farmers who rented land singly instead of in groups, were not quite so hard to deal with, but they were great complainers. Zenon had to furnish them seed-grain and oxen for farm-work since no small farmer owned his own beasts or was allowed to keep seed-grain; and these fellows were always grumbling that they didn't get their seed in time, they hadn't been given the necessary number of oxen, their oxen were too weak, or the agent hadn't sent enough grass to feed them. All such little pleasantries were in a day's work for Zenon.

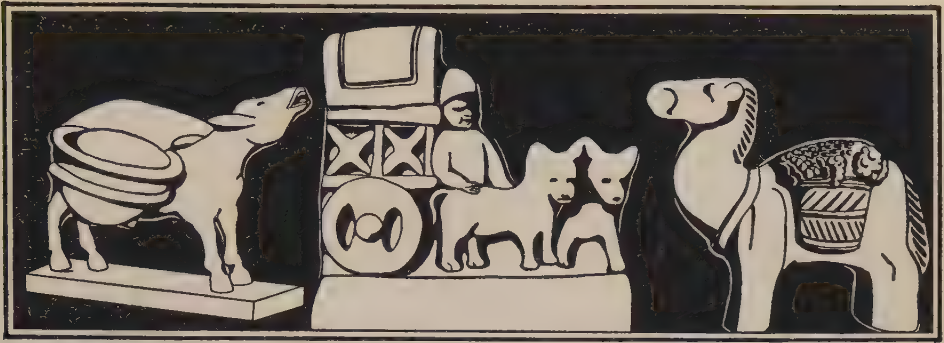
At the end of three years' time, the clearing of the land, the dykes and canals were finished, and Zenon, followed by his dog, could ride over the vast estate and see rich fields of grain, golden wheat, and barley, and rich green grass for hay, with laborers in the meadows, and strings of donkeys and mules ceaselessly bearing loads from the fields to Philadelphia or off to the canal where lay a great fleet of barges.

Oil plants brought the largest revenue to the estate,— sesame and croton. The State was encouraging the cultivation of oil plants, buying up the out-put, and restricting the importation of olive-oil from abroad.

Zenon started young vineyards too. He had no less than thirteen in different parts of the property. Vineyards were truly Greek ventures, bringing a little more of Greece across the sea into Egypt. Egyptians did not like wine. Egyptians were all beer-drinkers. Wine was the drink of the Greeks and starting vineyards was part of the Hellenization of Egypt. It attracted Greeks to the countryside which was where great Ptolemy wanted them. He needed Greeks in Egypt and was bent on attracting them there; still they were dangerous fellows when they lived packed together in cities. They talked politics too much, were far too independent and often stirred up riots. It was enough to have one great city of Greeks in Egypt, Alexandria was enough— let Ptolemy's other Greek subjects scatter through the countryside,— so thought the great Philadelphus.

Orchards of fig-trees, nut-trees, apples and pomegranates arose under Zenon's commands, with bee-farms, market-gardens, and great plantations of garlic.

Soon the pasture-land swarmed with beasts,—draft animals for farm labor, the husky oxen and cows; beasts for transportation, donkeys, mules, horses and camels; beasts and fowls for food and to sacrifice to the gods, geese, swine, lambs and calves. In addition to these there were wool-bearing animals, large herds of sheep and goats. Zenon was especially interested in the breeding of fancy sheep. Egyptian wool was poor and therefore Apollonius had imported especially fine breeds of sheep from Arabia and Mi-le′sia. With the Arabian sheep had come a group of picturesque Arabs who lived as a tribe on the place. The Mi-le′sian sheep were comical, all dressed up in covers, for Zenon was so

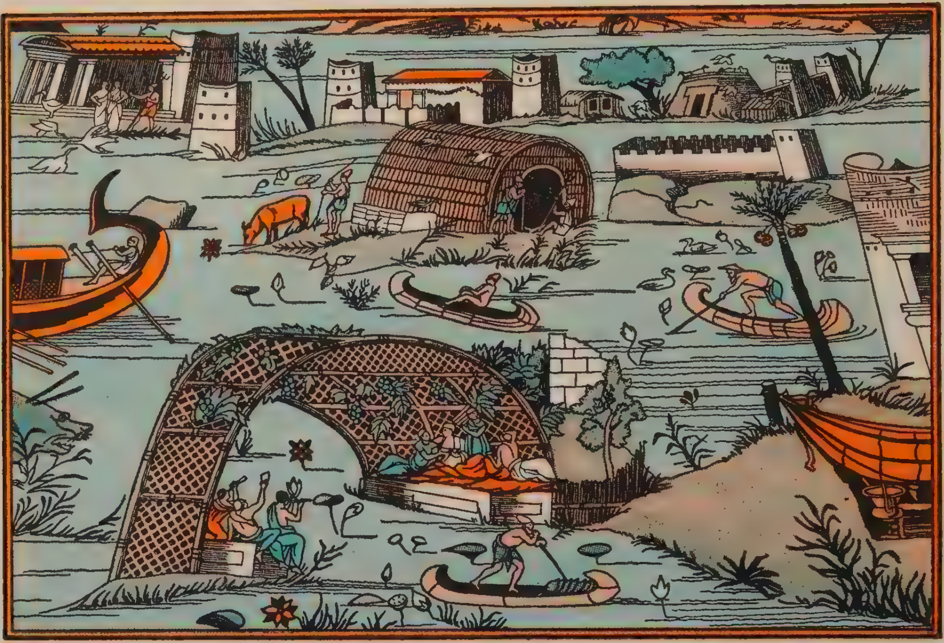


Animals used on the Egyptian farms. Left, a bronze statuette of a donkey carrying panniers. (British Museum.) Center, a cart with a canopy drawn by two oxen and driven by a boy. Right, a camel loaded with grapes. (Terra cottas found in Egypt.) The camel was not known in the early days of the Pharaohs and it was not until Ptolemaic times that it was introduced. Then, however, it soon became the most common of all work animals.

anxious to keep their wool from soiling that he had little covers made and forced the sheep to wear them even in the hottest weather.

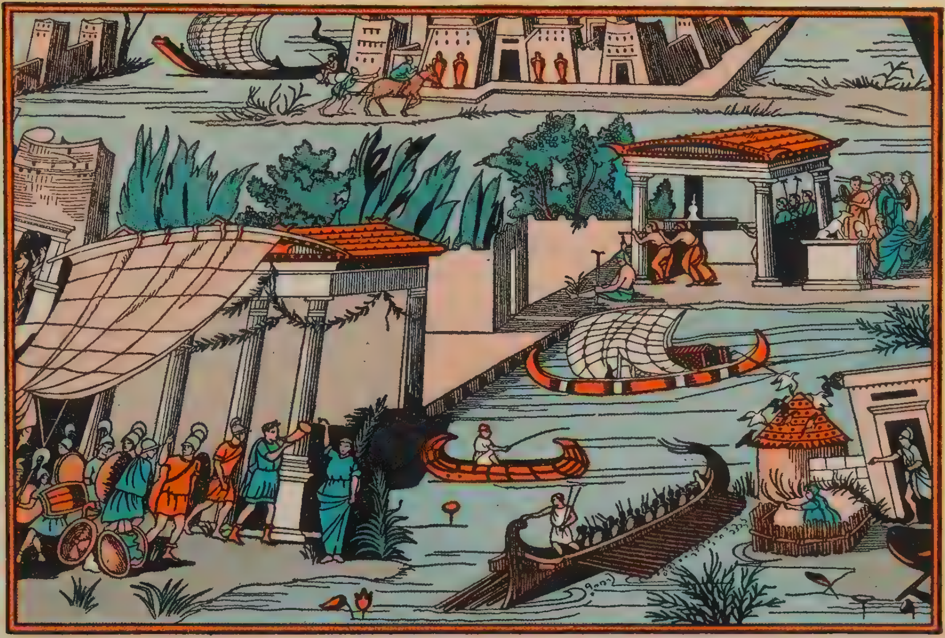
Stock raisers on the estate were granted the use of flocks and herds, provided they paid rent for them in the form of calves and lambs. A large herd of 400 pigs was rented to the swine-breeder, Petros, for the payment of 211 little pigs a year. But the rascal fled with his herd leaving only seven hogs and a very few little pigs. Zenon was obliged to order the arrest of the men who had pledged themselves as his security and to force them to pay for the herd.

With all these affairs to see to, it was no wonder that Zenon scribbled little notes to remind himself that next day he must: "Ask Herodotus about the goat wool; write Di′os-cor′i-des about the barge; make an agreement with Tia′mai-us about the animals for sacrifice; sign the contract with Apollodorus, and write that it should be delivered; have the barge loaded with wood; write to Jason that he should load the wool; see about the fourth part of the Arabian sheep; ship also the vinegar; write to Mel′i-ton about the vineyard which is in his care; write The-og′nes about the twelve pairs of oxen."



The Delta in flood time from a mosaic found at Prae-nes′te, Italy. Such were the lively scenes Zenon saw around Philadelphia. Under the shade of a latticed pergola covered with vines a party of men and women are drinking to the music of a lyre played by one of the women, while a peasant rows a boat nearby. To the left appears a hippopotamus, just speared by hunters. Behind the pergola on a grassy island is a barn where calves are reared for sacrifice. Before the barn, two peasants are talking, one with a pitchfork in his hand; a third peasant drives cattle to water. In the extreme rear are three temples, the one at the right a shrine for sacred ibises, the one at the left a Greek structure with pillars differing from the Egyptian temple on page 299. Everywhere are birds, lotus-flowers, papyrus blossoms, boats with peasants, and even a dahabeah, a spacious pleasure boat with a cabin.

Overseeing such a vast estate might have seemed a big enough job for any mortal man, but Zenon had still more to do. He had to see to building up the village of Philadelphia. Here Apollonius had a palace set among beautiful gardens, here Zenon and his family lived among the other agents, and here dwelt all the peasants who went to the fields at dawn and returned to the village at night-fall. The village had a market-place, with public baths, and beer shops as important centers of life. Building was always going on; and there was Apollonius writing Zenon to prepare a handsome barge to carry the Princess Ber′e-ni′ce across to her bridals in Syria, and Ar-te-mi-do′rus writing that he was coming to Philadelphia in a horse-carriage, and he hoped that Zenon was



This picture adjoins the one on page 298. In front of a large tower-villa, part of which is shown on page 298, is a pavillion with pillars where soldiers are ready to celebrate a festival. A laurel-crowned officer sounds a horn to signal a boat-load of passing soldiers, while from the peasants' hut beside the dove-cote across the water, a peasant comes out of doors, and his wife rushes to the garden to see all the excitement. At the end of the garden wall, behind which appear the trees of the villa, is a little shrine adjoining a statue of the jackal-god A-nu'bis. Here two men carry a stretcher with a sacred symbol, while behind come standard-bearers, and a congregation of worshipers. The palace of Apollonius must have resembled this villa. In the rear a traveler on a donkey, followed by a servant with baggage, passes before a typical Egyptian temple with pylon gates and colossal Egyptian statues.

looking after the new buildings on his place, and when he arrived, would Zenon please have some barley ready for his horses and some honey for himself!

Methodically filing all letters, Zenon devoted himself wholeheartedly to his routine, keeping his nose to the grindstone with praiseworthy oneness of purpose, neither dreaming of art, philosophy, politics, nor literature, as the worshiping world expects of traditionally high-minded Greeks, but daily making his rounds and expanding the great estate.

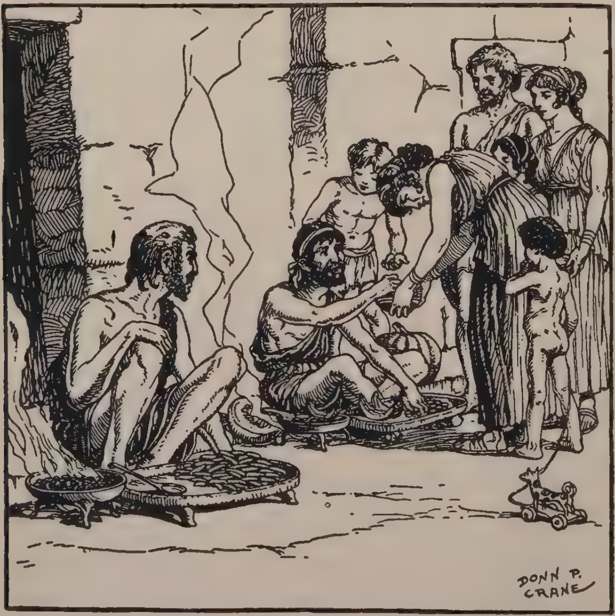
Acting in Apollonius' stead, Zenon was head of the village. He had to see that all the population owing compulsory labor to the State was properly listed and registered, and he acted as Chief of Police with a force of native policemen.

Every now and then somebody requested him to deliver up a thief who had fled to Philadelphia with a donkey and some sacks, to investigate the theft of a cow, or to send back to Alexandria a tailor who had run away, owing the state some money, and was hiding in Philadelphia.

The shops were all run by men who had to have special licenses, and from them Zenon collected the taxes. Those who sold oil, salt, bread, meat, fish, beer, clothing, and shoes, all paid a tax to the State. Even such a cheap and common product as lentils could not be sold without a license.

"People in the town roast pumpkins," wailed Ar-en-tot′es, seller of lentils. "Therefore no one nowadays buys any lentils of me. The pumpkin roasters come early in the morning, sit down near me and sell pumpkins, so I get no chance to sell lentils." And he begs, in woe-begone fashion to be allowed a postponement in paying his monthly tax.

In the larger towns there were factories, but here in Philadelphia Zenon must always be trying to attract and build up new industries. Every now and then some workman from a distant village applied to him for permission to come to Philadelphia, and these efficient Greek workmenadvertised their abilities in truly modern style.



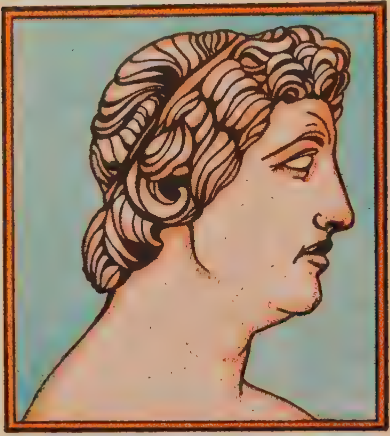
The roaster of pumpkin seeds attracts purchasers away from the lentil-seller. To sell even such petty products men had to pay monthly taxes.

"To Zenon, greeting from A-pol′lo-pha′nes and De-me′-tri-us, experts in the weaving of women's woolen garments of every description," wrote two brothers, who wished to start woolen weaving in the village. "We have heard of the fame of your city and what an excellent fair-minded head it has in you, and so we resolve to come to Philadelphia to you, both ourselves and our mother and our wives. Please, therefore, grant us an audience, that we may get to work. We are prepared to make, if you desire, cloaks, tunics, girdles, mantles, sword-belts, bed-wraps, and of women's garments, tunics open at the side, embroidered wraps, plain robes, purple-edged robes; and to give instruction if desired. We can give you references, some here, people of high standing."

Zenon also started a rug-weaving industry in Philadelphia, but there you had trouble again,—in industry as in agriculture, trouble with the common workmen, always trouble, trouble! "Referring to my report on Nech-them′bis, the rug-weaver," the foreman of the weavers wrote: "he is an agitator. He has stopped work on the rugs. Moreover, he has corrupted the other weavers also!"

So matters went with Zenon, work and work and work, and strikes and complaints and more work, but withal a tremendous success! Then in 246 B.C., Ptolemy Philadelphus died, and his son, Eu-er′ge-tes succeeded to the throne. This Ptolemy Euergetes turned Apollonius out of office, took the estate away from him and left him to die in disgrace. Zenon was out of a job,—the management of the estate was taken out of his hands. But Zenon was not to be downed. He had properly feathered his nest during all his prosperous years, and he who had come to Egypt a penniless young man, passed the rest of his days as a rich influential citizen, honored in Philadelphia, a money-lender, cattle-breeder, owner of vineyards, and raiser of sheep, whose herdsmen, sad to relate, continued to go on strike!

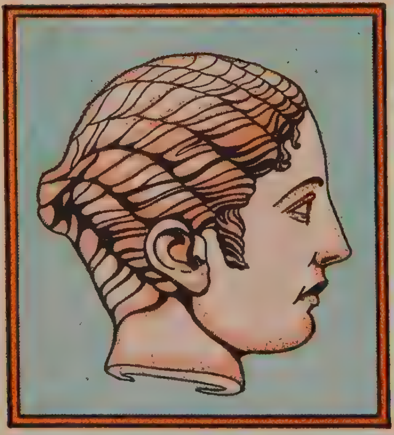
The Later Ptolemies in Egypt



Ptolemy III, Eu-er′ge-tes, who brought Hellenistic Egypt to the height of its glory.

What took place in Philadelphia in the days of the worthy Zenon, took place all over Egypt. So was Egypt Hellenized and made once more rich and prosperous. And even as Egypt was Hellenized, so was the rest of the world—Asia Minor, Italy, Sicily, Southern Gaul and Spain accepted the culture of Greece.

Eu-er′ge-tes, the third Ptolemy, found himself almost at once engaged in a foreign war. His brother-in-law, An-ti′o-chus II, died at Antioch, and Ber′e-ni′ce, wife of Antiochus, for whose bridals Zenon had been ordered to provide a barge, was soon afterward murdered. To avenge his sister's death, Euergetes declared war. He marched into the Seleucid Empire as far as Babylonia and added to his kingdom vast stretches of new land, while his fleets swept the Aegean and conquered all opponents as far north as distant Thrace.



Exquisite head of Queen Ber′e-ni′ce, famous for her golden hair, here dressed in elaborate fashion.

Then it was that the Empire of the Ptolemies reached its greatest extent and was at the height of its power,—but under the long line of weaker Ptolemies who followed Euergetes, the country quickly declined. They did not keep up the fleet or the army, till gradually all the land outside of Egypt was taken from them, and the Ptolemies remained Kings only of the Valley of the Nile.

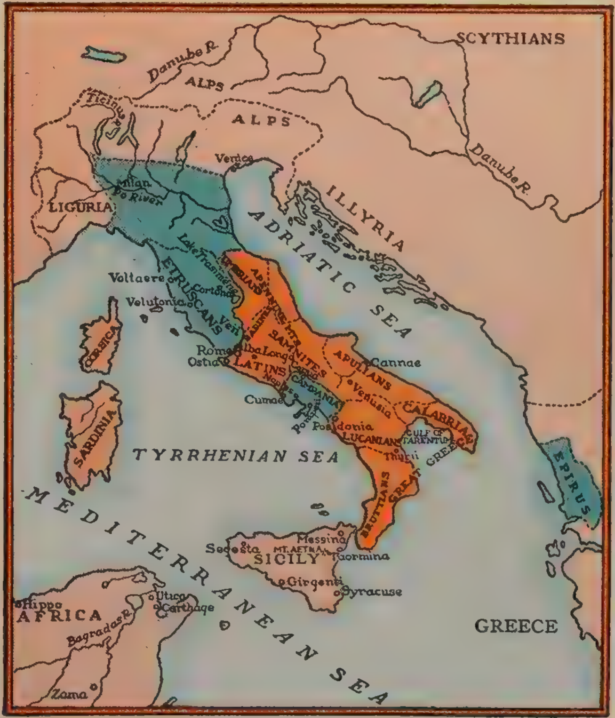
VIII

Rome and the Western World

(FROM ABOUT 1000 B. C. TO 264 B. C.)

The Greek Colonists and the Etruscans

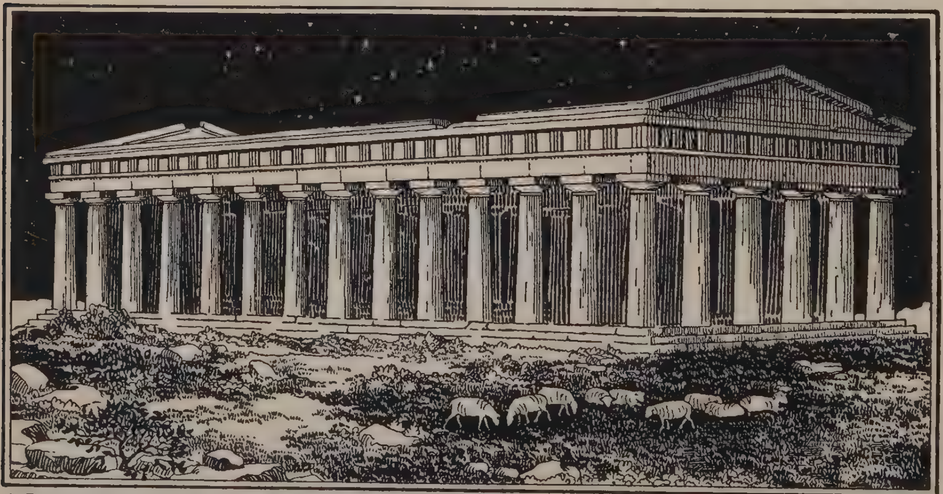
In the days of the early Ptolemies, the Greek world became aware that across the Adriatic, a callow, young city, named Rome, was restlessly stretching its limbs and seizing the whole of Italy. Who and what was this Rome? For centuries the Greeks had thought the only important people on the neighboring peninsula of Italy were their cultured fellow-Greeks, who had settled in numerous colonies along the southern shore, and those hardy E-trus′can sailors, whose galleys from northern Italy, bore the most exquisite metal-work, pottery, and jewelry to various ports in Greece. But these Romans were uncultured Latins! A pack of squabbling tribesmen! Nothing at all did they know save the things they had learned from the Greeks!


SCYTHIANS
Danube R.
ALPS
Ticinus
ALPS
Danube R.
Venice
Milan
Po River
LIGURIA
ILLYRIA
ADRIATIC SEA
Lake Trasimene
UMBRIANS
APENNINE MTS.
Voltaere
ETRUSCANS
Cortona
Velutonia
Veii
CORSICA
SAMNITES
Rome
Alba Longa
Ostia
LATINS
Capua
APULIANS
Cannae
Venusia
Naples
CAMPANIA
Cumae
Pompeii
Posidonia
CALABRIAE
LUCANIANS
GULF OF TARENTUM
Thurii
GREAT GREECE
SARDINIA
TYRRHENIAN SEA
BRUTTIANS
EPIRUS
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Messina
Segesta
MT. AETNA
SICILY
Taormina
Girgenti
Syracuse
Hippo
AFRICA
Utica
Carthage
Bagradas R.
GREECE
Zama

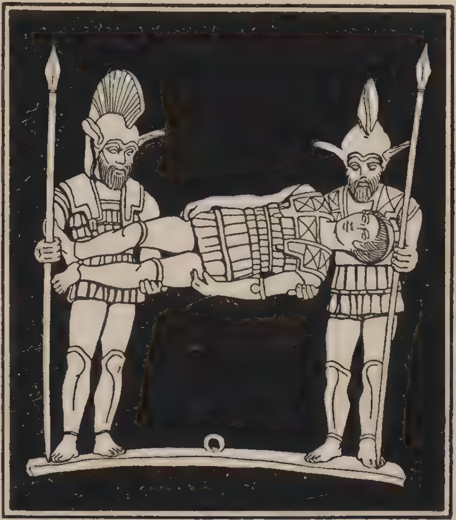
The peninsula of Italy, like a boot kicking the football of Sicily. Greece lay close on the East, and Carthage was south across the Mediterranean.

Italy was a smiling land. It had a warm, pleasant climate, bountiful pasture-lands and wide-spreading plains for farming, and though the tall peaks of the Ap′en-nines ran down the whole of its length, it had no criss-cross mountain-chains, or deep-indenting bays, to keep the land all cut up into separate districts like Greece. Dissatisfied Greeks, for centuries, had been leaving their fatherland when nobles oppressed too severely or living was lean at home, and seeking their fortunes in Italy.

Cy′me in the beautiful Bay of Naples was the earliest of their settlements. The rude Italian tribesmen called the settlers at Cyme *Grae′ci* because they had come from Grae′a, and soon they bestowed on all Hellenes the common name of Greeks. Naples, too, the Greeks founded, and Paes′tum, or Po′sei-do′ni-a, in the land of twice-blooming roses, and many another city along the heel and toe of Italy's great boot or on the island of Sicily. Indeed, so important to Greece were these colonies in Italy, that from the earliest times they had called the land "Mag′na Grae′cia" or Great Greece.



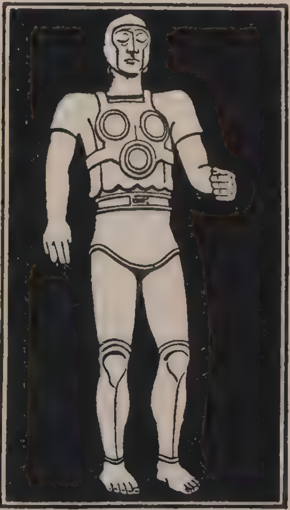
A Greek settlement in Italy deserted for 2,000 years. The temple of Po-sei′don in Paes′tum or Po′sei-do′ni-a about fifty miles from Naples. These majestic ruins, perfect in their symmetry, are among the most beautiful in the world.



Two bearded early Latin soldiers carry the body of a dead comrade from the battlefield. The soldiers wear large bronze helmets and complete body armor. They are armed only with heavy spears. (A 4th century B. C., bronze handle. Found at Prae-nes′te. Now in the Museum Papa Giulio at Rome, Italy.)

The natives whom the Greeks had found when first they came into Italy, were Indo-Europeans, who had swarmed down into the land not long after the crude and barbarous forefathers of the Hellenes had swept down into Greece, to destroy the ancient Cretan and My′ce-nae′an civilization. But these Italic tribes had found no wonderful cities, no art, and civilization, to destroy and yet to learn from. Therefore, they had remained a simple shepherd people.

In the gently sloping plains to the west of the peninsula, were the rough and sturdy Latins, whose home near the Tiber River had become known as La′ti-um. Among the narrow valleys and endlessly rolling heights of the sunburned Apennines, dwelt wild and rugged Sa′bines, hardy Sam′nite warriors, and Vol′scian mountaineers. All these groups, however, were called Italic tribes, and from them the land received its name of Italy.

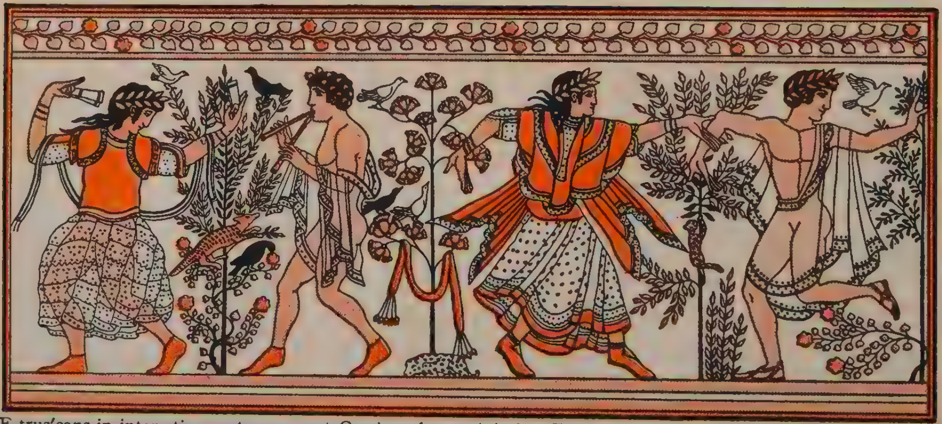


Bronze statuette of a Sam′nite warrior, showing the typical helmet, breastplate, and belt of these mighty highland warriors. (5th cent. B.C.)

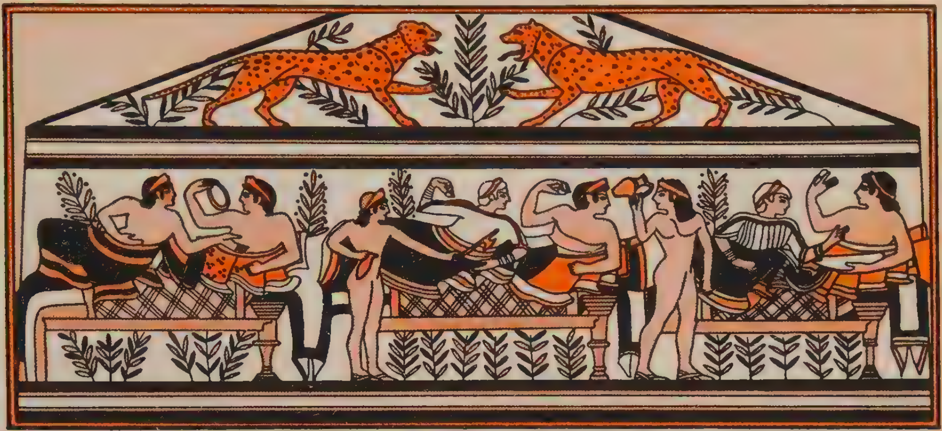
The coming of the Greek colonists brought new ideas and customs to these many uncivilized tribes, taught them the use of the alphabet, how to coin money for trade, and to tell all the marvelous tales concerning Olympic gods.

Because both Greeks and Italics were Indo-Europeans, their gods were much alike. The Italics believed in a sky-god, who was ruler of all the gods, and they called him Jupiter or Jove. The same god, however, was called Zeus by the Greeks. Mars, Italic god of war, was Ares, the Greek god of war; Venus, goddess of love, was only the Greek Aphrodite; Juno was Hera, Queen of the Gods; and Vesta, Goddess of the hearth-fire, was Hestra to the Greeks. A few gods, indeed, were Italic, such as the two-faced Janus, protector of all doorways and the La′res and Pe-na′tes, ancestral household gods; but for the most part, the Italic tribes took over all the Greek tales about the Olympic gods and looked on them as their own.

From the Greeks the tribesmen learned much, and much they likewise learned from their neighbors to the north, the efficient and skilful Etruscans. These people had left Asia Minor before 1000 B. C., and settled on the west coast of Italy north of the river Tiber. It was said that they came from Lydia because of a fearful famine, and that their name, *Etruscans*, came from their Prince Tyr-rhe′nus.

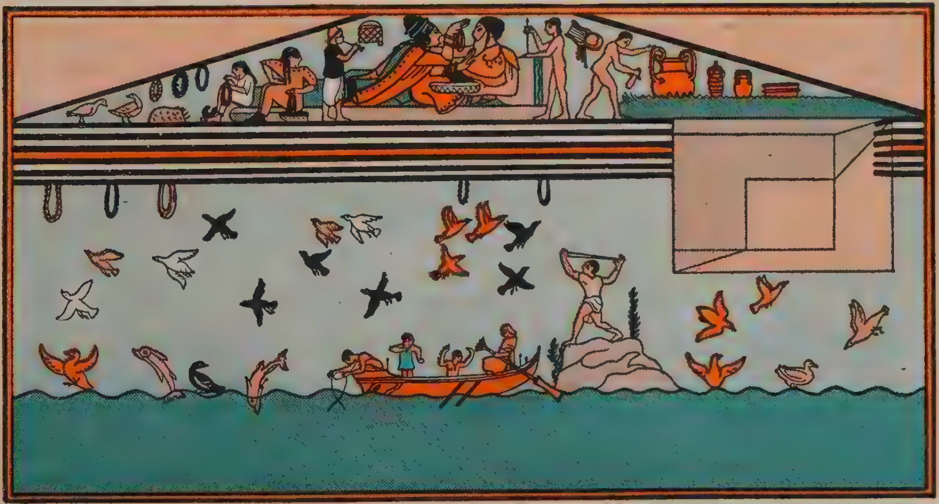


E-trus′cans in interesting costumes, part Greek and part Asiatic. They dance in honor of the dead amid joyous outdoor scenery, pirouetting and posturing with graceful transparent draperies. The man plays the flute. The girl at the left claps her castanets and has a strap with bells over her shoulders. The big fan-like hands, the features of the dancers, the joy of their movements, the richness of the borders of their garments, and the strange stiffness and regularity of the folds are quite Etruscan, characteristic of these intelligent and artistic Asiatic settlers in Italy. A remarkably fine piece of work in detail and execution. From the Tomb del Tri-cle′ni-o, 5th cent., B.C.

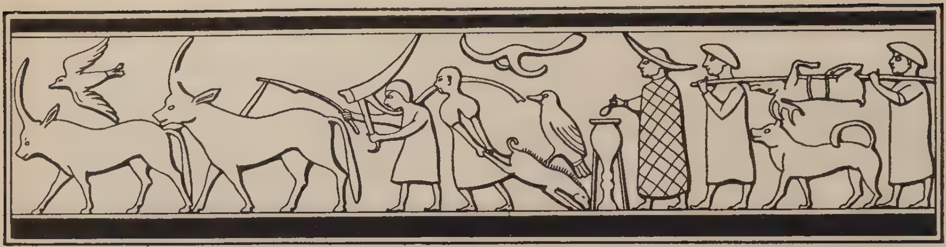


An Etruscan symposium. The guests recline on bronze couches covered with embroidered cushions, and with the luxury and ceremony which characterizes the Etruscan nobles, they are served by naked boys. At the left, two youths occupy the couch, but the other couches have a youth and a young girl. The men wear mantles and the girls chitons. Above are two long-bodied hunting leopards. Tomb of the Leopards at Cor-ne′to, about 500 B. C.

Already knowing much of the eastern civilizations, the Etruscans quickly conquered the rude, native Um′bri-an tribes, and established themselves north of Naples, crowning the hilltops with cities,—Vet′u-lo′ni-a, Vol-a-ter′rae, Faes′u-le and Cor-to′na, all hanging high in the sky, commanding the country round-about and protected by well-built stone walls.



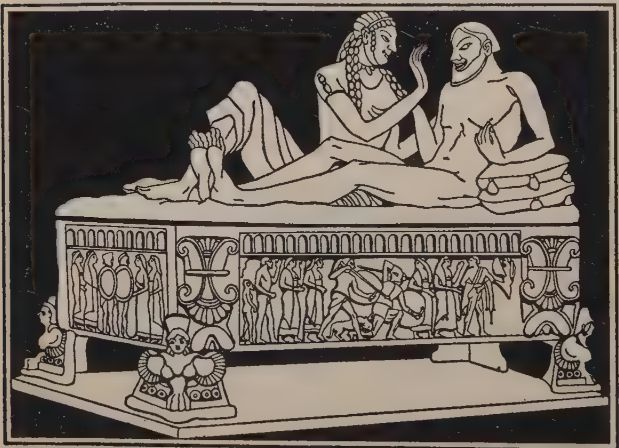
Hunting and fishing scene from an Etruscan tomb of the 6th century B. C. The hunter shoots at the birds with a sling and the fisherman uses a loop. Above, the noble, who was buried here, is shown feasting with his wife.



An Etruscan farm scene. A subjugated Italic tribesman, having finished ploughing, has unyoked his oxen and is resting the plough on his shoulder. Next him another rustic is dragging the carcass of a freshly killed pig, on which a bird, perhaps the ominous raven is perched. To the right, an Etruscan in cloak and broad brimmed hat returns from the hunt; two men bear the deer just slain on a pole, while a dog with symmetrically curved tail, runs happily underneath. Reliefs on an Etruscan bronze vase, found near Bologna, 500 B. C. Now in Museum, Bologna.

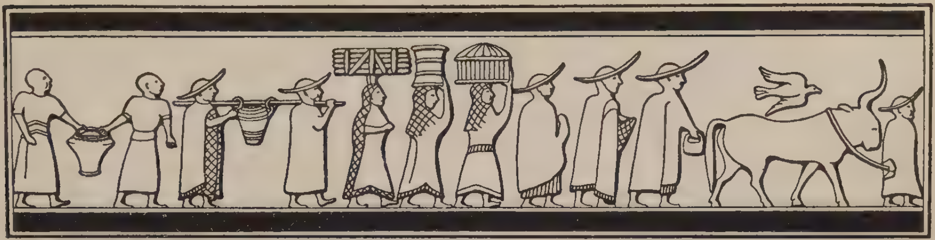
These Etruscan cities were particularly clean and healthy, rising up around temples constructed with graceful arches; for it was the Etruscans who perfected the use of the arch.

From their picturesque hilltop cities, the Etruscans ruled all the land, and the native Umbrian tribes became servants to the Etruscans, fighting in their armies, building their walls and temples, rowing their powerful galleys, and working their fields and mines. Each Etruscan city was a little state by itself, but all were closely allied in a compact of defense.



A loving couple reclining on a typical Etruscan terra cotta sarcophagus, (from Cer-vet'ri; 6th century B. C.). Note the Oriental type of features, especially the obliquely placed eyes, which no Aryan ever possessed. This mysterious Asiatic race, the Etruscans, living in the hill-cities around Florence and Bo-log'na, were once the most important people in Italy and did more than any others to mould its civilization. To them the Romans owed much of their political, social and military organization. The Etruscans took over the Greek alphabet, but though their records are written in Greek letters, all knowledge of the Etruscan language has been lost and the search for a key to it is one of the interesting adventures of modern scholars.

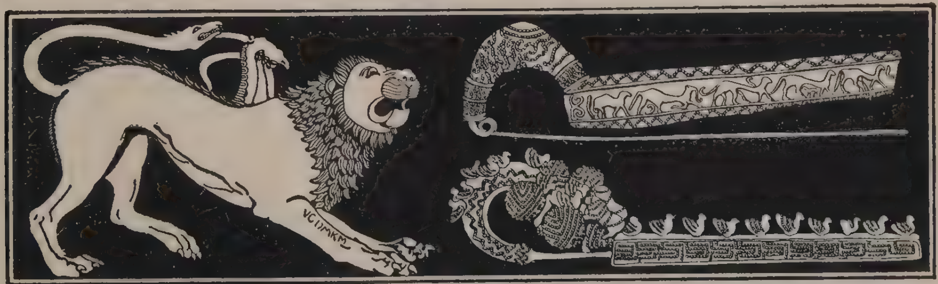
Soon the Etruscans found themselves wealthy owners of land; busy with matters of farming, mining, and manufacturing, with racing their beautiful horses, or hunting the savage wild boar. And for their dead they built tombs elaborately decorated.



An Etruscan funeral procession. At the left, two men bear a pole from which is slung an urn containing the ashes of the dead, a rather unusual picture, as the Etruscans ordinarily buried their dead instead of cremating them. The urn is similar to the vessel from which these reliefs were taken. In front of the urn three women carry respectively, a bundle of faggots, a ribbed bronze vessel, and a basket. Before them march three reverend persons in long cloaks and large hats, while a sacrificial ox is led along by a man in the same wide hat and long cloak.

They became master workmen in metal and mighty traders by sea, carrying their pottery and metal-work to all the known ports of the world. They kept commerce in their own hands by forbidding any foreign ship to visit Etruscan cities. Etruscans visited Greece, and learned much of Greek art and religion, but no Greek boats were permitted to land on Etruscan shores.

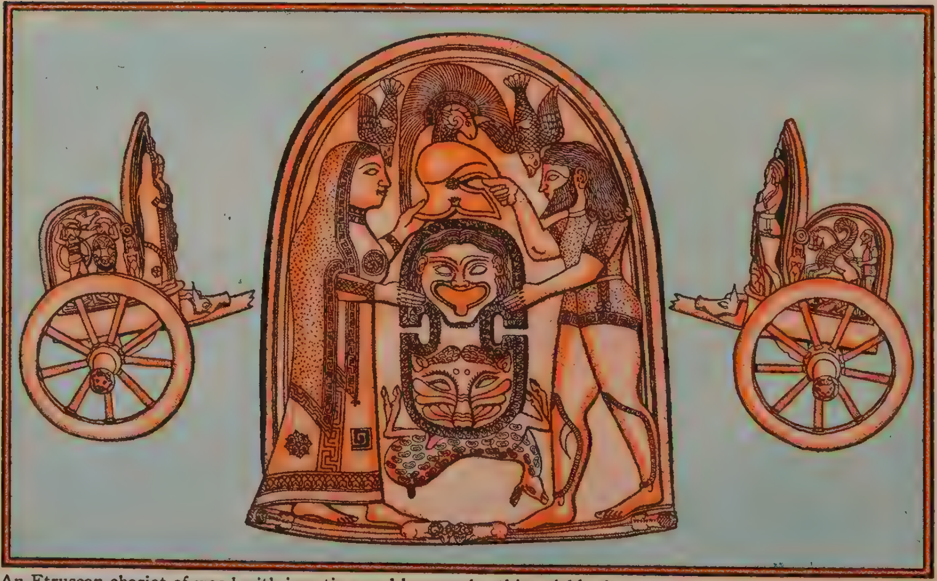
Now the power of these hardy Etruscans frightened the primitive Latins who had settled on hills near the Tiber, some twelve miles in from the sea. They knew themselves no match for these highly civilized pirates, but they meant to preserve their liberty and not become slaves like the Umbrians; therefore they formed a league under the leadership of the settlement on the Pal′a-tine Hill, where a fortress guarded the only bridge and the ford across the stream.



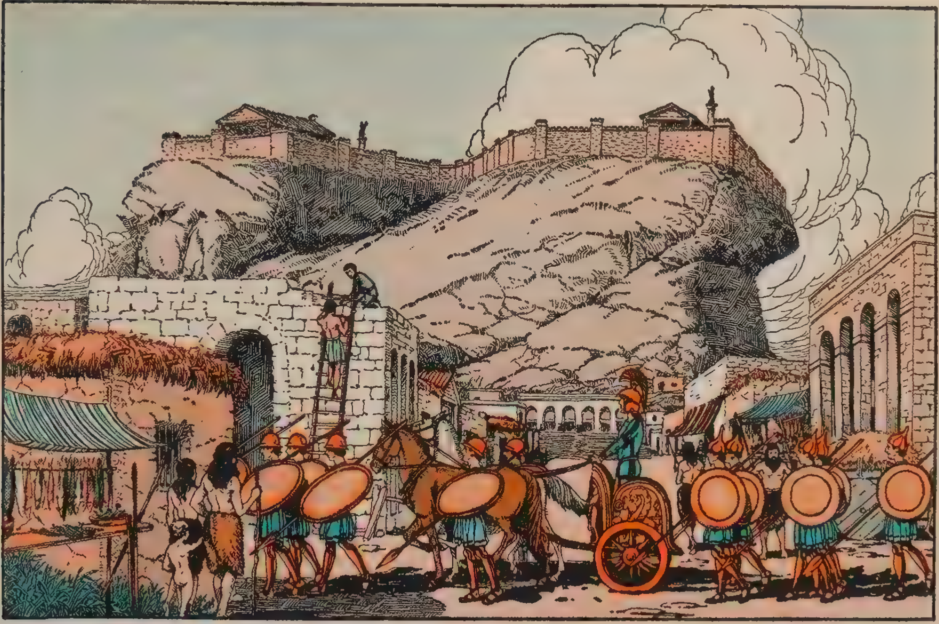
Masterpieces of the Etruscan metal-working artists: the bronze chimaera from A-rez′zo, glorious in its conception and seeming to breathe forth fire. It has the figure of a lion, a goat's head rises from the back and the tail is a serpent. The goat's head is dying, fatally wounded by the spear of Bel-ler′o-phon. (3rd century, B. C.) Two gold fibula, or safety-pins, decorated with exquisite animals in filigree and the finely coiled wire granulations, so characteristic of Etruscan gold-work. (725-625 B. C. Now in the Archaeological Museum, Florence, Italy.)

Heeding this threat, the Etruscans went no farther southward. They conquered the land to the north, but did not cross the Tiber, and soon the ford near the Palatine Hill became a meeting place for the rude and barbarous Latin and the civilized Etruscan. On marshy ground near the ford was the Forum, or market place, where the Latins brought grain and cattle to exchange for weapons and tools, which Etruscan artisans fashioned so skilfully from iron.

Not till about 750 B. C., did the Etruscans think seriously of going south of the river. Then an Etruscan prince suddenly crossed the Tiber, seized the Latin fortress on the Palatine Hill, and from this point subdued the towns on the other hills. These villages he united into one large city, which he made his center of government, as he conquered Alba Longa and the rest of the Latin League, and to his new capital city he gave the Etruscan name of Roma.



An Etruscan chariot of wood with iron tires and bronze sheathing richly decorated in repousse work. At the left, a victorious warrior thrusts his spear through the body of an opponent while a fallen foe lies at his feet. In the center, the warrior's wife gives him his helmet and shield before he departs for battle. At the right a warrior drives a pair of winged horses over the body of a woman. (Metropolitan Museum, New York.)



Rome under Etruscan rule. King Tar′quin in his chariot surrounded by Etruscan soldiers rides through the Forum where barbarian Latins trade with their cultured masters. Above, on the Capitoline Hill, stands the Temple of Jupiter.

Henceforth, for two hundred and fifty years, the Etruscans ruled the Latins. In Rome they drained the marshy ground on which stood the busy Forum. On the Capitol Hill they built a temple to Jupiter, and along the edges of the hills, they erected a strong stone wall which entirely enclosed the town. Rome became a trading center, where Greeks, Etruscans, and Latins all met to exchange their wares; and Os′tia was established at the mouth of the River Tiber to make a seaport for Rome. But about 500 B.C., the last Etruscan king, Tar′quin, was forcibly driven from Rome; the patricians, or men "with fathers," that is, those whose fathers had been original Latin tribesmen, now took charge of the government, and the story of Rome as a Latin city really began. In later years, however, its people thought their city worthy of a more heroic beginning. Therefore they taught their children the legend of the founding of Rome.

The Legend of the Founding of Rome

In the terrible days when Troy fell, there fled from the burning city the Trojan hero, Ae-ne′as, son of the goddess Venus. Leading his little son by his hand, and bearing his aged father, An-chi′ses, upon his back, Aeneas fled with his followers and all his household gods. Boarding a ship, he wandered far from the shores of Troy.

> Arms and the hero I sing, who first from the shores of the Trojans,
> Fleeing sharp driven by fate, to Italy came and La-vin′i-a.
> Much had he suffered on land, much tossed had he been on the ocean,
> Fleeing the wrath of the gods and the long cherished hate of cruel Juno.
> Much, too, he suffered in war before he could build him a city.*

So was Aeneas, storm-driven, tossed on the African shore, where Di′do the Tyrian Queen, had founded the city of Carthage. Warned by the ghost of her husband, Dido had fled from Tyre, where her brother, the King Pyg-ma′li-on, had foully murdered her husband out of greed to possess his gold. Landing here on the African shore, she had bargained with the natives to purchase so much of their land as might be covered with the hide of an ox. But cutting the hide into strips, she wilily made it enclose the whole of a certain hill, the Byr′sa or Hide-Enclosed Land, whereon she had builded a fortress, the citadel of great Carthage.

Fair as Diana, this Dido, towering above her maids, received Aeneas in state, beneath the dome of a temple. And straightway she loved Aeneas, and no more sighed for Sychae′us, her husband who had been slain. In garden bowers and beauty spots, Queen Dido and her maids made festivals for Aeneas, that he might nevermore desire to leave her tropic shores. The noise of merrymaking rang through the palace courts; there blazed from the gilded roof bright lamps and

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*From Vergil's *Aeneid*. The Roman poet Vergil lived from 70 B. C., to 19 A. D. He was the son of a small farmer, but received an excellent education which included the study of Ep′i-cu-re′an-ism. The *Aeneid*, the first of all the Latin epic poems, was written at the request of Augustus for the greater glory of Rome, and told the story of Aeneas. The *Aeneid* has many passages of exquisite beauty, but has not the power and majesty of Homer's epics.

gleaming torches, which turned the night to day. Or with the rising sun, Queen Dido and her huntsmen led Aeneas forth, to ride the woodlands green, or gain the pathless mountain-tops, where wild goats leapt the crags.

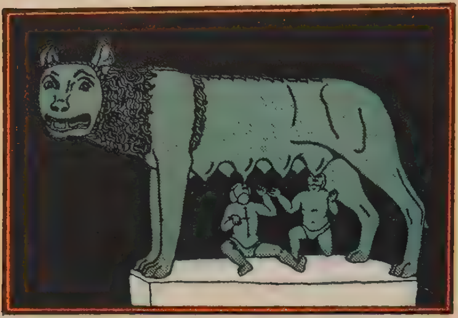
But in Aeneas dwelt an urge that would not let him stay. The gods had put it in his heart to found a mighty city that should one day rule the world. He loved the dusky Dido, yet he sailed away from Carthage; he left the love-sick queen, and she, for grief, built up a lofty funeral pyre, fell on her sword and died.

All ignorant that those flames, so bright against the sky, were Dido's funeral pyre, Aeneas turned his vessel north, to meet adventures on the seas again. So came he to the coast of Latium and beheld the Tiber, swift and strong, fair-flowing to the sea. Then shoreward did he bid his mariners to turn their prow, and up the shady stream with joyous hearts they rowed.

La-ti′nus was in those days King of Latium, and he had no son but one fair daughter only. She, La-vin′i-a, was a queenly maid, and many young men wooed her; but of these the comeliest, of long and lofty ancestry, was Turnus, whom the royal mother yearned to wed to her fair maid. But signs and portents all forbade. Before the altar standing, the maiden's hair was seen to blaze, ablaze her jeweled crown. "So will she blaze in fame and fortune," said the gray-haired seer, "if she but wed no man of Latium, but a stranger who will shortly land upon these shores."

Thus when Aeneas came, Latinus sent an embassy with gifts, and offered peace, and his fair daughter's hand. But when Aeneas and Lavinia were wed, young Turnus, smitten deep with grief, stirred all the Latins up to war. Long raged the fiery battles till Aeneas slew his foe,—

Settling the gods of his household in Latium whence came the Latins,
Whence rose the fathers of Alba and high-towering walls of great Roma.



Famous bronze statue of Romulus and Remus, the wolf wrought by Greek artists in Italy, 6th century, B. C.

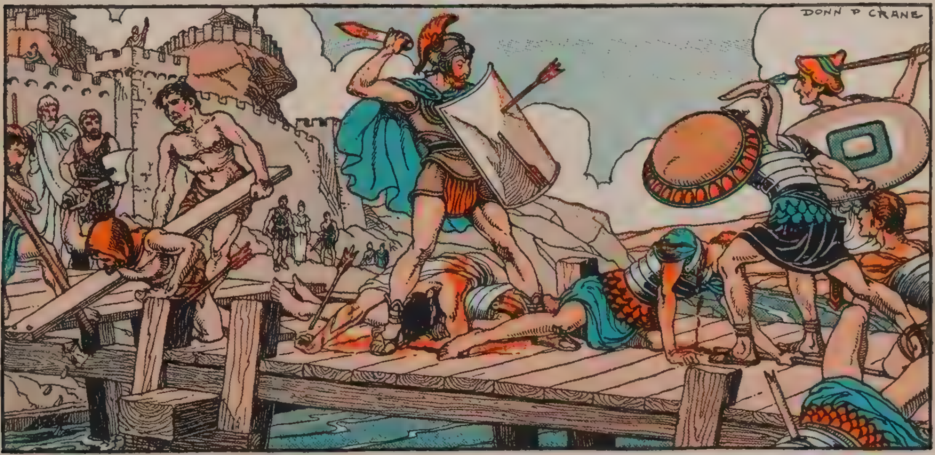
Of this Aeneas then, there sprang a race of princes, they who ruled in Alba Longa, and of this proud line was born that priestess Rhe′a Sil′vi-a, who wedded Mars, the war-god, and bore Rom′u-lus and Re′mus, lusty twins. The uncle of these infants, who by force had made himself the King of Alba Longa, sought to kill the rightful heirs. He put them in a boat and pushed the craft into the Tiber, that the current of the stream might carry them far out to sea. The boat, however, came ashore at that historic spot where later Rome should rise, and when the twins for hunger cried, there came a great she-wolf, and suckled them.

Thus did the twins to sturdy manhood grow, as strong and fierce as wolf-cubs, and unto them they gathered in their youth, a band of rugged followers, with whom they came and claimed their rights in Alba Longa, then started forth to build a city on the hills, where once the current of the stream had landed them as babes. That hill which now is called the Av′en-tine, did Remus choose to be the city's site, but Romulus would have the Pal′a-tine. So they agreed to let the gods decide, and Remus, as an omen, saw six vultures flying from the East, but Romulus twelve mighty vultures saw, and cried: "The gods approve my choice!"

He ploughed a trench around the Palatine to mark his city's walls; but Remus, mocking, leapt across the ditch to show his scorn of such a small defense. Then Romulus, in anger, slew his brother, crying: "May this end to any come who try to cross my walls!" And so it was that Romulus did found great Rome and to the Roman people pass the spirit of the wolf-cub and the war-blood of great Mars!

Rome, the Young Latin City

Having done away with their king, the *patricians* formed themselves into a Senate and made Rome a republic, electing two *consuls* from their own ranks to govern the city for a year. But in Rome there were many non-citizens who were not patricians, or descendants of the three Latin tribes who had first formed the city. They were known as *plebians* or plebs, and as unfair laws oppressed them, they began to clamor for power. According to an old tribal custom of the Indo-Europeans, every man who could carry a weapon had the right to meet in a great assembly, or *co-mit'ia.* Therefore, dissatisfied plebs could refuse to go to war; and so after many struggles, the senators agreed that the *plebs* could elect from their number two men called *tribunes*, who should look to their interests and have power to stop any act of the consuls or any decree of the senate which was unjust to the plebs. Moreover, when other Latin tribes, fearing the Etruscans, formed a Latin League, and placed themselves by treaty under the leadership of Rome, the Senate gave these



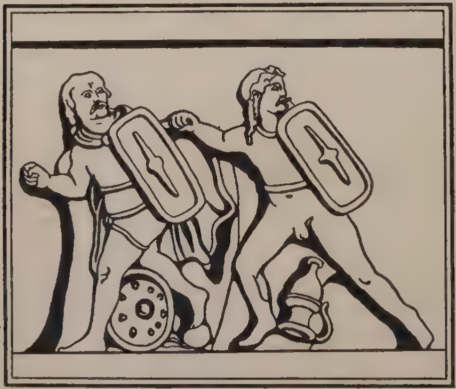
One-eyed Ho-ra'ti-us, single-handed, defends the bridge across the Tiber from the fierce Etruscans of Ve'ii. Later Romans had many such stories of their early heroic struggles in mastering the surrounding tribes. One story told how the rough followers of Romulus stole wives from the nearby Italic tribe of Sabines. Another concerned the old soldier Cin'cin-na'tus, who left his plough in the furrow when called from his farm to save Rome. These stories which were believed to be true till a hundred years ago, are retold in Macauley's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Bronze helmet dedicated by Hi′e-ro of Syracuse as part of spoils captured from the Etruscans, 474 B.C.

Latins almost the same rights and privileges as the original Roman citizens.

Fear of the Etruscans burned deep in Latin hearts. Rome was still weak and crude compared with these powerful neighbors. It was only outside events which delivered her from these foes. In 474 B. C., the Etruscans laid siege to Cy′me, the first Greek settlement in Italy. Cyme appealed for help to Hi′e-ro, tyrant of Syr′a-cuse′, an important Greek city in Sicily. Hiero came with a fleet and destroyed the Etruscan navy. Soon after this, hordes of barbarian Gauls swept down from the north, over the Alpine passes into the valley of the Po, destroying the Etruscan cities.

These two disasters so weakened the Etruscans that Rome felt strong enough to make an attack on Ve′ii, the nearest Etruscan city. When Veii fell, the Etruscan power at last received its death-blow and began most surely to wane.



Two fierce Gauls, half-naked, with long hair, and drooping mustaches, drop their booty in flight. The painted terracotta frieze of an Etruscan temple at Cur′-ta Al′ba, 3rd century, B.C., Museum, Bo-log′na. Depicting these savage and barbaric ancestors of the modern French, was very popular with the Etruscans of the fourth and third century, B.C. The artists who made these pictures had suffered much themselves from constant raids of the Gauls.

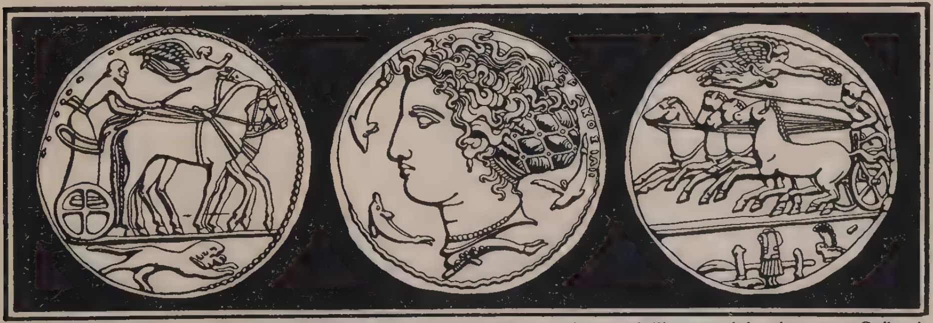
But then the Gauls reached Rome in 382 B. C.! Sweeping through northern Italy, burning and pillaging everywhere, the barbarians at last reached the Tiber. The Romans were dumb with fear,—these Gauls with their long blonde hair, and savage, drooping mustaches, seemed as tall as the gods! They hung the skulls of their enemies on the heads of their horses, and charged in wild disorder, half-naked, and with terrifying cries.

Nevertheless, when the Barbarians were within a few miles of Rome, an army went out to meet them. The army was overcome; the city was destroyed, and only the fortress on the Capitoline Hill was with difficulty held by the Romans. Rome was forced to pay the Gauls an enormous sum of gold; whereon they withdrew to the Valley of the Po, to settle in Cis-al′pine Gaul, or Gaul this side of the Alps.

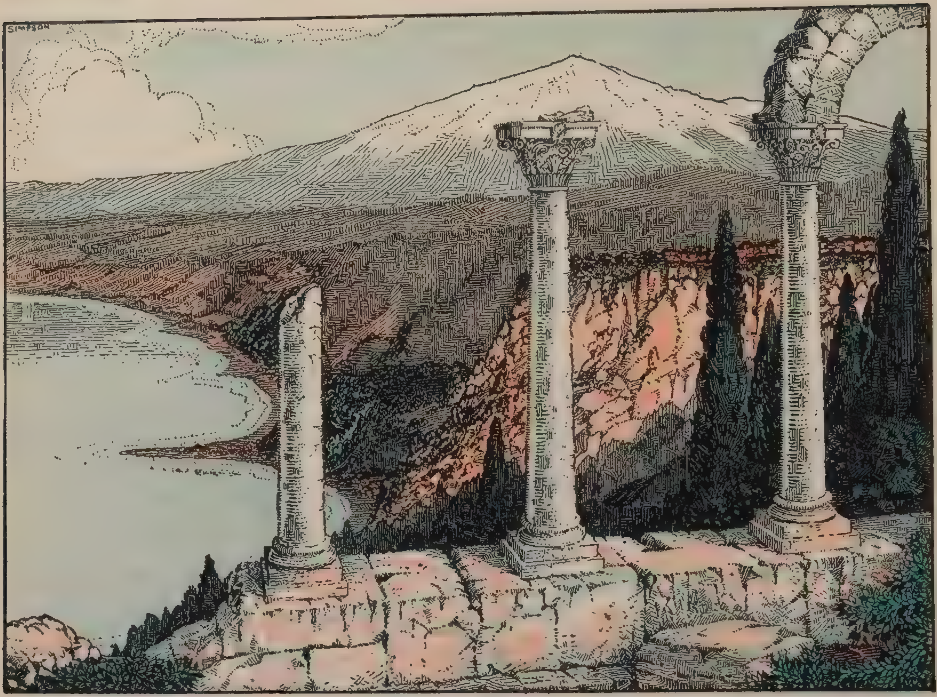
Rome was left to build up her city almost from the foundations. She was by now the strongest city on the west coast of Italy, but there were other cities in the Italian world much more important than Rome. One of the greatest of these was the Greek city of Syracuse on the island of Sicily, that city which had so recently helped destroy Etruscan power.

Sicily and Syracuse

Syracuse had been settled by colonists from Corinth about 734 B.C. It had a beautiful harbor, so its people soon took to commerce and made their city known as the great western center of Greek trade. Under the leadership of a number of strong, able men, who seized control and were therefore called *tyrants*, the city grew powerful and beautiful, adorned with temples and markets, with theatres and docks.



Exquisite coins of the great Greek city of Syracuse in Sicily. First, a silver medallion struck by the tyrant Ge′lon in 480 B.C., to commemorate his victory over the great city of Carthage in Northern Africa, which had made large numbers of settlements in Sicily. Victory crowns the horses of the chariot while below, the lion of Carthage is shown in desperate flight. Second, the head of Ar′e-thu′sa, patron nymph of Syracuse, who dwelt in a fresh water spring on the site of the first small city. The dolphins indicate the maritime power of Syracuse. Last, the reverse side of the second coin struck after the defeat of the Athenians in 413 B.C. Victory crowns the charioteer and below is a suit of Athenian armor, such as were given as prizes at the festival commemorating the defeat of Athens.



Ta′or-mi′na, one of the loveliest Greek settlements in Sicily. Ruins of the Greek theater which was later rebuilt by the Romans—one of the most romantically beautiful spots in the world. Below, at the foot of the steep pink cliffs, lies the sea; in the distance unbelievably white, rises the snow-capped Mt. Etna. Splendid ruins of other Greek settlements may be seen today at Syracuse, Gir-gen′ti and Se-ges′ta in Sicily.

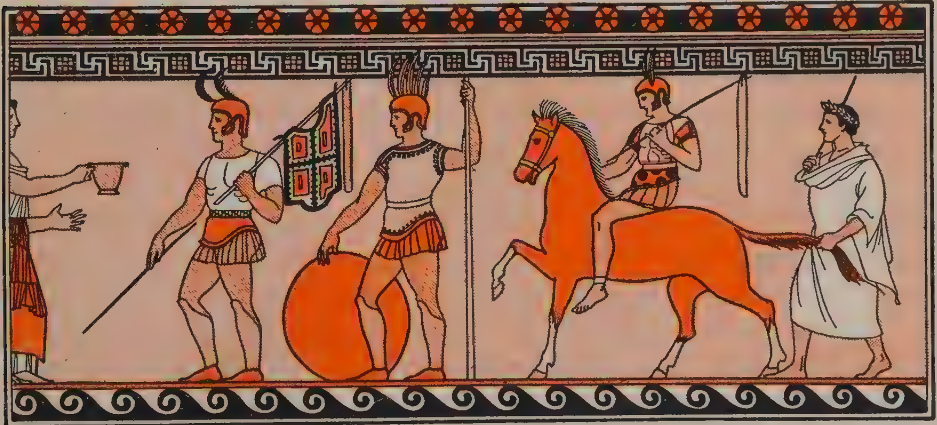
Hi′e-ro, who had defeated the Etruscan navy, had succeeded his brother, Ge′lon, the first of these great tyrants, in 478 B. C. His victory not only helped to break Etruscan power, but also made Syracuse greater than ever to the other Greek colonies in Italy, so that all now turned naturally to Syracuse for leadership and help.

It was Hiero's desire to be called King of Syracuse, and he set up a court which was magnificent in its luxury and display. He sent his race-horses and chariots to the games at Olympia, and the most gifted poets of Greece were hired to celebrate his victories in lordly odes. Beautiful buildings and temples were erected in Syracuse, which became as famous for its beauty as for its luxury and wealth.

Indeed, so wealthy did Syracuse grow, that Athens became quite jealous, and in the days of Al′ci-bi′a-des sent a fleet to attack it. But the Athenians were defeated, and seven thousand soldiers were either sold into slavery or thrown into the stone quarries to die a miserable death.

By 405 B.C., under Dionysius, (Di′o-nish′i-us,) the tyrant, Syracuse had grown so powerful that no city in Europe could equal it. While Athens and Sparta fought in the Peloponnesian War, Dionysius built up an Empire which brought all the Greek cities in Italy under his control. So little did he think of Rome that he made no treaties with her; but when Dionysius died, the cities in Italy broke away, and Syracuse declined, while Rome slowly grew in power.

In the heart of the Apennine Mountains, Rome had to fight the Samnites for the possession of central Italy. These hardy and war-like highlanders trapped the entire Roman army in a narrow pass in the mountains, and won an overwhelming victory. As a sign of submission, they forced the proud army of Rome, clad only in their shirts, to pass under a yoke made of spears. In 290 B. C., however, the Romans at last defeated the Samnites altogether.



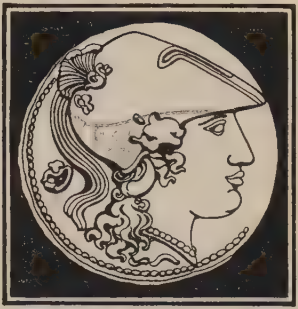
Powerful Samnite warriors from the highlands of the Ap′en-nines bringing home the spoils of war. The first warrior bears on his spear a costume of the enemy, quite possibly a Roman. Frescoes from Paes′tum, 3rd century, B.C.

While Rome was thus making herself the mistress of Central Italy, the Greek cities in Southern Italy, leaderless since they had thrown off the rule of Syracuse, begged Rome to send her armies to help them in subduing surrounding Italic tribes, with whom they constantly fought. Rome readily sent them aid and subdued the Italic tribes, but, in return, she demanded that all these Greek cities consent to receive a Roman garrison and come as allies directly under the protection of Rome. Certain Greek cities objected. Under the lead of Ta-ren′tum, they formed a league against Rome. But what Greek leader was left to aid them in fighting Rome?

The cities turned to Pyrrh′us, the vigorous and able king of E-pi′rus in Greece. King Pyrrhus was a bold fellow. He had spent the eventful years of his youth losing and gaining Epirus and conquering Macedonia, and he claimed descent from none other than the heroic and warlike Achilles. Courageous, generous, and affable, as well as resourceful and bold, he made a powerful enemy for the young republic of Rome. King Pyrrhus at once agreed to come and make war on Rome. By uniting all the Greek cities of Italy and Sicily, he hoped to establish a kingdom which might some day control all Italy. And so he gathered his army and appeared one day in Italy with a powerful brigade of war elephants, enormous, fearful beasts, which scattered terror everywhere as they ploughed their way through the land.

At Her′a-cle′a in 280 B. C., and at As′cu-lum the next year, King Pyrrhus won brilliant victories. His greater generalship, his well-trained soldiers in the phalanx, and his overwhelming war-elephants were too much for the Romans.

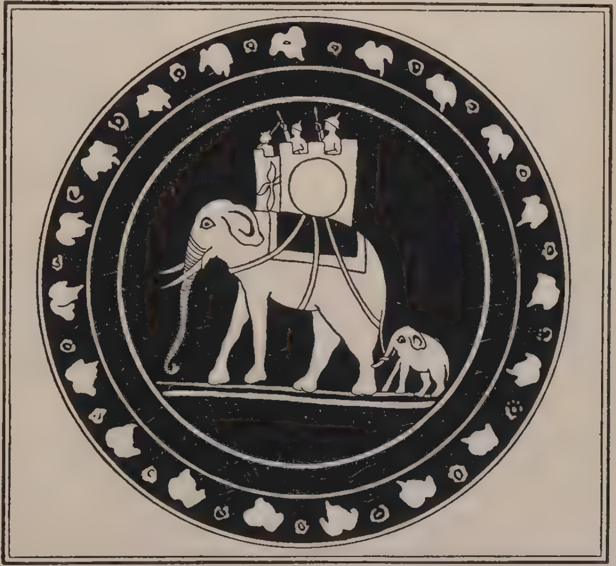
Then Pyrrhus went over to Sicily and soon took most of the island. But at this point Carthage in Africa sent its fleet to help Rome. The Carthaginians had many settlements in Sicily. They were not friends to the Romans, but they had



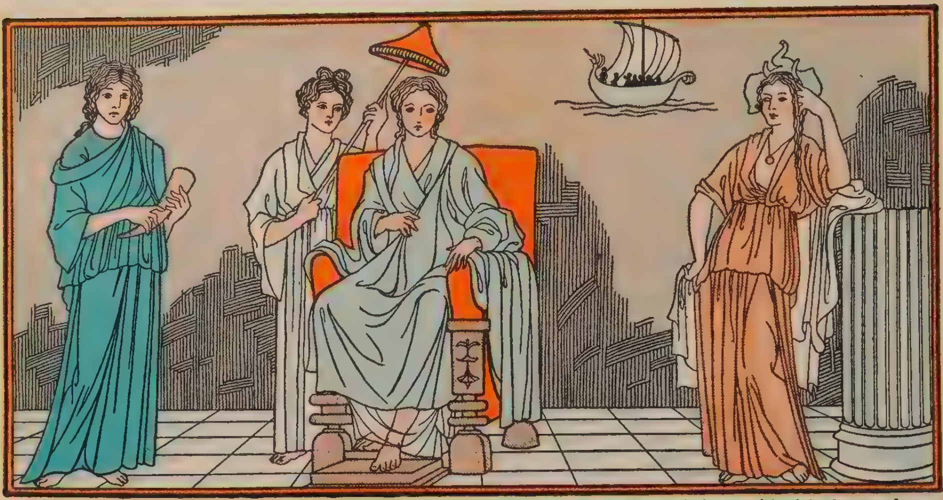
A gold coin of Pyrrh'us, King of Epirus, made during his expedition to Sicily showing the head of Athene.

no wish to see such a powerful leader as Pyrrhus master of Sicily. Rome could be dealt with later. So Rome and Carthage united, while, following the usual Greek custom, the cities Pyrrhus had set out to help, disagreed among themselves. Thus deserted, Pyrrhus fought one more battle with Rome; but this time the famous war-elephants rushed back on the army of Pyrrhus. The Romans were victorious, and Pyrrhus returned to Epirus with only a small remnant of his one-time powerful host.

With this able enemy removed, Rome marched against the Greek cities and took them one by one. Roman soldiers were placed in their fortresses, and the cities were declared the allies of the Republic. Ta-ren′tum surrendered in 272 B. C., and with its fall, Rome was at last complete master of the Italian peninsula as far north as the lands of the Gauls in the Valley of the Po. Only one great city, Carthage, the richest, and most powerful city that Rome had ever fought, now remained to dispute Roman control of the western Mediterranean world.



An elephant of Pyrrhus carrying on his back a tower containing three soldiers in Hellenistic armor. A baby elephant is led by his mother's tail. Since this painted clay dish belongs to the early 3rd century, B.C., there is no doubt that the picture represents one of the elephants which so impressed the Romans when Pyrrhus brought them to Italy. Museo Papa Giulio, Rome.



The legendary Queen Di′do of Carthage seated in an arm chair behind which stands her maid with the royal umbrella. Nearby is another maid handing the queen an ivory drinking horn. At the right stands a personification of Africa with the skin of an elephant's head on her hair. In the background the ship of Ae-ne′as is leaving the harbor. See page 312. Part of a mural decoration from Pompeii now in the Naples Museum. The Romans called the Carthaginians "Poe′ni" or Phoenicians, and the wars against this powerful city were therefore called "Pu′nic Wars."

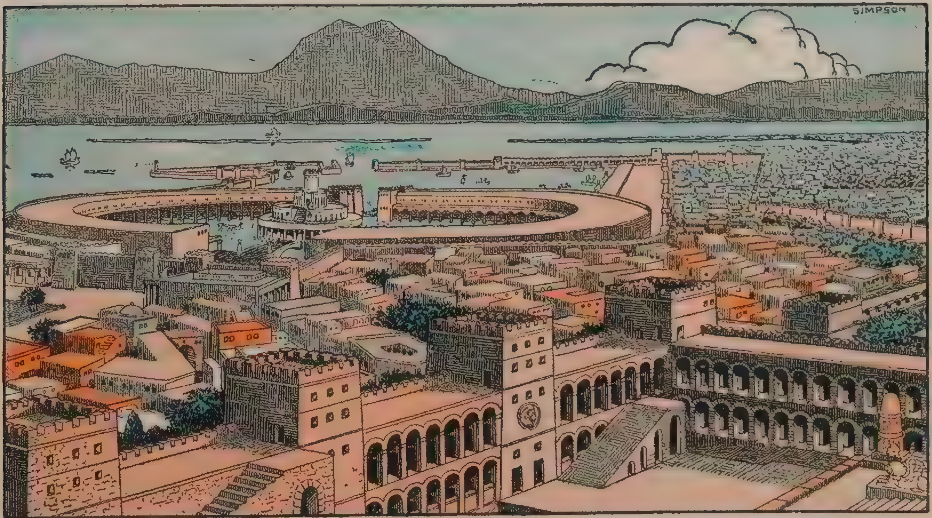
IX

Rome Conquers Carthage

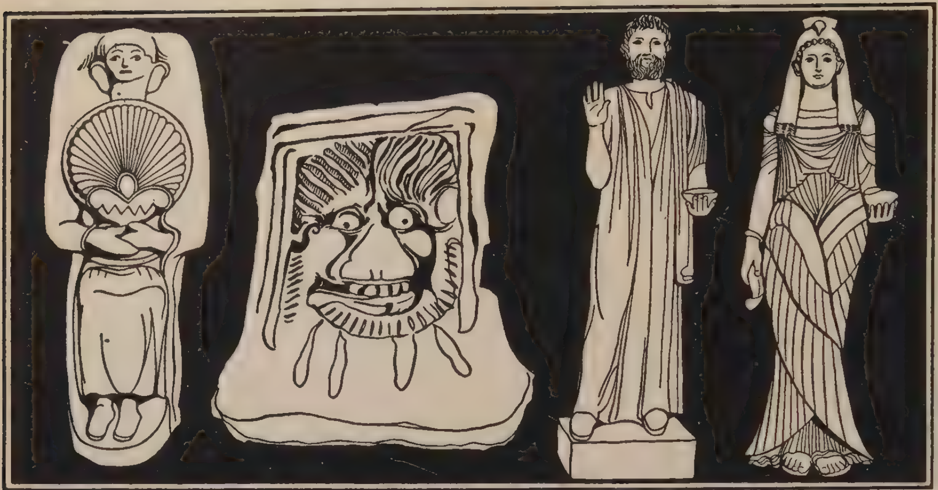
Carthage

While Rome was still a group of rude little Latin villages, Carthage on the north coast of Africa had become an established center of commerce and civilization. First settled by traders from the Phoenician city of Tyre about the time that King Hiram was aiding Solomon in the building of the temple at Jerusalem, Carthage maintained the belief that the founder of the city had been Queen Di′do or E-lis′sa, as the ancient legends said, and the fortress part of the city was always called the Byr′sa or Hide-Enclosed land. The swarthy Carthaginians, Semites by race like the Hebrews, were hardy, adventurous sailors, with no wish to conquer great territories or establish a mighty empire. Their thoughts were devoted to trade, and the colonies they established in Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Spain were intended as trading posts. But the Greek colonists absorbed their settlements in Italy. Other foreign powers threatened their other colonies and by the year 650 B.C., Carthage found herself forced to become a fighting nation.

She took the island of Sardinia near Italy; she controlled all Sicily except where the Greeks had settled; she collected tribute from Corsica and southern Spain; she allowed no other nation to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar. Soon the western Mediterranean, its shores dotted with her colonies, its waters swept by her war-galleys, became a "Phoenician lake," in which the Carthaginians boasted that no one dared wash his hands without asking leave of them. Built on a peninsula in the sun-bathed gulf of Tunis, Carthage glowed with the brilliance of a great Asiatic city.

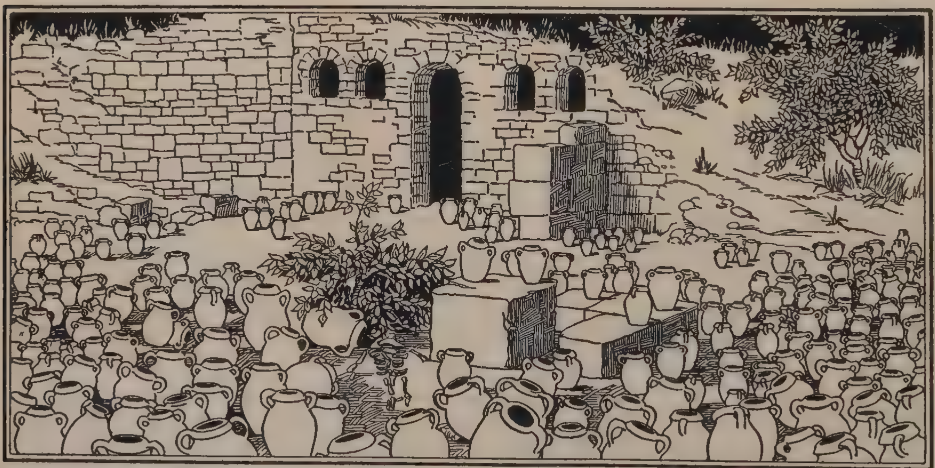


The brilliant city of Carthage, looking south from the Byr′sa, or citadel whose strong walls show in the foreground to the right. The square outer harbor, 1400 feet long, was used for merchant vessels. The Ca-thon′, or round inner harbor, appearing like a circular colonnade with two handsome Ionic pillars in front of each of its docks, was reserved for ships of war and could be entered only by way of the merchant harbor. The round island in this harbor was the headquarters of the admiral whence he could direct work at the docks or watch the bay for hostile fleets. The city itself spread far inland, bustling with markets and industries, with houses, mansions, and temples, with tropical gardens, and palm groves full of strange birds and fish. It was surrounded by a huge wall in which were housed 300 elephants, 4,000 horses, 20,000 foot soldiers, and 4,000 cavalrymen. The architecture of Carthage displays no marked national characteristics; for the Carthaginians created nothing but employed artists, architects, sculptors and builders from Sicily, Egypt and Greece. This picture is based on the reconstruction made by M. Paul Auc′ler after the description by the Roman historian, Ap′pi-an, and is in harmony with the latest excavations.

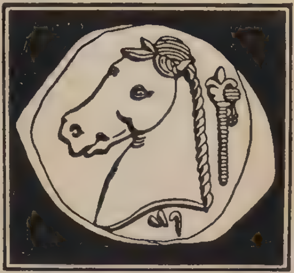


To the left, a clay statuette of the great goddess Ta′nit who, with Ba′al-Am′mon was the chief divinity in this Semitic city. (3rd century B.C. found in Carthage and now in the Bardo Museum, Tunis.) Next, a Carthaginian altar recently discovered. It bears an image which is probably that of Baal-Ammon or Mo′loch. The other two figures are a priest and priestess from marble sarcophagi, sculptured and painted. The bearded priest makes a gesture of prayer with his right hand. The priestess is in ceremonial dress, the lower part of her body covered with graceful wings. Compare with Vol. I, p. 248. (Both about 4th century B.C. Museum St. Louis, Carthage.)

The people worshiped Ba′al-Am′mon or Mo′loch, the hideous god of fire. To him and his terrible wife, Ta′nit, the goddess of the moon, human sacrifice must be made.



Ruins of the temple of Ta′nit with urns of sacrificial babes. Hundreds of such urns have been found in this sanctuary, each containing the charred bones of some infant offered as a living burnt sacrifice. These urns cover a period of 500 years, from the 7th to the 2nd centuries B.C. The children range from new-born babes to 12 years. (Copied from a photograph by Byron Khun de Prorok, leader of excavations in Carthage.)

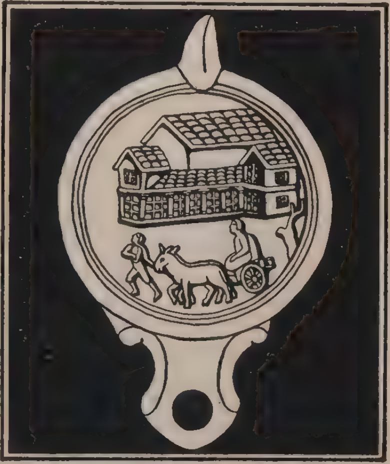


A coin of Carthage with a spirited horse's head. Behind is a palm tree; below, Phoenician letters. According to legend, when foundations were being dug for the city, men came first upon an ox's head. This was a sign of servitude and the men dug further. Then they found a horse's head, the sign of courage and conquest, and this was chosen as the symbol of Carthage.

The nobles of Carthage were her merchants. While Rome was still an ugly sprawling city of mud-brick houses with a few plain gray tufa temples, the luxurious nobles of Carthage were dining at tables of citron wood on dishes of gold and silver; their homes were adorned with mosaics, carved and inlaid wood, statues, paintings, and embroideries from every part of the world.

But as time went on, these nobles thought of trade as being beneath them, and they turned their attention to farming, living as country gentlemen, on land cared for by serfs. "The land about Carthage was covered with gardens and large plantations, everywhere intersected by canals," said the Roman historian, Di′o-do′rus. "A continual succession of landed estates was there seen, adorned with elegant buildings."

Two of the nobles, called *suf′fetes*, chosen for the term of their lives, governed the city of Carthage; the rest were members of the *Senate* or the council of one hundred judges. These nobles coined gold and silver and made the first bank notes known in the world. They appointed leaders of the army and navy and sent voyages of exploration to new or little-known lands. The adventurous Admiral Hanno, sent off to sea by them, left an account of his travels along the West African coast.



A typical Carthaginian country villa from a clay lamp found in Tu-nis′i-a. In front is a portico with pillars; behind is a massive atrium with a pair of two-storied wings. On the road before the villa is a two-wheeled cart with a man seated in it. It is drawn by two mules and preceded by a slave with his master's luggage. The quotation concerning these villas in the text is from the Roman historian Di′o-do′rus, who lived about the time of Caesar.

The Per′i-plus or Circumnavigation of Hanno

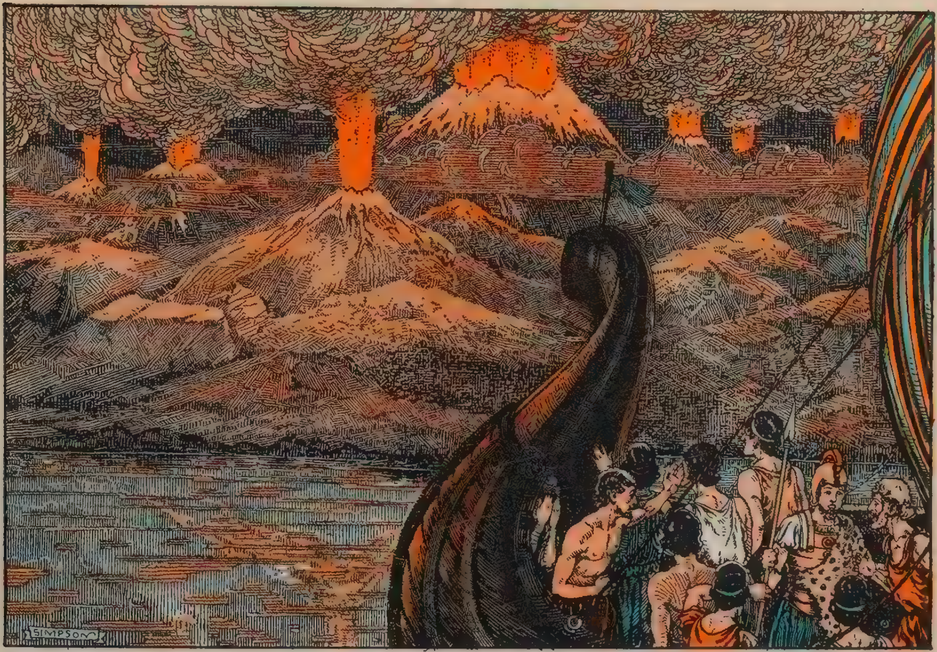
It was decreed by the Carthaginians that Hanno should sail beyond the Pillars of Hercules and found cities of the Liby-Phoenicians. Accordingly he sailed with sixty ships of fifty oars each, thirty thousand men and women, and provisions and other equipment.

"When we had passed the Pillars, after two days' voyage, we founded the first city. Sailing thence, we reached the Lix′us, a river which flows from Libya. On its banks the Lix′-i-tae, a wandering tribe, were feeding their flocks. With these we made friendship, and remained among them certain days.

"Having procured interpreters from these same Lixitae, we coasted for two days along an uninhabited country, going southwards, and made a settlement which we called Cer′ne. After this, sailing up a great river, we came to a lake, the furthest shore of which is overhung by great mountains, wherein dwell savage men clothed with skins of beasts. These drove us away, pelting us with stones, so that we could not land. Therefore we sailed away to another river, great and broad, and full of crocodiles and river horses.

"Thence returning, we came again to Cerne; and from Cerne we sailed towards the south for twelve days, coasting along the land. The whole of this land is inhabited by Ethiopians. These would not await our approach, but fled from us; and their tongue could not be understood even by the Lixitae that were with us. On the last day, we came near to certain large mountains covered with trees, and the wood of these trees was sweet-scented and of divers colors.

"Sailing thence we came to a great bay wherein was an island, and in this island a lake with another island. Here we landed and by day found nothing. By night, however, we saw many fires burning, and heard flutes, cymbals, drums, and the noise of confused shouts. Great fear then came upon us, and the prophet bade us leave this place.



The Carthaginians had probably reached some bay in the Gulf of Guin'ea. The *Per'i-plus* or story of this remarkable voyage, so graphically illustrating the adventurous spirit of the Carthaginians, was posted by Admiral Han'no as a thank offering in the Temple of Ba'al at Carthage where some Greek traveler saw it and was prompted to translate it. Thus it was preserved in Greek,—the only piece of Carthaginian literature remaining in its complete form. The original Greek manuscript is in the library at Hei'del-berg. The account here is somewhat abridged.

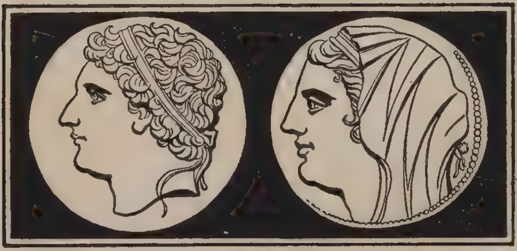
"Passing on for four days we found at night a country full of fire. In the middle was a lofty fire, greater than all the rest, so that it seemed to touch the stars. When day came, we found that this was a great mountain which they call the Chariot of the Gods.

"Having sailed by streams of fire, we came to another bay with an island full of savage people, of whom the greater part were women. Their bodies were covered with hair, and our interpreters called them Gorillas. We pursued them, but the men we could not catch. Defending themselves with stones, these all escaped. We caught three women, however; but when these, biting and tearing, would not follow us, we slew them, and flaying off their skins, carried these to Carthage. Further we did not sail, for our food failed us."

The Fight Over Sicily

(264 B. C.—241 B. C.)

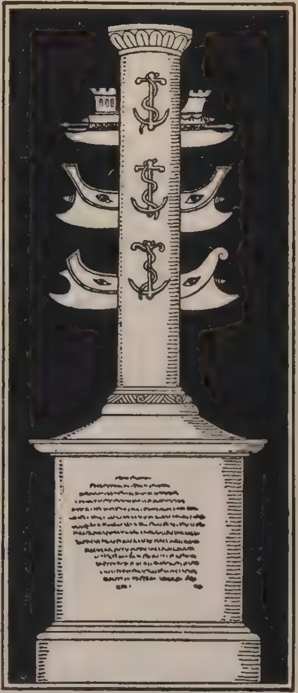
Such was Carthage, the greatest power in the western Mediterranean. War between Rome and Carthage could only be avoided if Rome should bow the neck and yield to Carthaginian power. This Rome refused to do and in 264 B. C., trouble began in Sicily. After the war with Pyrrhus, a band of hired Italians who called themselves Mam′er-tines or sons of Mars, were paid off by Rome and sent home. These men stopped at Mes-sa′na, murdered the people and seized their homes. King Hi′e-ro of Syracuse, as leader of the Greeks in Sicily, sent an army to punish the bandits, whereon one part of the Mamertines appealed to Rome for help, while the others sought aid of Carthage. Carthage at once sent an army to garrison Messana. The Roman Senate debated a while, and then likewise sent an army which drove the Carthaginians out and took Messana for Rome.


Hi′e-ro II, king of Syracuse during early Carthaginian wars and his beautiful wife, Phi-lis′tis. (Two coins, British Museum.)

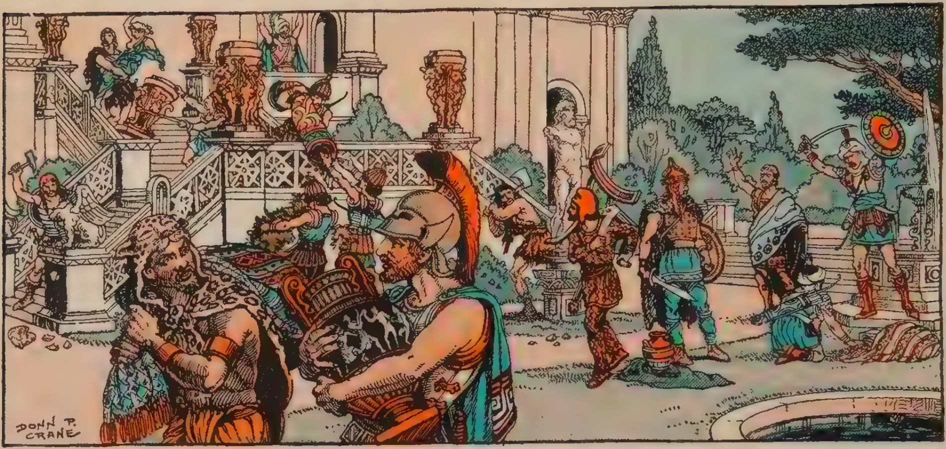
This act was the signal for war. For twenty-three years, Sicily, with its surrounding seas, was the scene of bitter conflict. At first Rome was successful till she sent an army to Carthage and met with a bloody defeat. The Romans had 800,000 disciplined soldiers who were citizens. They fought for their own hearth-fires and had no thought of surrender. Carthage had no such army. Her soldiers were hired mercenaries, dark-skinned Nu-mid′i-ans, fair-haired Gauls, Greeks, and Asiatics. They fought for booty and pay, mutinied and deserted; and when the odds were too great, they simply laid down their arms. Rome was the stronger on land and Carthage the stronger by sea.

Carthage had the finest navy in the world, huge galleys called *quin′que-remes* or galleys with five banks of oars. The Romans had only *tri′remes*, with three banks of oars like the Greeks. But finding a wrecked *quinquereme*, they constructed one hundred such ships, using that as a model. Inventing a system of grappling irons and effective boarding bridges, they turned the sea-fights to land-fights and thus defeated Carthage twice upon the sea. But the Romans were not good sailors; through sudden storms and poor seamanship, Rome lost three fleets with their crews. Then the Senate turned again to the army, certain of victory through them.

In the eighteenth year of the war, however, a new leader suddenly appeared at the head of the Carthaginian forces. Ha-mil′car Bar′ca, or Hamilcar the Lightning, a noble and wealthy young man of a family noted for daring, was given command of the army and navy. He had a genius for war, and was a born leader of men. Even hired mercenaries, through the fire of Hamilcar's spirit, were inspired to heroic deeds, and trained into disciplined troops. From the very poorest materials, he made an army and navy, and began retaking for Carthage all the towns in Sicily which had been lost to Rome. Consternation arose in Rome. He menaced even Italy. Rising to new heights of sacrifice in the tensity of their terror, the Romans built a new fleet and overwhelmed the young Hamilcar. The merchant-princes of Carthage gave Sicily up to Rome and found themselves forced at last to sue to the Senate for peace.



A column ornamented with the beaks of Carthaginian ships and erected in the Roman Forum near the rostra in honor of the victory of C. Du-il′i-us, the Roman Admiral who invented the bridges which turned sea-fights into land-fights.



Disappointed because Carthage cannot pay their wages, the mercenaries rob and destroy the homes of the wealthy.

Hamilcar went home to become the leader of Carthage. But his wild mercenary troops rebelled and demanded their pay. Carthage had no money to give them; so they laid siege to the city, ruined the beautiful country estates, and lived in drunken debauchery on what they could seize in the land. For two years Hamilcar fought and when at last he subdued them, he had to set out for Sardinia where other hired troops revolting, had seized possession of the land. But Rome, now taking advantage of an enemy down and out, insisted that in attacking the island of Sardinia, Carthage made war on her. Therefore she seized Sardinia, and Corsica as well.

Against a foe so unprincipled, Hamilcar swore undying hatred. Rome in truth felt her power. She now owned all Sicily, except for the city of Syracuse; she had Sardinia and Corsica; and in 222 B. C., when the Gauls for a second time came pillaging down on Rome, she defeated those hardy barbarians and made all Cis-al′pine Gaul a part of Roman territory, thus becoming at last the mistress of all Italy. There seemed no more hope for Carthage; but Hamilcar lost no time indulging in vain regrets. Carthage had lost an empire. He would make her a new one in Spain.

An Enemy of Rome, Hannibal, the Great Carthaginian

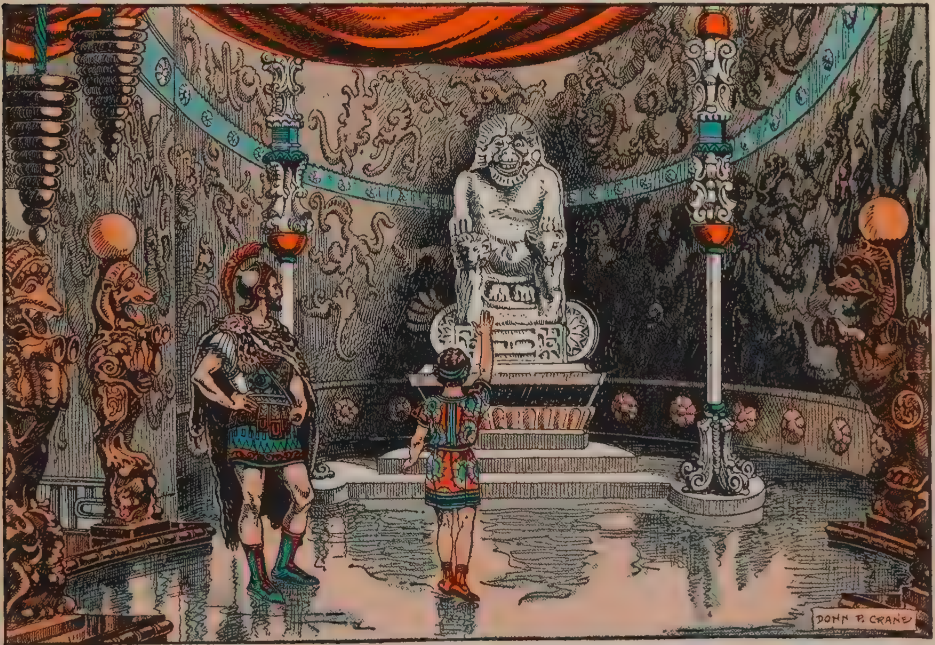
(247 B.C.—183 B.C.)

Hannibal, nine years old, eldest of Hamilcar's sons, begged to go to Spain with his father.

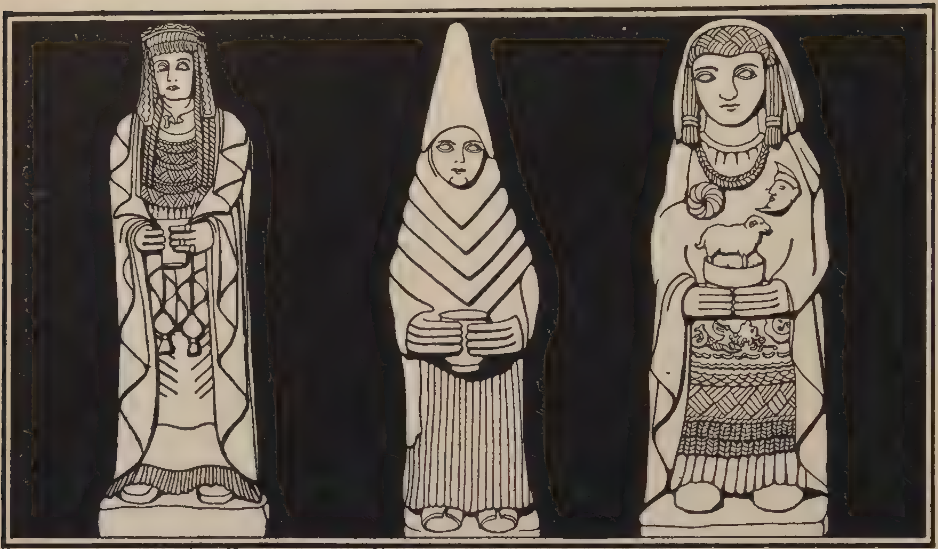
"You are too young," said Hamilcar.

But as the boy insisted, Hamilcar, noting his eagerness and remembering the treachery of the Romans, thought to himself: "Some day this child will be big enough to fight them." So he took the boy to the Temple of Ba′al, dark and mysterious and sombre; and before the grotesque image of the hideous god of fire, he solemnly said: "Swear before Baal-Ammon to be the foe of Rome as long as you shall live."

"I swear!" the small boy answered. Then the father said: "Enough! You may go with me to Spain!"



Little Hannibal braves the terrors of entering the sanctuary of Baal, and there, before the image of the awful god, he swears undying enmity to the treacherous Romans who had so basely taken advantage of helpless Carthage.



Wives of native I-be′ri-an chiefs as Ha-mil′car found them in Spain. The lady at the left, with long braids on her shoulders, has her cloak drawn over her head in modern Spanish mantilla-fashion. The woman in the middle wears an amusing Red-Riding Hood cloak with a tall, pointed hood. The lady at the right also wears her cloak mantilla-fashion; her hair is elaborately done and she displays a barbaric array of decorations. At her breasts are a full-faced sun and a crescent moon. Her embroidered skirt displays a sea-monster and a bodyless face. She holds a cup from which a lamb rises out of flames. Iberian sculpture, clumsy and crude, with its ridiculous hands and geometric stiffness, never developed beyond the archaic stage, yet was distinctly Iberian and revealed interesting native customs. Statuettes found at Cer′ro de los San′tos, now in the Archeological Museum, Madrid.

So it was that Hannibal left the magnificent and luxurious city of Carthage and went with his father, his two brothers, Has′dru-bal and Ma′go, and his brother-in-law, the elder Hasdrubal, to the rough soldiers' camps in Spain.

Spain was then under control of picturesque Iberian chieftains, and the few Carthaginian settlements were only centers of trade. But Hamilcar soon made the Iberian chiefs his vassals and brought whole provinces under his control. Thousands of native Iberians, even tribes of distant Gauls, came wholesale to his camps, and these were all trained and equipped and welded into an army. Ships of war were built from the trees of the Spanish forests. For eight years Hamilcar labored and then he was killed in battle. Hannibal, now nineteen, was too young to succeed his father; Hasdrubal, Hamilcar's son-in-law, was chosen for the command.

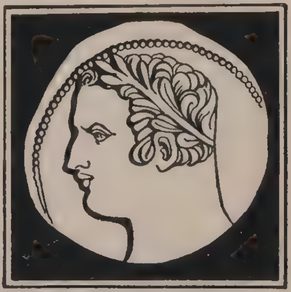
Rome began to be worried. Hasdrubal united under Carthage all southeastern Spain save the single city of Sa-gun′tum, and from the rich mines in Spain he sent Carthage much silver and gold. Rome now made an alliance with the rebellious city, Saguntum, which she thought to use as headquarters when striking at Carthage again.

Then in 221 B. C., Hasdrubal was assassinated. The army called for Hannibal, and the young man took command.

Hannibal had served in the army from his youth. He could handle arms as skilfully as any soldier, and he never asked others to do what he could not do himself.

"The veterans thought that in Hannibal, Hamilcar had returned to life. They noted the same energy in Hannibal's face, the same keen glance. He was absolutely fearless in going into danger, very prudent when it was on hand. No amount of labor fatigued him, physically or mentally. He endured heat and cold equally well. What time remained over when his tasks were done he gave to rest. Many times the soldiers saw him lying on the ground amid the outposts and the guards, wrapped in a military cloak."*

The little dark boy who had taken an oath of enmity against Rome, had become the leader of an army that adored him. He spent two years completing the subjugation of Spain. Then in 219 B. C., he attacked the city of Sa-gun′tum, the Iberian ally of Rome. Rome did nothing to help the city; after eight months of siege it fell. The Senate, greatly disturbed, sent a delegation to Carthage to demand the surrender of Hannibal; the Carthaginians, however, refused to give him up, and Rome at once declared war.



Hannibal as a vigorous young man. From a coin in the British Museum.

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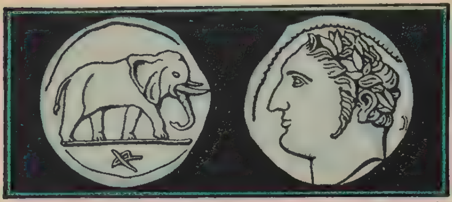
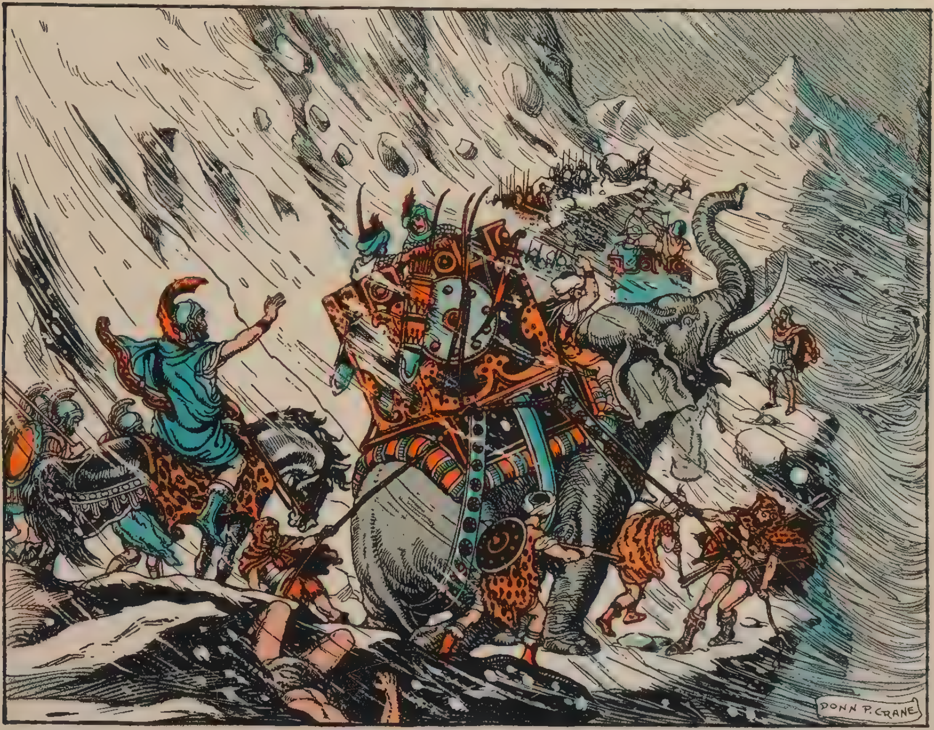
*Livy, XXI, Chap. 4. The Roman historian, Livy (59 B. C.-17 A. D.) spent most of his life writing a *History of Rome*, from the earliest times to the year 9 A. D. There were 142 books in his history, but only 34 have come down to us, and these tell about early Rome and part of the wars with Carthage. Livy cannot always be relied upon for accuracy; he was particularly interested in enlarging the glory of Rome, and telling an interesting story.


A silver coin of Hannibal's Carthaginian Empire in Spain, bearing on one side an African war-elephant.

But Hannibal did not wait for Rome to come and attack him. Instead, he conceived a plan of which no one else would have dreamed. He would march on Rome itself though it meant conducting an army, and even a troop of war-elephants, over the freezing heights of the Pyrenees and the Alps! Leaving his younger brother, Hasdrubal, in command of the army in Spain, he fought his way with his devoted soldiers through hostile tribes in northern Spain and over into France. In the Pyrenees, many soldiers, afraid of the mountains, deserted, and Hannibal sent back to Spain 10,000 more whom he did not trust.

When he neared A′vig-non′ in southern France, the Gauls drew up in battle array on the far side of the river Rhone, and prepared to resist his passage. Hannibal had hoped that these foes of Rome would be willing to give him aid; but they shouted loudly for Rome. Making ready his rafts and dugouts, he sent some soldiers by night to cross over behind the Gauls. When his main army crossed in the morning, the Gauls shook their shields above their heads, brandished their weapons wildly and shouted their barbarous war songs; but suddenly cries from the rear warned them that they were surrounded, and they fled in great disarray. In safety Hannibal's army, even his war-elephants, crossed the perilous river, and avoiding the Roman legions, stationed not far away, they reached the foot of the Alps.

It was late in autumn when the army began to climb those forbidding heights. Struggling through blinding snowstorms, sliding over dangerous trails, looking down over dizzy precipices, the discouraged army toiled on, exhausted, cold, and hungry. But all along the straggling line the young Carthaginian general appeared to encourage his men.



Hannibal does the impossible and takes his army over the Alps into his enemy's own country. The stinging snow and sharp, whistling mountain winds which pierce to the very marrow, serve only to spur him to renewed efforts. Nor do treacherous warlike natives, or impassable mountain-trails deter him. Constantly up and down the line—wherever he is most needed—there can be found this marvelous leader of men, inspiring his troops to renewed effort.

"The people inhabiting the towns on the way having secretly conspired against him, met him, however, with olive-branches and garlands and flowers, signs among the barbarians of peace and friendship. Hannibal, who had now learned how far he could trust these people, endeavored by questions to inform himself of their purposes. They told him that they were resolved to do him no injury, nor suffer any to be done to him by others. Hannibal remained long undetermined what to do, having no great opinion of their sincerity; but after these barbarians had given him security for their peaceable behavior and supplied his army with provisions, he accepted their service for his guides through the remaining difficult ways by which they were to pass. However, after they had thus conducted the army for two days together, they attacked the rear at a narrow defile, as they were marching in a valley full of rocks and broken ground.

"Great likelihood there was that the Carthaginian army had here been entirely destroyed, had not their general, who reserved a secret doubt of the well-meaning of this people, obviated the mischief by ordering his horse and baggage to march in the van of the army, and his choicest foot soldiers to remain in the rear. Thus, his rear guard proved sufficient to put a stop to the violence of the attack. Nevertheless, they were met with great loss both of men and horses; and the enemy who was possessed of the ground above them, brought such terror into the army by rolling down mighty stones from the precipices upon them, that Hannibal was compelled to take up his quarters for that night on the top of a peak exposed to the open sky, with that part of the army that was with him, the better to cover and defend the horses and the rest of the troops, who were hardly able in all that night to complete their passage through the valley."*

Despondency had begun to seize the minds of the soldiers. Could they ever succeed in such an impossible enterprise? The paths were becoming more difficult, provisions were rapidly failing. They must march through defiles exposed to the constant attacks of wild mountaineers whom they could not manage to reach. All these things began to tell even on the tried veterans of Africa and Spain. But the confidence of the general never for a moment lagged.

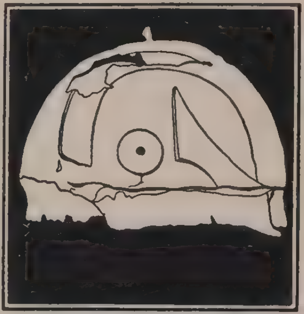
Fifteen days were spent in crossing the Alps, but at last they came down into Italy, 26,000 men, less than half the force which had started with Hannibal from Spain. Against this mere handful Rome could raise 700,000 men!

*Po-lyb'i-us, I, 22. Polybius was an Achaean who was brought to Rome as a hostage in 166 B. C., and remained there sixteen years. His great history told what happened in the Mediterranean from 220 B. C. to 146 B. C., and included the history of Rome from the burning of the city by the Gauls to the end of the first war with Carthage. Polybius sought the real truth and is next to Thucydides as a reliable historian.

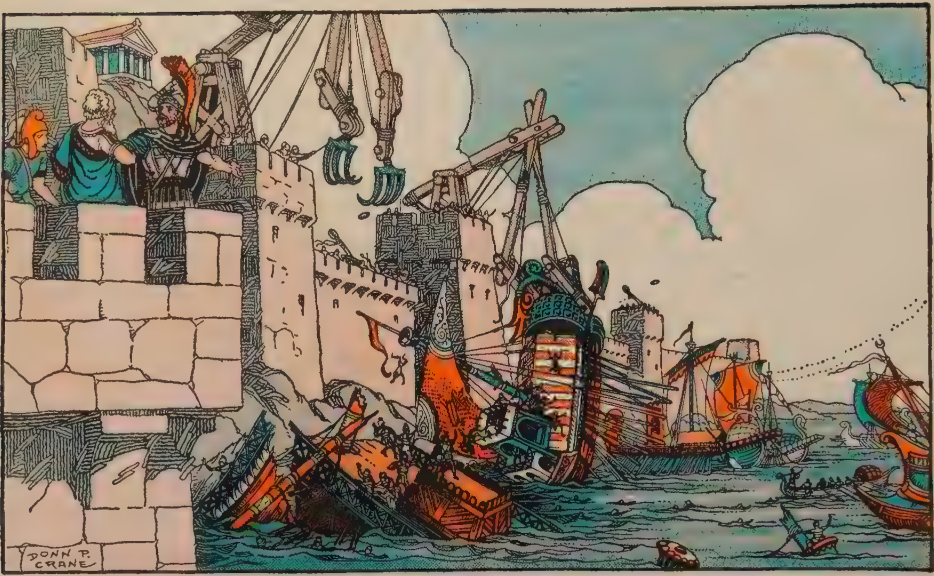
The Roman army advanced and met the Carthaginians in the extreme northern part of Italy. The Romans were troubled; a wolf had entered their camp and escaped; a swarm of bees settled on a tree above their general's tent; the gods were against them! But their consul spoke encouragingly: "The Carthaginians," he said, "are but the resemblances, nay, rather the shadows of men, being worn out with hunger, cold, dirt, and filth, and bruised among stones and rocks. Their joints are frost-bitten, their sinews stiffened with snow, their armor battered and shivered, their horses powerless and lame! 'Tis not with an enemy that you fight, but rather with their last remains!"

Little did the Romans know Hannibal! Hannibal won the battle! Again, in a few months' time he won a second battle. While Rome was shaken to its depths, he settled down for the winter in the valley of the Po; but in the following Spring, on the shores of Lake Tras-i-me′nus, he surprised the Roman legions and destroyed the whole Roman army. The next year Rome raised an army twice the size of Hannibal's host, but none could outgeneral Hannibal. In the battle near Can′nae in 216 B. C., he surrounded the Romans with his cavalry and then proceeded to slaughter them. Seventy thousand Romans were wounded or killed.

Rome went mad with grief; every home in the city mourned for the "consumed youth of Cannae"; every Roman waited in terror for the appearance of Hannibal at the gates. Cap′u-a and other Greek cities of Southern Italy offered help to Hannibal. The new king of Syracuse tried to regain control of Sicily. Macedonia offered aid, and even Carthage, which had hitherto left Hannibal to himself, now promised to send him supplies.



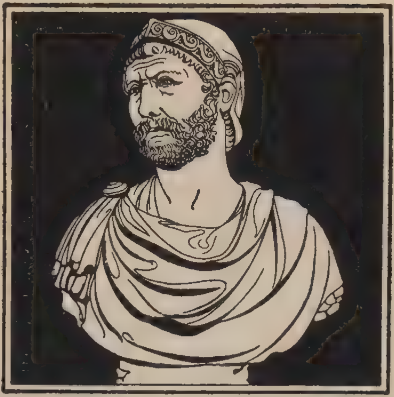
A corroded Carthaginian helmet found on the battle field at Can′nae.



Ar′chi-me′des (about 287-212 B.C.) was probably the greatest mathematician and engineer in the world of Greece. He it was who discovered the principle of the lever and exclaimed: "Give me a place to stand and to rest my lever on and I can move the earth." His inventions were used by King Hiero in the siege of Syracuse, one being a grappling hook which seized the ships, lifted, wrecked, and sank them. Archimedes was in his garden studying a mathematical problem when the Romans finally took Syracuse, and there a wandering soldier found him. "Stand away from my drawings, fellow!" ordered Archimedes deep in his problem. The angered soldier then slew him.

Rome was at Hannibal's mercy. The young Carthaginian general had destroyed three Roman armies! But for some unaccountable reason, Hannibal did not march forward to make the attack on Rome. Instead, he led his army to effect a union with Capua and the Greek cities of Southern Italy. This gave the Roman Senate time to gather new armies; they stirred the Greek cities to revolt against Macedonia so that she could not send aid, and they sent and laid siege to Syracuse, which they took in spite of the war-machines invented by Ar′chi-me′des, the great mathematician and scientist.

Hannibal was now cut off from all who had offered him help. Carthage delayed to send aid. He was not able to drive the Roman army from Capua; once again, he marched on Rome. For a few days he "hung with his dusky army, like a storm-cloud about to break, within sight of the sentinels on the walls of Rome." The cry, "Hannibal at the gates!"

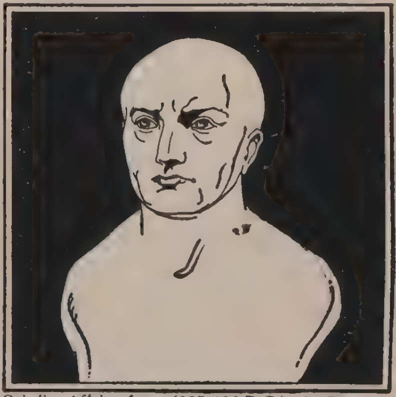


Hannibal (249-183 B.C.), the great Carthaginian general and statesman. A bust showing him in later life. National Museum, Naples.

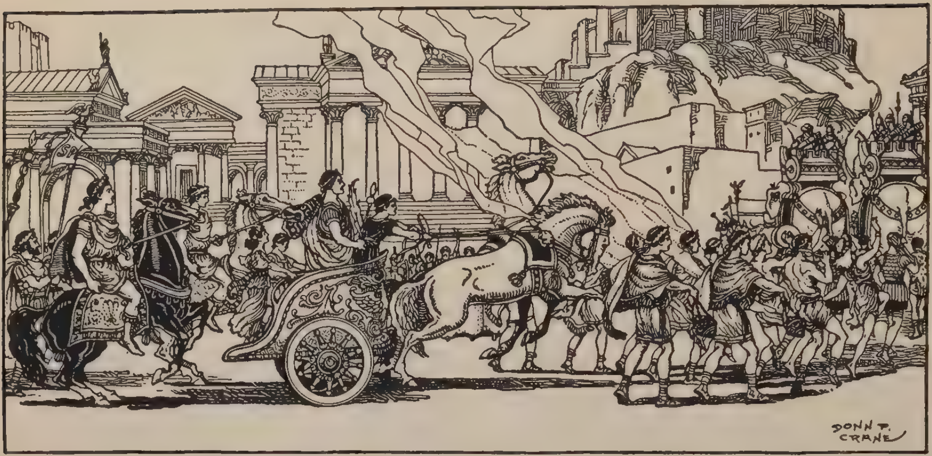
arose within the city, and the people were dumb with fear. They saw the great general advance and ride slowly around the walls. The African war drums beat with a horrible regularity. But Hannibal did not storm the walls; instead he showed his contempt by hurling a spear against the gates, and then he rode quickly away.

The Italian subjects of Rome had not helped Hannibal as he had thought they would. They had chosen to side with Rome, and their loyalty frustrated all his plans to crush Rome with her own subjects. His army had grown very small, and he had no siege machinery. He could not now take Rome, but for years he held Southern Italy, traversing all the land, surprising the Roman generals, defeating them in battle, and capturing their towns, till they adopted the tactics of Fa′bi-us Cunc-ta′tor, and avoided any pitched battle, harassing and worrying Hannibal in any way they could. In 207 B. C., Hannibal's brother, Hasdrubal, set out from Spain to help him. But the Romans defeated Hasdrubal, and as a sign of his fate, a Roman messenger contemptuously hurled his head into Hannibal's camp.

And now Rome gave the command of her army to the young, energetic Scip′i-o, and sent him off to Spain, which had been left leaderless since Hasdrubal was dead. Here Scipio routed the foe and drove them out of Spain.



Scip′i-o Af′ri-ca′nus, (237-183 B.C.), the Roman general who defeated Hannibal at Za′ma, Africa. (A portrait bust in the Capitol, Rome.)



Scipio's triumph. It was the custom for a Roman general to offer a prayer in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill before he marched to war, and on his return, if the Senate thought his victory was important, they voted him a *triumph*, that is, a triumphal procession through the city as he went again to the Capitoline Hill to give thanks to Jupiter, and leave in the temple a part of the spoils he had captured in his recent campaign.

Then he advanced on Africa, and in two bloody battles defeated the Carthaginians who straightway sent in haste and summoned Hannibal home.

The great Carthaginian had spent fifteen years in Italy. Single-handed he had fought the whole nation of Rome and almost conquered it. But even the greatest of generals needed soldiers to fight his battles, and Carthage had never assisted him. With what soldiers he could muster, Hannibal went to meet Scipio. The battle was fought in 202 B. C., at Za′ma, a short distance inland from Carthage, and there Hannibal was defeated for the first time in his life.

According to the treaty which ended the war, Carthage gave Rome all but ten of her warships, and agreed to pay Rome ten thousand talents, or more than eleven million dollars within the next fifty years. At last Rome had conquered her rival, and Scipio, now glorying in the name of Scip′i-o Af′ri-ca′nus, was given a splendid triumph.

Trumpeters led the advance followed by wagons laden with spoils and by captive Carthaginians. Scipio himself bore an ivory sceptre and a laurel branch, the Roman symbol of victory.

Spain was now lost to Carthage. The great Carthaginian had failed in his attempt to conquer Rome; failed in spite of courage, perseverance, brilliant leadership, and military genius, simply because Carthage would not help him with new troops and supplies. But Hannibal did not permit any feeling of discouragement and despair to spoil his life; he wasted no words in accusing the merchant-princes of his city for their lack of wisdom and energy. Rome had conquered all but Hannibal. His spirit they could never kill.

In Carthage, Hannibal was elected chief ruler, or magistrate, and he set to work at once to reform and strengthen the government; he made arrangements to pay the eleven million dollars demanded by Rome without hardship to the people. He gave new interest to trade and agriculture; he organized Carthage so well that Rome again became jealous. Not only was Carthage paying her debts on time, she was gaining in wealth and power!

If Hannibal could do this, then Hannibal must die. Rome demanded that Carthage should either surrender or kill him. Carthage was stricken with grief; but to save her from Roman vengeance, Hannibal, of his own accord, agreed to go into exile. He left home in 195 B. C., to go to Tyre, the mother-city. But the Romans were not satisfied; Hannibal had hurt their pride and for this he must die. For thirteen years, the Romans hounded Hannibal from one refuge to another; his life was constantly in danger, and he had to keep moving, from Tyre to Syria, to Crete, and then to the little kingdom of Bi-thyn′i-a in Asia Minor. Here the Romans persuaded the king to deliver Hannibal to them. Rome was great and powerful; Bithynia was small and weak, and so the King agreed. But Hannibal was not taken a captive to Rome. Opening a seal ring, the great Carthaginian took from it the poison he always carried, and thus he ended his life, unconquered by Rome to the last.

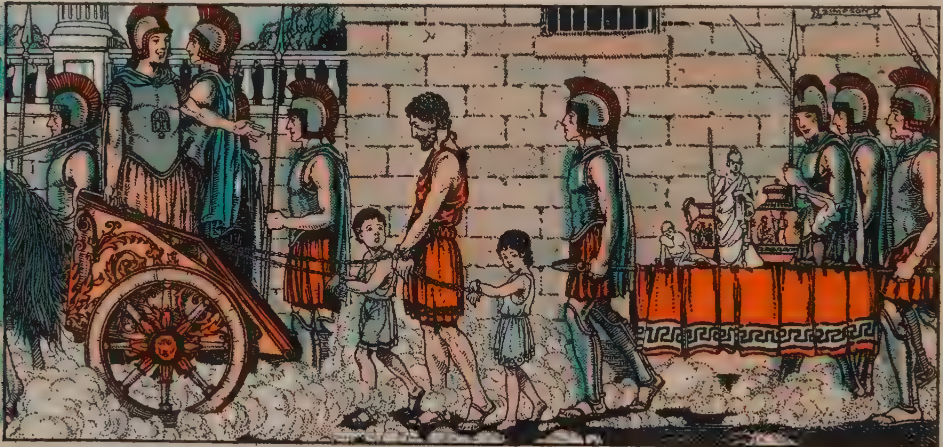
X

The Roman Republic

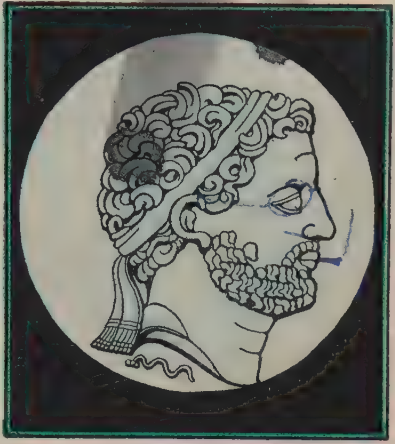
Cato, the Censor, and the Changing Romans

(201 B.C.—63 B.C.)

The war with Carthage made the Roman Senate realize the enormous power of their state. Filled with confident pride, they determined that their glorious city should permit no other nation to grow great enough to endanger it as Hannibal had done. Consequently, when the Greek kingdoms of Macedonia and Syria, formed a league against Egypt, the Senate was greatly disturbed. Rome hastened to make an alliance with Egypt, the weakest of the powers. Then she attacked and defeated Philip V of Macedonia and An-ti′o-chus III, ruler of Se-leu′cid Syria, and when King Philip's son, Per′seus, revolted with spirited courage against Roman interference, Lu′ci-us A-me′li-us Pau′lus, consul for the year, went with an army and defeated him. Macedonia was broken up into four small republics; its power was wholly crushed, and King Perseus with his children had to walk in the great consul's triumph. Rome had met Greece at last.



King Per′seus of Macedonia, and his two small children walk in the triumph of Lu′ci-us A-me′li-us Pau′lus. Though Macedonia was now split up into small republics, it, along with Greece, was soon to be made a province of Rome.

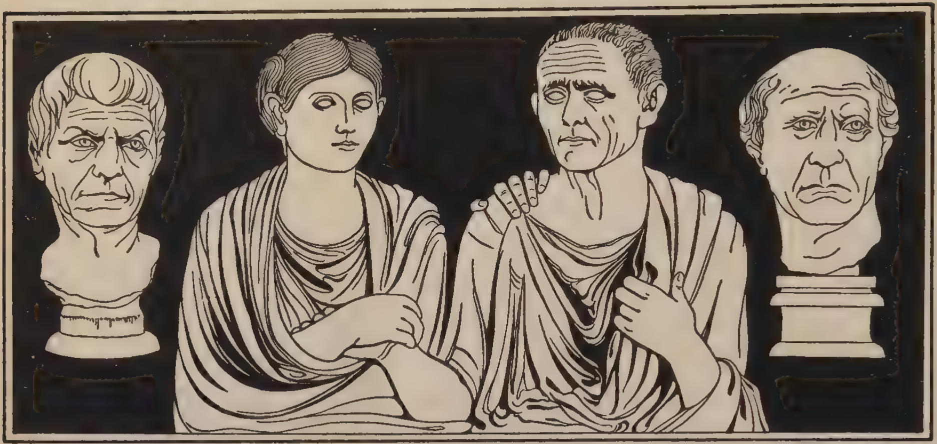


Per'seus of Macedonia, (178-168 B.C.). A coin. Macedonia now included almost all of Greece.

The triumph of Lucius Paulus was far more elaborate than that which had greeted Scipio, for the Roman people had changed. No longer were they plain farmers like those who had given up everything in their struggle with Hannibal. They had begun to love pomp, magnificence, and show, and the new wars they undertook were solely for the purpose of gaining tribute-paying territories for the growing realms of Rome.

Soldiers returning from Greece and the East introduced the first luxuries. These men, disgusted with the simplicity in which they had lived heretofore, first brought to Rome gilded couches, rich tapestries, and hangings. At entertainments, likewise they introduced female players on the harp with buffoons to divert the guests. Their meats began to be prepared with enormous care and cost; the cook, whom the ancients had held the meanest of their slaves, became the most valued of servants, and what had been a servile office, began to be deemed an art. The Romans admired the Greeks, and commended the decorations at Corinth and at Athens, ridiculing the crude earthen images that stood before Roman temples. Having no art, no literature, no philosophy of their own, they copied Greek art and literature, and hired Greek slaves to teach their children graceful, easy Greek ways.

Against these changes many older Romans fought with all their might, believing that such wealth and luxury, such love of idle ease were a real danger to the state, and the most outstanding of these men who struggled to keep the Romans a plain, simple farmer-people, was Mar'cus Por'ci-us Ca'to, the red-haired, stern-visaged Censor.



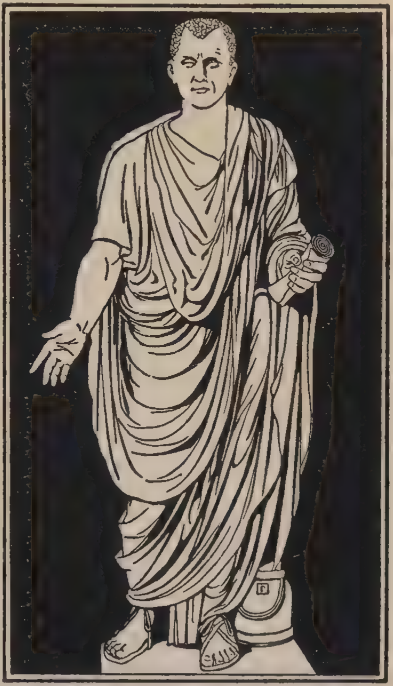
Plain, hard-working Romans of the early Republican period, their stern faces deeply marked with lines of rugged character. The plain hair-dress of the woman and the coarse togas of the men show their distaste for luxury.

During the wars against Hannibal in which Cato had served with honor, many laws had been passed to make people live more simply, that they might give more to the struggle, but now Rome clamored loudly for the repeal of these laws. Cato in the Senate sternly reproved their clamor:

"Often have you heard me complain of the profuse expenses of the women—often of those of the men. As the Empire increases, as we have now passed over into Greece and Asia, places abounding with every kind of temptation that can inflame the passions, and as we have begun to handle even royal treasures, so much the more do I fear that these matters will bring us into captivity, rather than we them!"

Cato himself lived simply, harshly, and severely. Having found a Babylonian carpet among the goods left him by a friend, he sold it immediately. Of the many country houses he owned, not one was ever white-washed. When his horse and his slave grew old, he ordered that they be sold. Cato gloried in his lack of feeling. On his farm outside the city, he worked in the fields with his slaves; he ate with them, drove them to work, and beat them with his own hand.

In spite of Cato, however, the laws against extravagance were speedily repealed and the influence of the Greeks continued to grow in Rome. Cato turned his attention elsewhere. Having visited Carthage on a mission from the Senate, he was so impressed with the wealth and commercial ability of the Carthaginians, that he became afraid lest they should rise up again and make an attack on Rome. Returning to Rome, he cried every day in the Senate: "Carthage should be destroyed!"

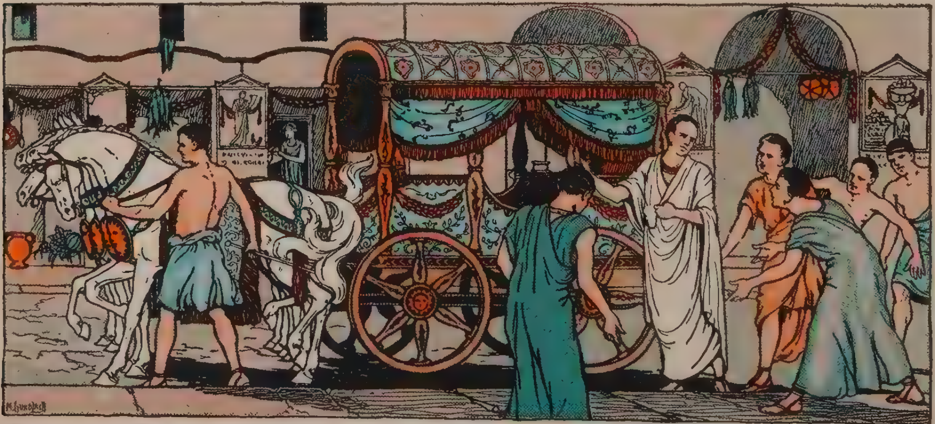

Statue of that stern Roman, Mar'cus Por'ci-us Ca'to, (234-149 B.C.), known as "Cato the Censor," now in the Lateran Museum, Rome. This statue gives an excellent picture of the long Roman toga and shows exactly how it was draped and worn during the republic.

Accordingly the Senate, seizing some flimsy excuse, ordered the Carthaginians to give up their war-elephants, their vessels and their arms. The Carthaginians obeyed, but the Senate then ordered them to leave Carthage altogether, and settle in places no less than ten miles from the sea, that they might never again be prosperous through trade. The people of Carthage were furious; Rome had shamefully tricked them. Women cut off their hair to make strings for the warriors' bows; young and old entered the army; and for two whole years the legions of Rome laid siege to the city fruitlessly. But finally the Carthaginians, weakened by disease and hunger, could no longer defend themselves. The Romans entered a breach in the wall to find only 50,000 of the 300,000 inhabitants, left alive to be taken as slaves. In this, at least, Cato had triumphed; Carthage was wholly destroyed, and her lands made a province of Rome. (146 B. C.)

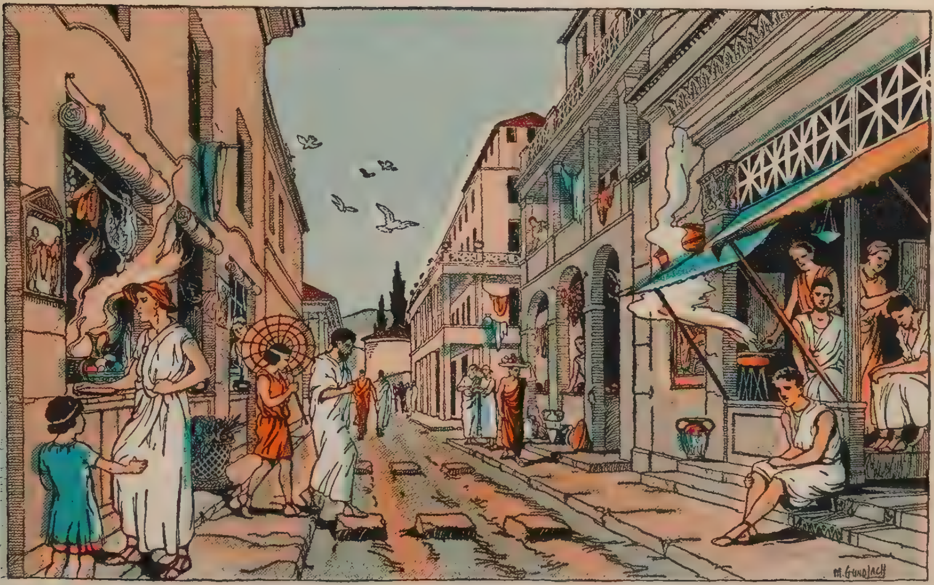
The Greed for Gold

But Rome grew even greedier for greater wealth and power. She conquered the island of Rhodes to seize the trade of its merchants; she conquered Corinth in Greece, sold its people as slaves, and burned the city to the ground. She absorbed the Kingdom of Per′ga-mum, asserting that the King of Pergamum had willed his kingdom to Rome. She made Macedonia a province, and Macedonia at this time included most of Greece. By 146 B.C., Rome had become the ruler of the Mediterranean World.

Certain men known as tax-farmers, having bought the right to collect the taxes in the provinces, wrung from the poor provincials such profit for themselves as well as for the government, that money streamed into Rome and taxes were no longer necessary from citizens of the state; freedom from taxation became one valued privilege of Roman citizenship. Banks and commerce flourished. Wealthy Romans began to travel and to swagger along the streets in elaborate, showy robes, surrounded with a multitude of servants and useless hangers-on, who lived on the bounty of the rich man and were known as *clients* of the *patron*.



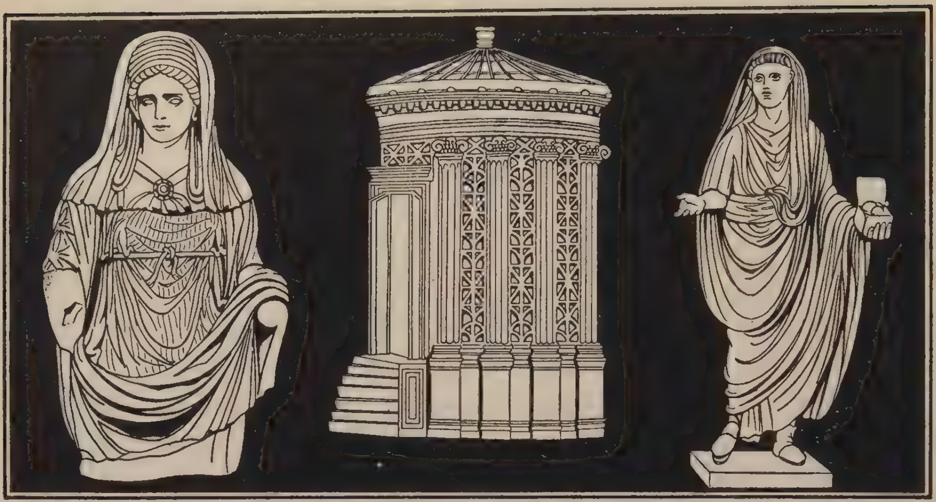
Even on his way to his traveling carriage, a wealthy Senator brushes a throng of clients. Many Romans now lived from the bounty of the wealthy, haunting their steps and taking whatever was given them for services.



A street in Rome. Merchants flow out of their booths to sidewalks overshadowed by rickety tenement buildings.

Senators, being forbidden by law to enter into trade or tax-farming, began taking land from the farmers and building up large estates, working their estates with slaves which the foreign wars had made plentiful, and so leaving unemployed large numbers of Latin farmers.

These unemployed Latin farmers came crowding into Rome. Rickety tenements rose, there were so many poor people. Streets grew poorer and shabbier, narrower and more crowded, jumbled with booths and peddlers, with mountebanks, countrymen, donkeys! Outside of Rome, the Romans had built fine military roads, like the splendid Ap′pi-an Way, but inside the city itself, the streets were so mean and narrow that teaming was forbidden by day, and country produce and other things had to be hauled by night. Public buildings and temples, built in the manner of the Greeks, did indeed rise in Rome, but everywhere beauty and squalor appeared huddled side by side.



Center: Bas-relief of the simple round shrine of Vesta in the Forum. No image of Vesta was kept in the shrine; instead it contained the hearth of all Rome on which an eternal fire was kept burning by the Vestal Virgins. Ruins of the shrine still exist in the Forum. This relief is now in the Uffizi Palace, Florence. At the left, a statue of a Vestal Virgin found near the shrine. She wears her uniform, a woolen fillet on the head covered with a square white piece of cloth, and a woolen tunic and cloak with a woolen belt tied in a special knot. (2nd Century B.C., Museo delle Terme, Rome.) At the right, the bronze statuette of a Roman priest with an incense box and his toga drawn over his head. (1st Cen. A.D. Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris.) Vestals were very influential women.

Toward the real heart of the city the streets became a trifle wider, and one of these, the "Sacred Way," passing the Chief Priest's dwelling and the little temple of Vesta, home of Rome's sacred fire, entered the Forum itself, where the huge rectangular space, grown from the cattle market of early Italic days, was now lined on all four sides with business buildings and temples, and decorated at one end with the rostra or speaker's stand.

As one looked across the Forum toward the temple-crowned Cap′i-to-line, he saw to the left the Pal′a-tine Hill covered with splendid mansions where dwelt the fashionable folk. Winding around the Palatine, he came to the Cir′cus Max′i-mus, the place where soldiers drilled and young men exercised, while scattered here and there in different parts of the town were elaborate public baths where the idle, pleasure-loving Romans spent many hours every day.

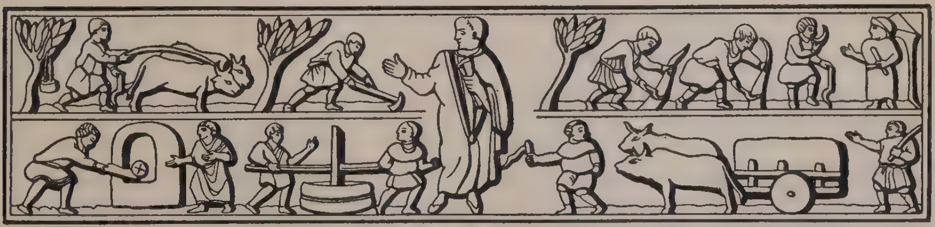
Such was newly-rich Rome, the ruler of the world!

The Gracchi

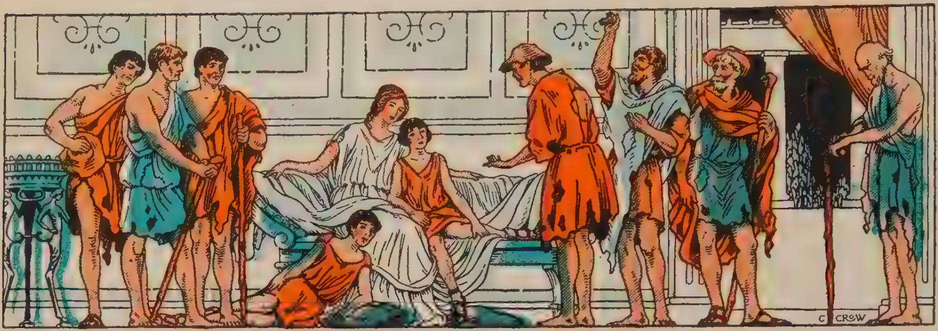
The decay in country life was one of the most important changes in the character of the Romans. Up to this time the strength of the state and the strength of the Roman army had been the small citizen-farmer. With the wiping out of the farmer, the backbone of character, self-respect, and independence was gone. The senators and wealthy people became more and more corrupt. Votes were openly bought, and the government of Rome was in the hands of men who thought only of gain for themselves.

It was against this condition that the young Ti-be′ri-us Gracch′us, grandson of Hannibal's conqueror, Scip′i-o Af′ri-ca′nus, determined to do what he could. Elected tribune in 133 B. C., Tiberius Gracchus immediately proposed that each holder of state land should return whatever he held above the 300 acres to which he was legally entitled, and that the land thus reclaimed should be given to the small farmers in holdings of eighteen acres.

The Senate objected bitterly, but the tribal assembly passed the law with enthusiastic acclaim. Then when the King of Pergamum left his kingdom and treasure to Rome, Tiberius further proposed that the funds thus acquired should be used to buy stock for the poor people's farms, and he made himself still more unpopular with the nobles and Senators by insisting that Roman citizenship should not be confined to Romans, but granted to all Italians.



Italian farm-scene from sarcophagus of An′ni-us Oc-ta′vi-us Va-le′ri-an′us in the Lateran, Rome. Ploughing and hoeing; reaping the wheat; transporting it in carts; grinding it and baking bread while Valerianus watches over all.



Cornelia, mother of the Gracch'i, urged her sons from their youth to help relieve the misery of the farmers.

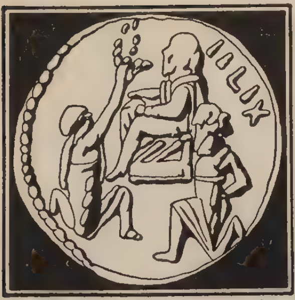
The nobles hated Tiberius as much as the people loved him. When his term as tribune expired, the Senators declared his re-election illegal. A riot at once broke out; the more violent of the Senators charged the mob with their soldiers, murdered the gallant Tiberius with three hundred of his followers and threw their bodies in the Tiber. Never before had Rome witnessed such a terrible day.

Ten years later Ca'ius Gracch'us, urged on by his mother Cornelia, took up the work of his brother, and he was a resolute man, much stronger than Tiberius. He meant to overthrow the Senate and give Rome a new constitution. He provided for the sale of wheat to the poor at one-half the regular price. He continued his brother's work of taking land from the wealthy, and giving it to the small farmers who had so long been landless. He tried to relieve poverty by sending Roman colonists to lands outside Italy. Furthermore, like Tiberius, Caius attempted to give the rights of Roman citizenship to all the Latins in Italy, an act which made him unpopular with many of the Romans. In his third election for tribune, Caius was defeated; and the Senate, jealous still of their recent commercial rival, attempted to repeal the law by which Caius had authorized the colonization of Carthage. Thereon the supporters of Caius, came in throngs into Rome, and remembering the fate of Tiberius, these men came fully armed. The Senate perceived their weapons and cried that the friends of Caius meant to overthrow the government. "Whoever kills Caius" they said, "shall have the weight of his head in gold!"

Once again the streets of Rome were the scene of a bloody battle. Caius took no part in it, but, nevertheless, he was killed, and 3,000 of his followers who surrendered, were afterward strangled in prison. Once more the Senate was supreme; the proposed new colonies were abandoned; the small farmers were permitted to sell their land; men were forbidden to speak of the Gracch′i, and their mother Cornelia was not allowed to wear mourning in their honor. The greed for gold in the Senate once more ruled Rome and the world.

Struggle and Strife: Marius, Sulla, and Pompey

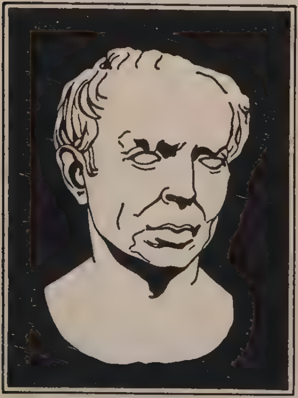
For twenty years after the murder of Ca′ius Gracch′us, the Senate pursued by fraud and deceit its overwhelming greed for gold. No honest man dared challenge it, until the war with Ju-gur′tha created an open scandal. In 118 B.C., Jugurtha and his two cousins came to the throne of Numidia, a little kingdom in Africa bordering the province of Carthage. It had been intended that all three should rule together, but the cruel and ambitious Jugurtha murdered one of his cousins and planned to destroy the other. When this news came to Rome, the Senate sent a committee to investigate affairs, but Jugurtha bribed the Senators, and they readily made public a good report of his acts. This made Jugurtha bold; he saw he could do as he chose, so long as he paid the Senators well, and he straightway attacked and took the city to which his remaining cousin had managed to flee for refuge. He tortured his cousin to death, and killed all the Italian merchants living in the city, thus forcing Rome to make war. But Jugurtha used money again; no one tried to defeat him, and the war dragged on and on.



King Bocch'us delivering Ju-gur'tha to the young aristocrat, Sul'la, in 106 B.C. A coin issued later by a member of the Sulla family.

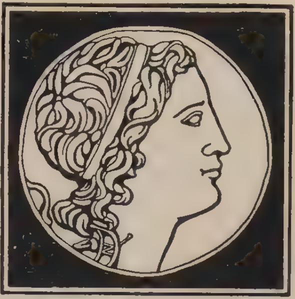
Soon rumors arose in Rome that both the Senate and the army had been accepting bribes. Jugurtha was called to the capital to testify in the case, and so great was his confidence in the safety his gold had purchased, that he came to the city fearlessly, with the confident swagger of power. The Senate, however, refused to permit him to testify, an act by which they virtually made confession of their own guilt. Jugurtha went home in safety, but all these outrageous affairs had thoroughly roused the people. They were ready at last to rebel against the corruption of the Senate.

In their general assembly they elected as commander of the army a man not of senatorial rank, Ma'ri-us, a soldier who had served with honor in Spain under Scipio Africanus, but who had, nevertheless, been born the son of a farmer. Under the capable leadership of the able and honest Marius, the Romans soon captured Jugurtha; they forced him to walk in the triumph, and then they put him to death. Scarcely had the Numidian war thus come to an end, however, when certain German tribes, known as the Cim'bri and Teutons, yellow-haired, blue-eyed giants, descended into Northern Italy and slaughtered the armies of Rome. Again in spite of the Senate, the people elected Marius commander-in-chief of the army, and again the able general brought peace and victory to Rome.



Caius Ma'ri-us (156-86 B.C.), the peasant-born general, son of a small farmer of Cereatae. A bust now in the Vatican Museum, Rome.

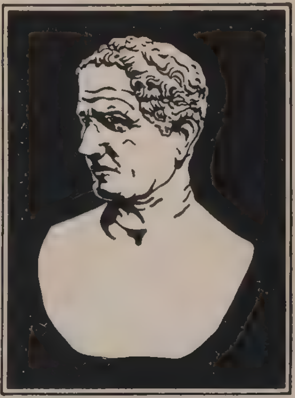
But as soon as the danger was past, the Senate took control of affairs and Marius retired from the army, intending



Mith′ri-da′tes VI, king of Pontus (121-63 B.C.), who rebelled against Rome. A coin now in Hamburg.

to spend his remaining days in managing his estates. The Italian allies, however, now demanded the right to vote, to be freed from paying taxes, and granted the other rights of Roman citizenship. They had fought the battles of Rome, provided funds and provisions,—why should they not have the privileges of the citizens of Rome? Dru′sus, a fair-minded noble who had been elected tribune, began to pass laws which would give them all the rights they asked. The nobles straightway saw to it that Drusus was stabbed to death; whereon, the dissatisfied people of Central and Southern Italy broke out in open revolt, founding a state of their own with a capital named I-tal′i-ca. Once more the Senate was forced to call Marius forth and give him command of the armies. In this case, however, Marius for the first time proved unsuccessful. The Senate removed him from power, and in 88 B. C., granted the Italians the rights of citizenship.

In the same year news came to Rome that all the Italians in Asia Minor had been murdered by Mith′ri-da′tes, the upstart King of Pon′tus. Mithridates was an Oriental, but his court was a meeting place for the learned men of Greece, and under his leadership the Greeks had revolted from Rome. For a fourth time war was inevitable, but this time the Senate turned its back on its old foe, General Marius, and gave command of the army to the aristocratic young Sul′la, whose blotched face and glaring blue eyes were known in all low resorts in Rome.



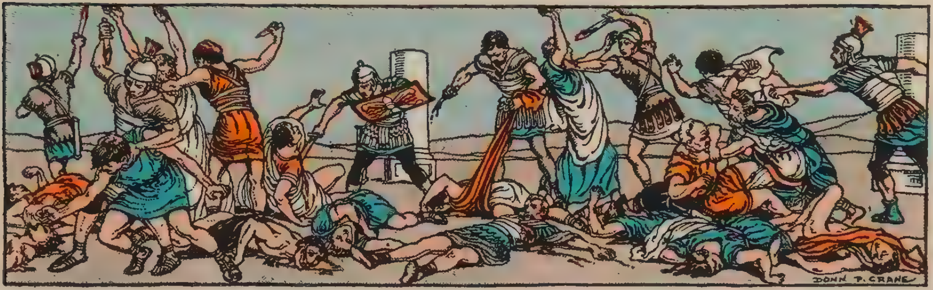
Bust of Lucius Sulla (138-78 B.C.), an able general, an unscrupulous politician and a ruthless, cold-blooded dictator. Vatican, Rome.

This act enraged the people; they still believed in Marius, and in their general assembly they elected him to command. But Marius had no army while Sulla had the soldiers who had been used against the Italians. He marched on Rome with his army, forced Marius to flee to Africa, and took command of the city. Then he had a law passed which gave the Senate the right to approve or disapprove of any action taken by the people in their general assembly. Having thus robbed the people of all their power, Sulla marched off to Asia to attend to Mithridates.

Fighting broke out in Rome. The troops hired by the Senators to protect them from the populace were attacked, and routed by the mob. Marius returned with an army which he had raised in Africa, and joining the ranks of the people, he began a frightful slaughter of every senator and noble who could be found in Rome. He was then elected consul, but died before he could serve.

Meantime, Sulla laid siege to Athens, brought the rebellious Greeks back under Roman control, defeated Mithridates, and after five years of adventure, returned to Italian soil. All who favored the Senate began to flock to his camp. The next year, defeating the armies which the people sent out against him, he fought his way into Rome and calling the Senate together, he had himself appointed Dictator with full and unlimited powers. Then he began a systematic slaughter of his foes. Three thousand captives were herded into the Cam′pus Mar′ti-us, and murdered all together. The Senators nearby, being addressed by Sulla, heard the death-cries of these Romans, and shuddered with natural horror. But Sulla only bade them pay more attention to what he was saying. The noise, he said, was made by some unworthy rascals being punished at his command!

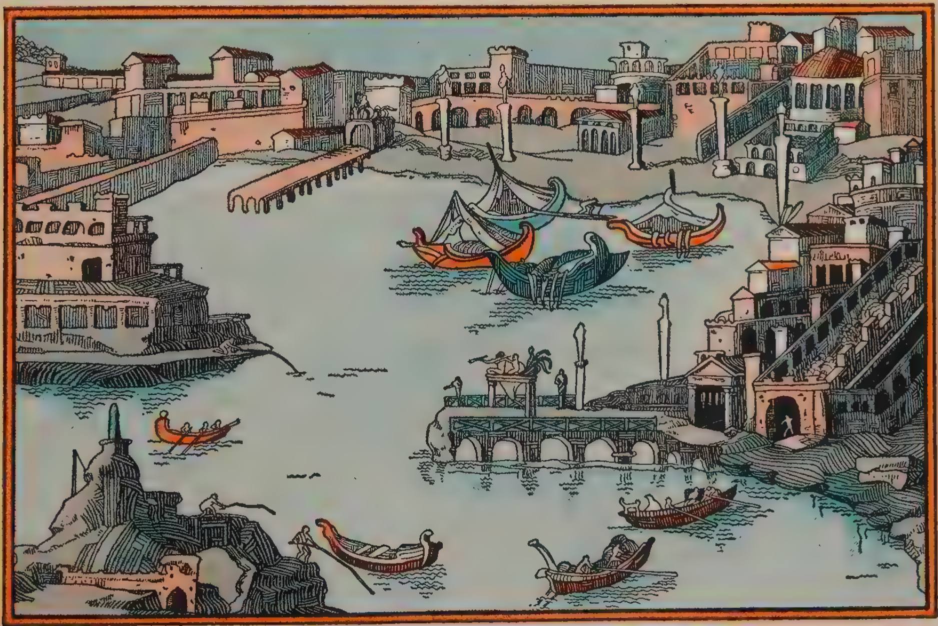
Having thus wiped out all the leaders of the people, Sulla restored the Senate to its old position of power. Then he



At Sulla's orders, 3,000 Romans who opposed the tyrannical rule of the corrupt Senate are butchered in cold blood.

retired to his country estate, where he died the following year.

As soon as Sulla was dead, the people clamored loudly to get a repeal of the laws by which Sulla had taken away all their voting power. Looking for a leader with some experience in war, they found that man in Pom′pey. Pirates had been attacking Roman trade in the Mediterranean;

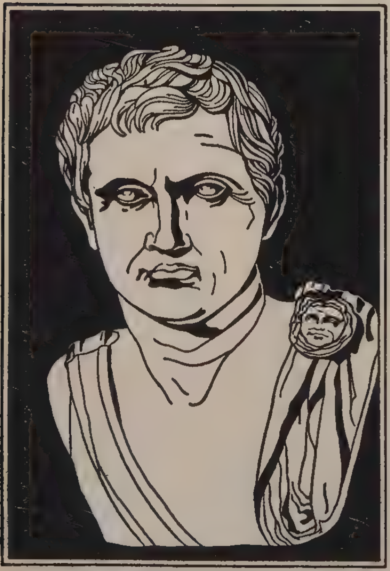


A typical Campanian harbor like Pu-te′o-li or other Roman ports, which the pirates were so boldly attacking in the days of Pompey. There are masonry moles to defend the port from the violence of the waves, a small rocky island, triumphal arches, and columns with statues. It was to protect such ports that Pompey asked for an army to fight the pirates. A fresco from one of the houses of the Sta-bi′ae. Found at Grag-nan′o. Naples Museum.

so bold had they become, that they kidnapped Roman officials on the famous Ap′pi-an Way only a few miles from Rome. Pompey desired an army to go and fight these pirates. Heretofore, it was true, he had favored the party of the Senate. He had been a friend of Sulla's; and the Dictator had sent him as a general to Spain where he had won great renown in crushing a native rebellion. But Pompey had left his army in Spain, and now had to turn to the people requesting other legions.

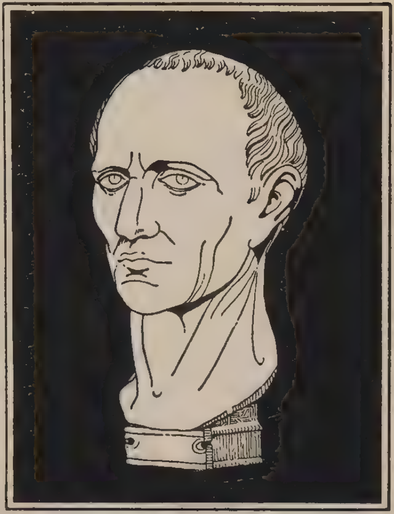
The people agreed to give him his army if he in turn would agree to repeal the laws of Sulla; and so anxious was Pompey to win for himself more military glory that he readily agreed. With the help of the people, he was elected consul, and at once had Sulla's laws repealed. Then he received his army, and departed to fight the pirates.

His success was at once spectacular. In fifty days he had cleared the whole of the Mediterranean. The pirates' strongholds were burned, their docks and ships were destroyed, and their power completely broken. A year later, in 66 B. C., Pompey conquered Mithridates who had again made war on Rome; he made a final conquest of the Se-leu′cid Empire in Syria; he entered Jerusalem, brought the Jews under Roman control, and then marched his victorious soldiers along the Euphrates river north to the Caspian Sea. All of Asia Minor he thus made a Roman province, and he seemed a conquering hero to his adoring admirers in Rome.


Pompey (106-48 B.C.), as a young man. This bust in the Spada Palace at Rome shows the conquering hero as he was about the time he swept the pirates from the Mediterranean.

Caius Julius Caesar

(100 B.C.—44 B.C.)

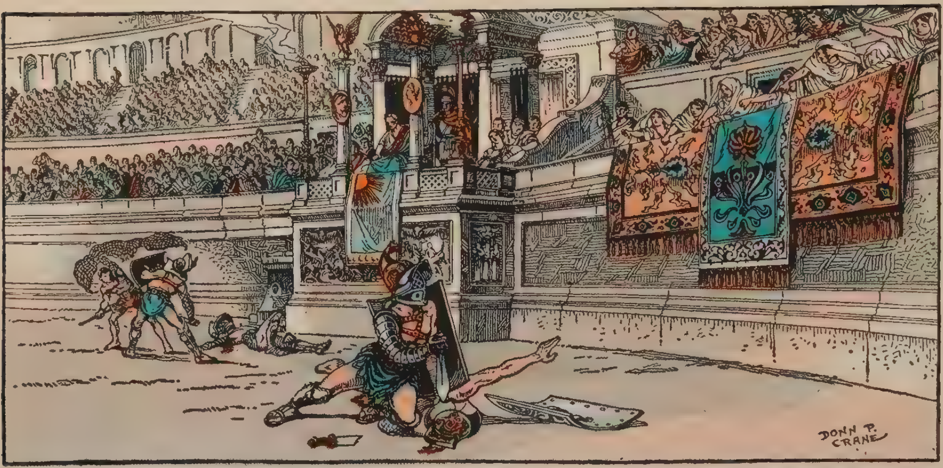


Caius Julius Caesar (100-44 B.C.), determined, resourceful; the man whose genius marked the turning of the Roman Republic into the Roman Empire. (A bust now in the British Museum.)

In Rome another official, Ca′ius Jul′ius Cae′sar, tall and firm of jaw, scrupulously shaven and with neatly close-cropped hair, was forcing himself into prominence, and gaining the favor of the crowd. Being the nephew of Marius and the husband of Cornelia, whose father was a popular leader, he had had to flee to the East to escape the wrath of Sulla. There he had entered the army, proving himself a good soldier, distinguished by many brave deeds. He had come home just in time to champion the cause of the people by helping to get a repeal of Sulla's unjust laws; and in 65 B.C., he secured the office of *ae′dile*, which offered great opportunities for winning still more goodwill.

It was the business of the aediles to attend to the streets and buildings of Rome, the markets and trading-quarters, and above all to direct the various public games. By providing rich entertainments, the aedile could win loud acclaim from the pleasure-loving people of Rome.

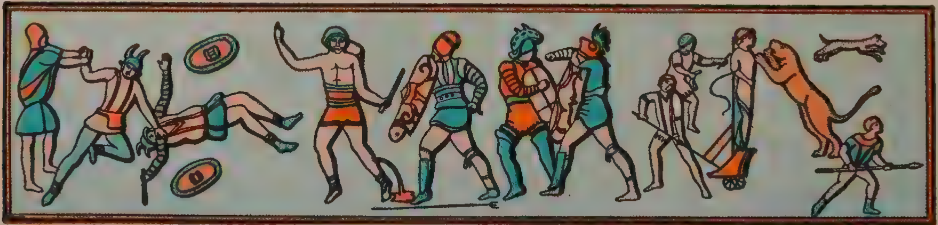
Gladiatorial shows, wherein men fought to the death, were an ancient Etruscan custom which the Romans had taken over; but they had become the most popular of all amusements in Rome. At first the gladiators had been captives, taken in war, criminals, or slaves; but by Caesar's time such fighting had become a real profession, and schools had been established where men were instructed and trained.



Gladiatorial combats in the Cir′cus Max′i-mus. Caesar as aedile directs the entertainment. Before the Vestal Virgins in the front seats, is a combat between two captive slaves, a Samnite and a Thracian. The Samnite has his foe down and looks up at the Vestals who turn "thumbs down" as a signal that he should kill the Thracian. At the left two naked Greeks fight with trident and net. In Republican Rome the gladiators were generally war captives.

In the popular Cir′cus Max′i-mus, the new-elected *aedile* provided most lavish shows. Fighting in teams or singly, the gladiators appeared in quick and bewildering succession; panthers, lions, and tigers, starved for many days, tore at one another or fought with gladiators, and a herd of a hundred elephants was hunted to the death.

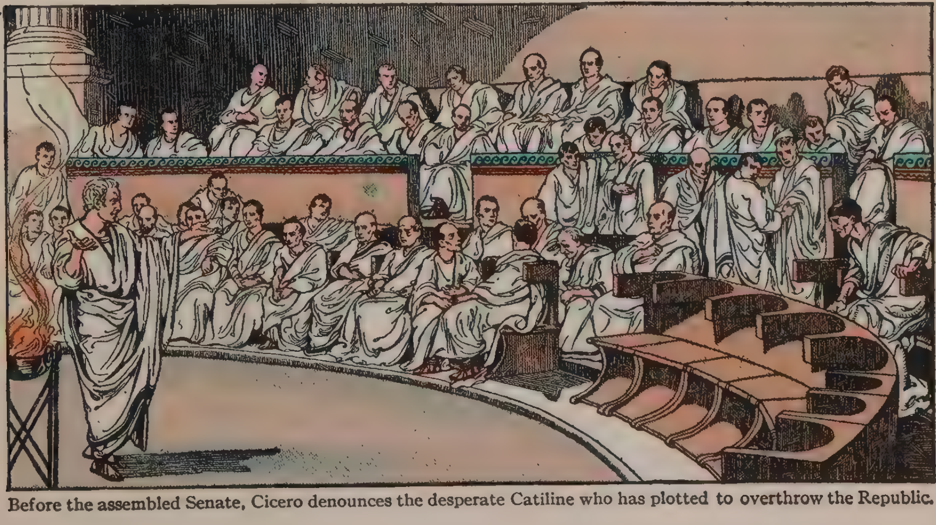
When at last the show was over, Caesar would ostentatiously make some poor man a gift of a costly silver cage. Such spectacular deeds made Caesar exceedingly popular. By his habit of shaking hands, by the open house he kept, the entertainments he gave, and the splendor of his mode of life, he increased his political influence steadily day by day.



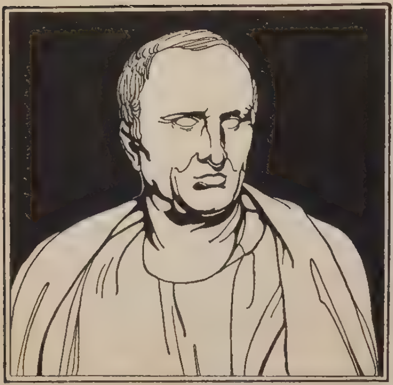
Gladiatorial combats. (Mosaics found in Trip′o-li.) At the left, one gladiator has defeated his foe and the judge prevents the killing. In the next group one gladiator is wounded, but the third group is still fighting. Next, a prisoner attached to a war-chariot is exposed to panthers. At the right, a gladiator advances on a raging beast.

In the year 63 B. C., two years after Caesar had thus become an aedile, he won the higher post of Chief Priest or Pon′ti-fex Max′i-mus, and in the same year his friend Cic′-er-o, the famous and powerful orator, was elected a consul of Rome. Cicero's rival for the consulship had been the infamous Cat′i-line, a former follower of Sulla, and a man who seemed to be capable of any sort of crime.

When Cicero was elected, Catiline formed a conspiracy to murder the consuls of the year, put to death all hostile citizens, set fire to the city, and seize all power for himself. But the plans were revealed to Cicero. The assassins who came to his door were speedily repulsed; and when the audacious Catiline had the face to come to the Senate, Cicero thundered forth the first of his powerful orations against the base-minded traitor: "How long, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience? Your schemes are known! You shall die without a voice protesting! Here all hate you and know your base life. Who welcomed you, pray tell, as you made your way into the Senate? Your country says that you instigate all the most infamous crimes and now she bids you depart!"



Before the assembled Senate, Cicero denounces the desperate Catiline who has plotted to overthrow the Republic.



Cicero (106-43 B.C.), the most famous of all the Roman orators. (Bust in the Capitoline, Rome).

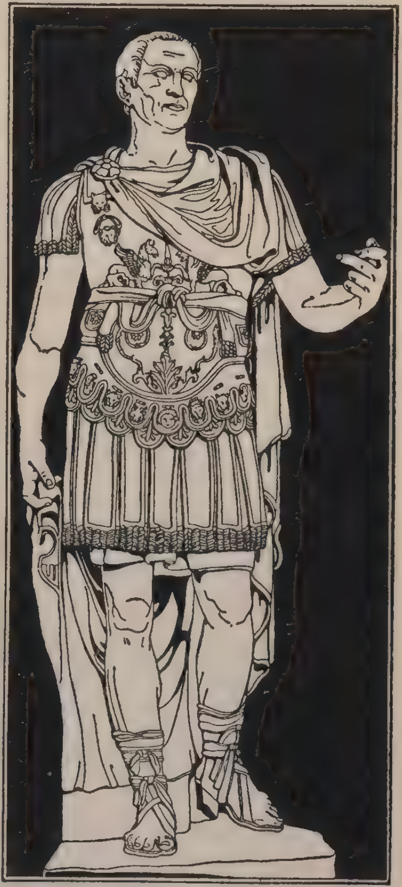
Catiline was abashed by the knowledge Cicero showed of all the details of his plots. After vainly trying to speak, he abruptly left the Senate, and escaped from Rome during the night. The conspirators left in Rome were arrested and executed. Catilinian revolts were suppressed throughout Italy, and a few months later Catiline himself, fighting like a superman with the fire and courage of a demon, was defeated in battle and slain. So ended the conspiracy of Catiline to the greater glory of Cicero; but unfortunately Caesar was suspected of having a hand in the plot. His friendship with Cicero ended, and he found it expedient to become *pro-prae′tor* of Spain and depart at once from Rome.

In the following year Pompey returned from the wars in the East, having covered himself with glory. Appearing before the Senate, he asked certain grants of land to repay his faithful soldiers, and demanded that the treaty arrangements which he had made in the East should be ratified and approved. Both these requests the Senate jealously refused. They had no mind to let Pompey with all his adoring army, grow powerful enough to rise up and seize the reins of government. Even Cicero deserted him.

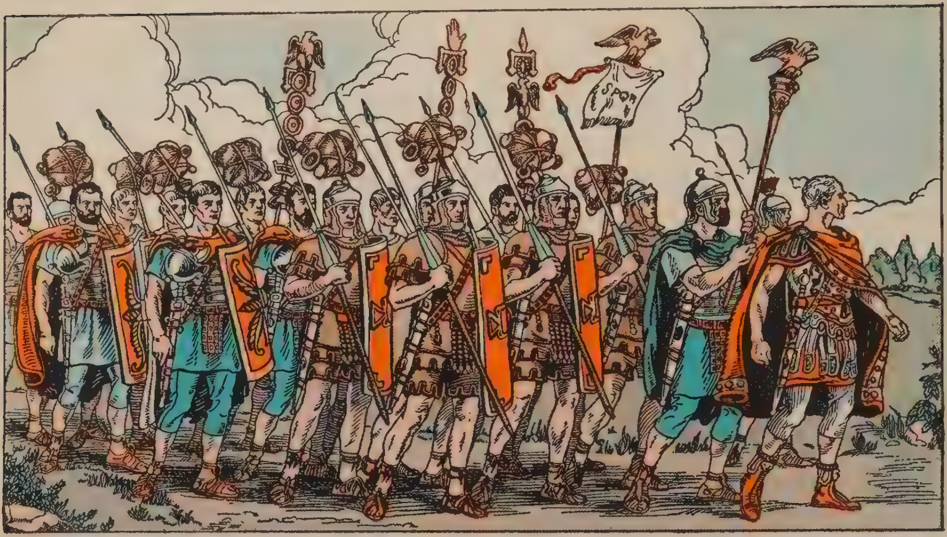
But in the year 60 B. C., Caesar came home from Spain, bringing a great deal of money and finding himself once more of good report with the people. Caesar and Pompey at once made an agreement with Cras′sus, a certain fat, wealthy Senator, who had gained some renown by putting down the slave rebellion of Spartacus. This agreement was called the *tri-um′vi-rate*, or "three men working together." By thus combining their influence, each of these three men got just what he wanted. Caesar was elected consul, and at once passed laws which ratified Pompey's Eastern treaties and granted land to his soldiers. Crassus had certain debts cancelled, and Cicero, the foe of all, too honest and upright a man to countenance any dishonesty, was straightway banished from Rome.

Yet Caesar was not satisfied. He saw that like Pompey he, too, must become a great military leader if he wished to gain power with the Romans; so he got himself appointed governor of Gaul from the valley of the River Po as far north as he desired, and he set out in 58 B.C., to conquer new lands for Rome. In the barbarous country of the Gauls, he showed himself possessed of real ability as a leader. Scarcely more than a year had passed before all Rome rang with his praises, and the noble youth of the city came flocking to join his standards.

They found Caesar's camp a model of orderly arrangement, its site carefully selected near to fuel and water, its tents in orderly rows around the *prae-to′ri-um* where the generals had their headquarters. All commands were executed with a habit of instant obedience. Each soldier played his part and saw himself as a cog in a wonderful war-machine.



Julius Caesar, the general and leader of men, conqueror of Gaul. The delicate workmanship of his armor, the cloak and sandals, all proclaim his rank. (Pa′laz-zo Conservatori, Rome.)



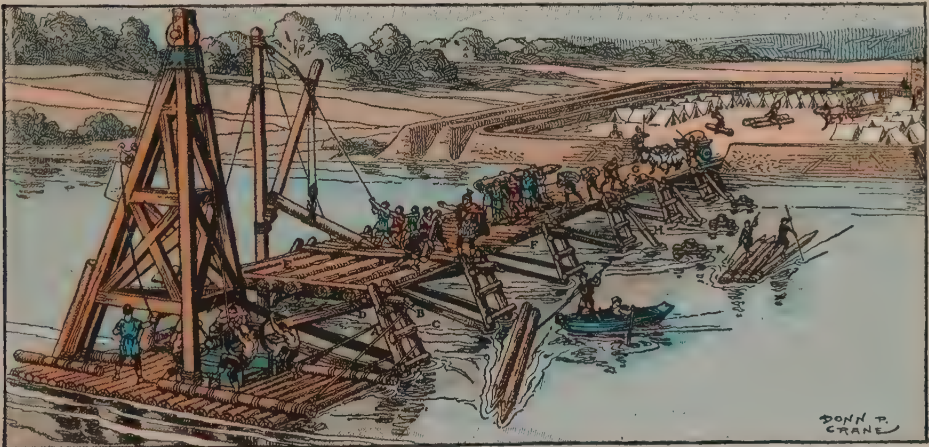
Caesar marches at the head of his legions in the invasion and conquest of Gaul. A Roman legion consisted of about 4,500 men divided into 300 cavalry, 1200 light-armed troops, protected by leather corselets, and 3000 heavy-armed men, wearing armor of bronze. Each man wore a helmet and carried a long spear and shield. For hand-to-hand fighting, a short sword hung from his shoulder. The standards of the legions served as rallying points in the confusion of battle and were guarded carefully. Only the heavier baggage went in the wagons; usually each man carried his own "mule," a forked stick bearing a bundle of food and extra clothing. In hardness and endurance, the legionary could not be matched; he could stand heat or cold, swim rivers, eat short rations, and march all night if necessary. Such were the men with whom Rome was gaining the mastery of the world.

When the army was on the march, the 50,000 men, with all their pack-mules and wagons made a line some three miles long. The soldiers of the legion wore armor of bronze or leather made gay with bright colored capes, and they carried a week's supply of food, a cup, a pan, and a blanket on a forked stick over the shoulder. All along the line above the heads of the men swayed their precious standards, the silver Eagles of the legions, surrounded by brilliant streamers, and proudly bearing the letters S. P. Q. R. (Se-na′tus Pop′u-lus′que Ro-man′us). Wherever the Eagle went, there honor and devotion made every soldier follow with the fury of a man possessed. To let the Eagle be captured was bitter dishonor and shame. Before the army Caesar himself, his head bare in all kinds of weather, vigorously rode on horseback, or more often walked on foot, able beyond belief to endure fatigue and exertions.

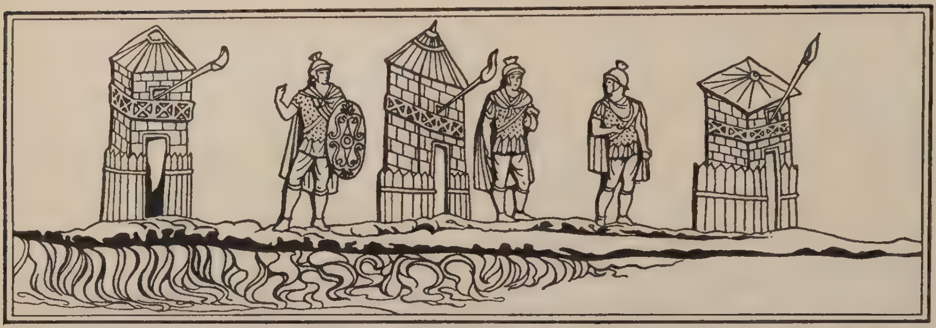
Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War.

"All Gaul," wrote Caesar in his *Commentaries*, "is divided into three parts. Of these the Belgians inhabit one part, the Aq′ui-ta′ni-ans another, and in the third dwell those who call themselves Celts in their own tongue, but are called Gauls by us." Such was the country Caesar had set out to conquer for Rome. He had to subdue savage tribes, who were brave and skillful in warfare; he had to cross forests and marsh-lands, plough through snow-covered hills, and ever encourage his men, heart-sick for Italy. And, as he rode in his chariot jolting over bad roads, he dictated to a slave his story of the Gallic Wars which he called his *Commentaries*.

Caesar first subdued the Hel-ve′tians, living beside the Rhine. Then he built a remarkable bridge with logs cut from the forests, and pushing beyond the Rhine he fought with and conquered the Germans, who loved to swoop down on the Gauls and pillage and plunder their land.

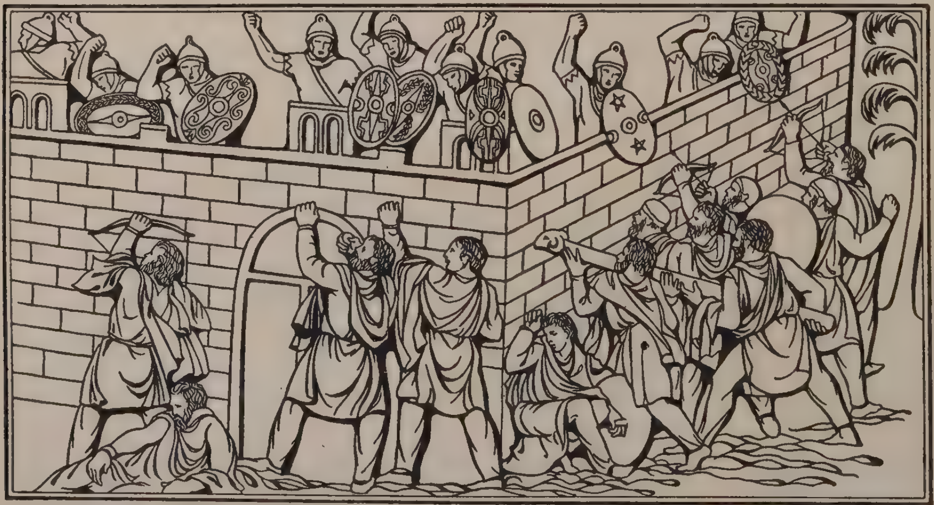


Caesar's bridge, built across the Rhine near Bonn had a two-fold purpose: to impress the Germans; and to guard against the treachery of the Germans. Caesar undoubtedly designed the bridge and directed his soldiers in its construction. It was completed in ten short days, despite the fact that rough timber was cut from the forest, brought to the river, worked and laid by hand. Such was the wonderful organization of the Roman legions and the genius of Caesar. A series of two piles, 40 ft. apart (A) were braced together with cross-bars (C) and reinforced by ties (D). On these were laid the supports (B) over which were placed the road-beams (E) and poles (F) for the wattles or flooring (G). The slanting piles (H) and the fenders (K) protected the bridge from floating debris.

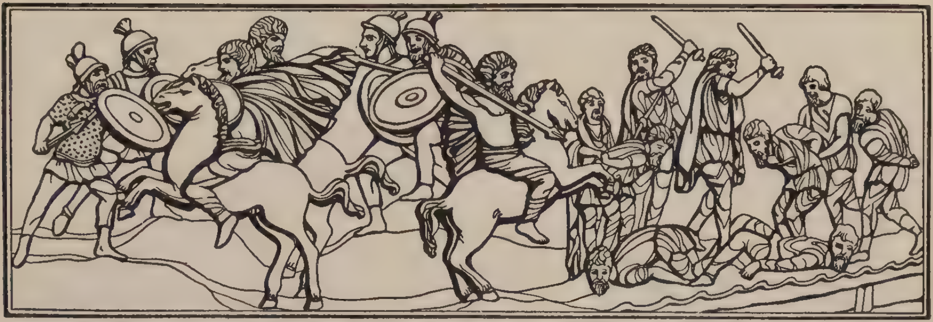


A Roman camp with dirt wall, trench and watch towers, for defense against the Germans. (Trajan's column, Rome.)

Proceeding with very great care, he constructed his camp so skillfully that the Germans could not surprise it. Each tent was pitched at night in the same position where it had stood in the camp of the night before, that the men might feel at home; earthen walls were thrown up and carefully patrolled by soldiers; guards were stationed at the gates, and a trumpeter was always ready at the door of the general's tent to signal a surprise attack. The secret watchword for the night was not even whispered aloud; it passed from hand to hand written down on a small wax tablet.

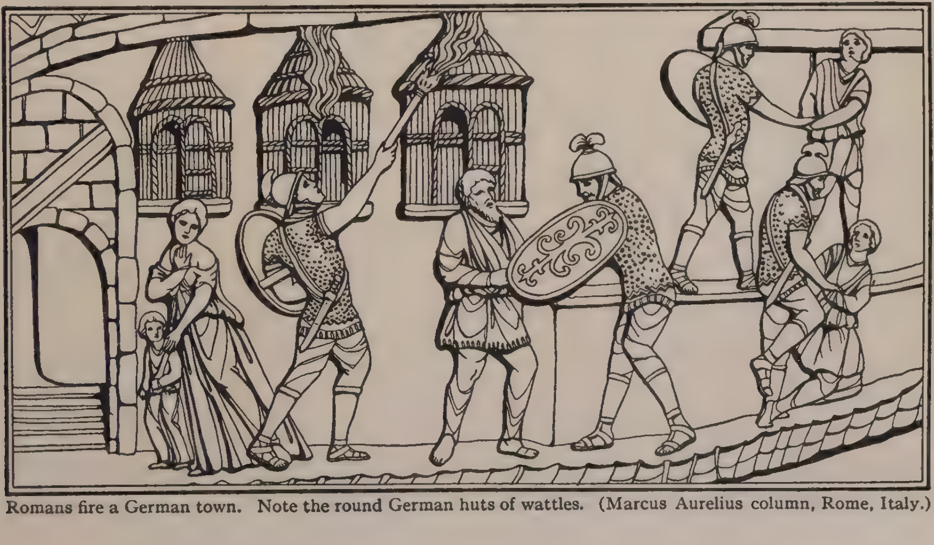


Germans wearing long trousers and with long hair besiege a Roman fortification. (Trajan's column, Rome.)

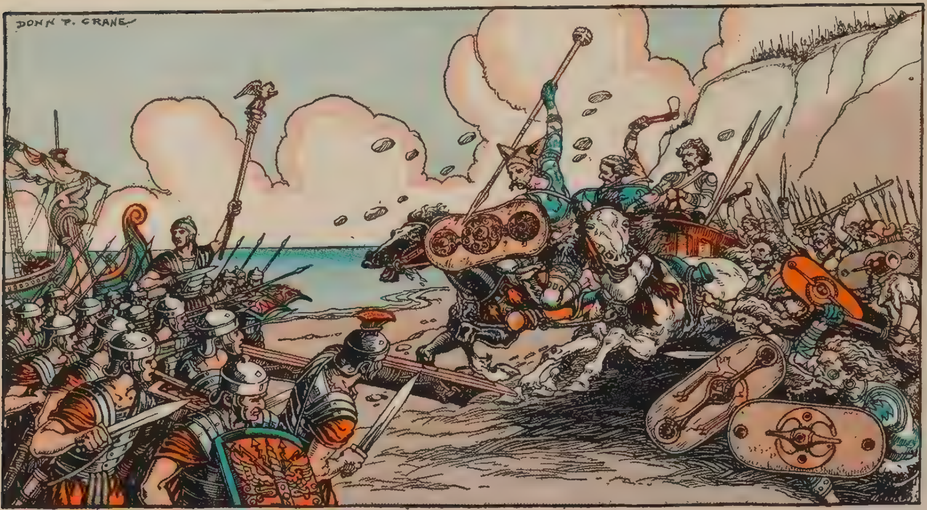


Germans and Romans in battle and Romans killing German prisoners. From the Marcus Au-re'li-us column, Rome.

"These Germans spend their whole lives," Caesar wrote in his *Commentaries*, "in hunting and making war. Even in the coldest weather they wear no clothing save skins, by reason of the scantiness of which a great portion of their body is bare, and they bathe in the open rivers. They pay little attention to agriculture and a large part of their food consists in milk, cheese, and flesh. Nor has any a fixed quantity of land, but the leading men each year apportion to the families as much land as they think proper and the next year they compel them to move to another spot."



Romans fire a German town. Note the round German huts of wattles. (Marcus Aurelius column, Rome, Italy.)

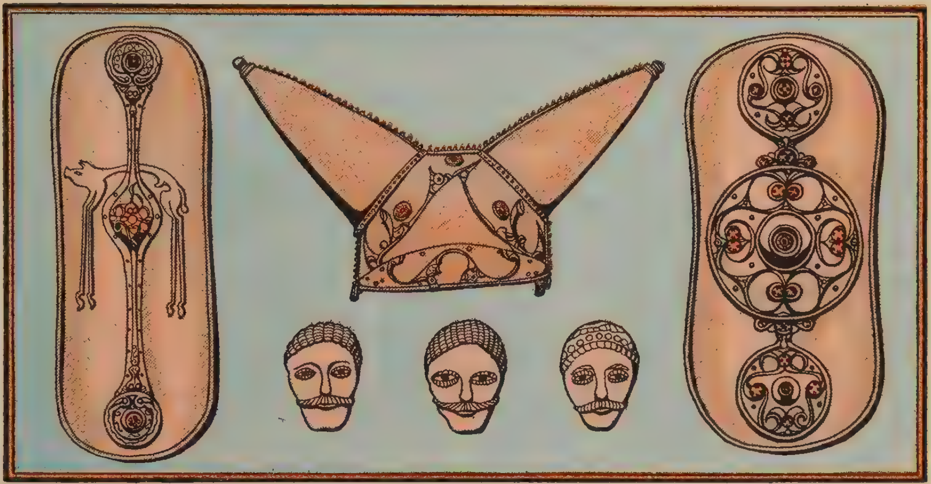


The half-wild Britons, their bodies painted blue, fiercely resist Caesar. (See shields and helmet, page 367.)

Having thus subdued the Germans, Caesar twice crossed to Britain, to punish the Britons for helping the Gauls and to see the land for himself; for Britain lay on the edge of the world, a curious, little-visited, mysterious corner of the earth.

When the Roman ships approached, they found the islanders drawn up, ready to cut down any who should make an attempt to land. Because the water was deep and the Romans were weighted down with their heavy armor and weapons, the soldiers hung back uncertainly, till the Tenth Legion standard-bearer boldly leapt overboard and called upon his comrades to follow the Eagle or lose it.

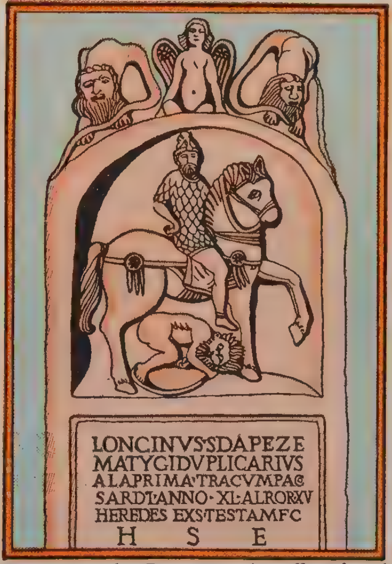
Then for very shame the soldiers jumped into the sea, and fought their way to the shore. The painted, skin-clad Britons showered them with darts and stones; on the level sands of the shore they drove their war-chariots skillfully, running nimbly along the pole and standing on the yoke itself. The Romans were lost in amazement. But the islanders stood no chance against the superior weapons and discipline of the legions, and soon their chiefs sued for peace.



Weapons of the early Britons found in England. Left, bronze-covered wooden shield found in the River With'am near Lincoln. Note the raised design decorated with coral and the outline of a boar, applied as a badge of identification. (2nd cent. B.C.) Center, enamelled bronze helmet found in the Thames and bronze masks used to decorate shields. These depict Britons, probably the owners of the shields. Note the hair and mustaches. (Wel'wyn, Herts.) Right, an elaborately decorated shield with scroll design. Found in the Thames. (1st century A.D.)

"All the Britons dye themselves with woad which occasions a bluish color," Caesar wrote of the Britons, "and thereby they attain a more terrible appearance in battle. (They wear their hair long and have every part of their body shaved save their head and upper lip. Their buildings and cattle are numerous.")

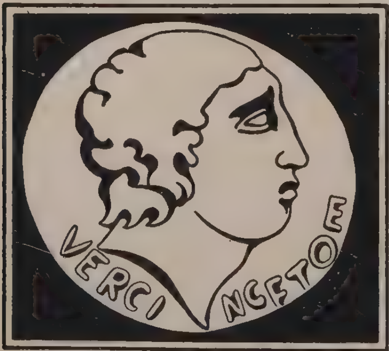
In Britain, too, as in Gaul, Caesar saw those dread priests, the Dru'ids, whose word was law to the tribes. He heard of weird ceremonies and horrible sacrifices offered up in the oak groves, where a dozen men, it was said, were imprisoned in huge wicker frames and burnt alive to the gods.



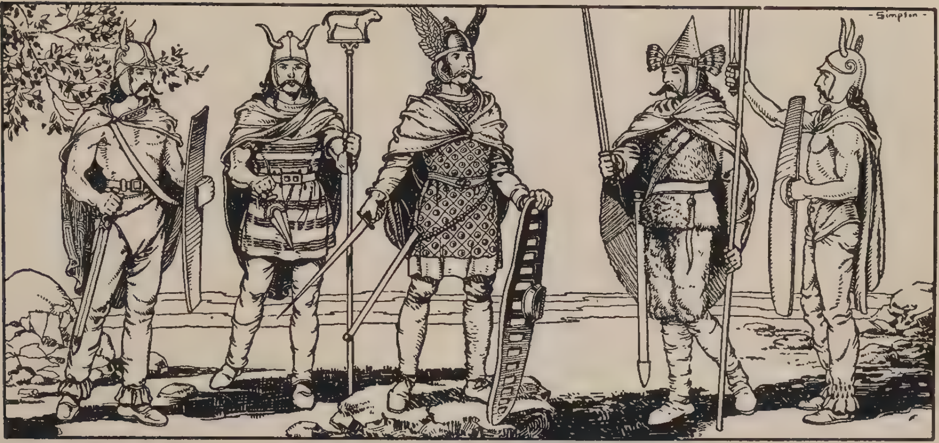
Tombstone of a Roman cavalry officer found near Col'ches-ter, England and erected about 43 A.D. The Roman is riding over a naked and hairy barbarian, undoubtedly a Briton.

But Caesar could not linger in Britain, for trouble arose on the mainland, and he had to return to Gaul. Here the great chief, Ver-cin-get′o-rix, had called upon all the tribes to forget their quarrels with each other, and throw off the yoke of Rome. The excitable Gauls, "who," says Caesar, "are easily moved to take up new resolutions and much given to change," caught fire at Vercingetorix' words. The call to arms sounded from hilltop to hilltop, according to the custom of the tribes; "for when an important event takes place, they transmit the intelligence through all their lands by a shout. Taking up the shout in succession, they pass it on to their neighbors." Thus the tribes gathered in thousands. For a time the Gauls seemed victorious, for they were "a nation of great ingenuity most skillful in making anything which had been imported to their land," and they had thus learned from the Romans many things about engines for war. But victory soon forsook them and quarrels divided their ranks.

With courage born of despair, they issued from the gates of Alesia and threw themselves, wildly charging, on the walls of the Roman camp. Wherever the fight was thickest, there was Caesar himself. At sight of their beloved general fighting in the thick of the fray, the Romans cast aside their javelins and plied their swords with such force, that those Gauls who were not cut down were speedily put to flight. Perceiving that all was lost, Ver-cin-get′o-rix rode to the camp, where Caesar sat with his officers. Riding once around Caesar, the great Gaul leapt from his horse, threw off his armor and knelt in submission at Caesar's feet. Gaul was subdued at last. From the Rhine to the At-



That brave Gallic chief, Ver-cin-get′o-rix. A coin.

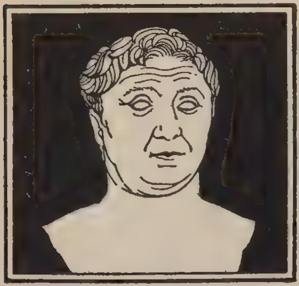


Ver-cin-get'o-rix and his Gauls. Left, a soldier, a standard bearer and a captain. (Triumphal Arch, Orange, France). Right, a chieftain, and a warrior. (Musee de l'Armee). Common Gallic warriors wore long trousers, but left the upper body bare. The shields are of wood covered with bronze. The bronze helmets of the men at right and left, have two horns and the disk of the sun-god. Other helmets are adorned with horns, wings or feathers.

lantic the Eagles were victorious; Belgium, France, and South Germany, had become the province of Gaul.

But during all this time, Pompey had slowly but surely grown away from Caesar. Caesar's daughter, Julia, who had been the wife of Pompey, died in 54 B. C., so this link no longer held them. Having served his term as consul, Pompey had now been made the Governor of Spain; the Senators and nobles had taken to flattering him, and were trying in every way possible to bring him over to their side.

Since Caesar could not return to build up his standing in Rome, he did the next best thing; he published the *Commentaries* he had written on the Gallic Wars, and the story of his conquests, told with powerful simplicity, impressed the people at once with how much he had done for Rome. As the time of his governorship had now almost expired, he asked for election as consul, but the Senators feared the enormous popularity he had gained and Pompey had grown exceedingly jealous of his success. So instead of making him consul, the Senate merely ordered him to give up command in Gaul and come to Rome as a private citizen.



Pompey as an older man. Power, wealth and rich-living have coarsened him. (Carlsberg Glyptotek, Copenhagen). Compare with p. 356.

What was Caesar to do? Pompey had not as yet shown any open hostility, yet Caesar had every reason to question how he and the Senate would act, should the popular governor of Gaul appear alone in Rome. Caesar made his decision. Within an hour after the Senate's command had reached him in camp in Gaul, his soldiers were on the march, and their faces were turned toward Rome!

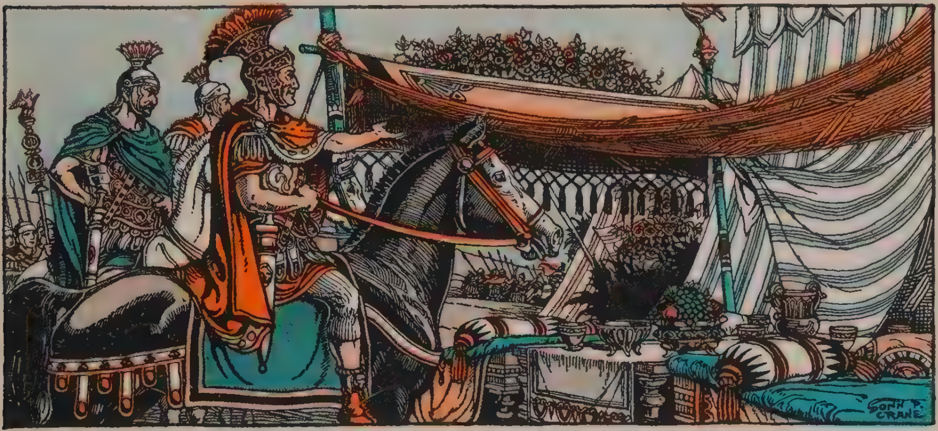
The little river called the Ru′bi-con formed the boundary of Caesar's province. North of the river he was still in absolute control, but should he cross to the south he would become a rebel because he came with an army. When he reached the Rubicon, Caesar hesitated. "We can still turn back," he said. But after a moment he cried: "Let the die be cast!" And he crossed the river quite conscious that he must now lose his life, or make himself master of Rome.

The Senate was panic-stricken, and turned to Pompey for help. But Pompey knew well that no army in any of the provinces could stand before Caesar and his veterans with any hope of success. Pompey, therefore, retreated, and as Caesar drew near to Rome, many of the Senators and nobles fled to Greece with Pompey. Caesar won general good will by keeping his soldiers from plunder, and in less than sixty days after crossing the Rubicon, he found himself master of Rome and of all Italy as well!

Nevertheless, Pompey's officers were still in control in Spain, and Pompey had great power in Greece and all the Eastern provinces. He flatly refused to make peace, so Caesar now prepared for a struggle to the death. Moving at once into Spain, he defeated Pompey's officers and almost before Pompey knew it, he had landed his army in Greece and was searching for Pompey himself.

On the plain of Phar-sa'li-a in Thessaly the two armies came face to face. Pompey had seven thousand cavalry against Caesar's single thousand, but Caesar selected one cohort from each of his strongest legions and gave them the post of danger, bidding them charge with spirit and remember that the success of the day depended solely on them. Pompey on the contrary, bade his foot-soldiers stand their ground and await the attack of Caesar. His commands proved a fatal mistake; Caesar knew well that nothing puts greater courage into troops than a grand charge against the foe, whereas to stand in cold blood and await a charging enemy often shatters men's nerves. So, while Caesar's chosen cohorts routed Pompey's cavalry, his infantry charged and Pompey's men went down by hundreds before them.

This was the first defeat Pompey had ever suffered. Caesar even took his camp which had been adorned for victory. Pompey's spirit was crushed. Putting off his general's robe, he took horse and fled from the scene, while what was left of his army surrendered to Caesar next day. Attended by thirty companions, Pompey made off to Egypt, and Caesar, hot on his heels, followed at once in pursuit.

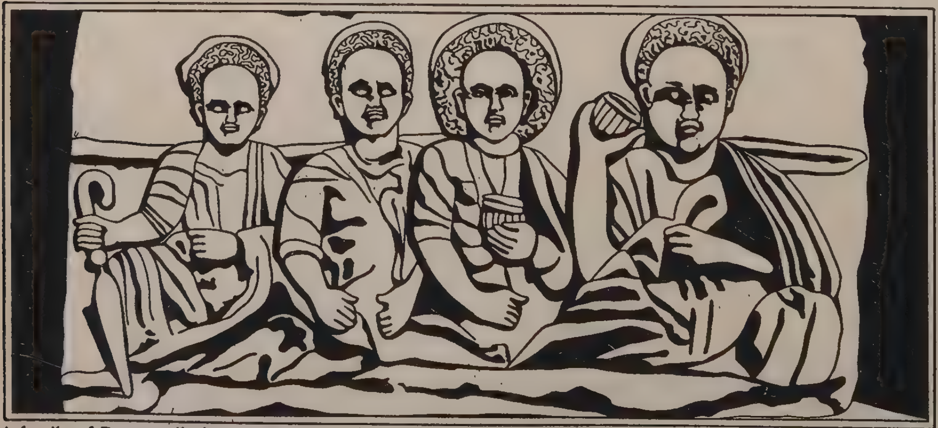


The luxurious camp of Pompey with the feast of victory prepared for him, falls to the disciplined soldiers of Caesar.

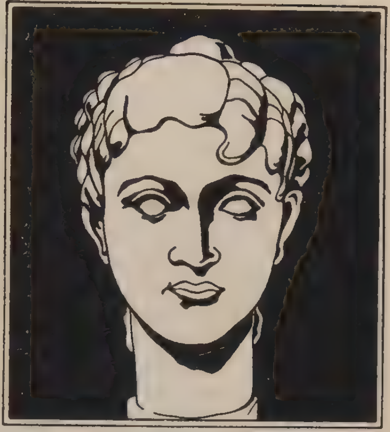
Cleopatra of Egypt.

(69 B. C.—30 B. C.)

In Egypt the beautiful and high-spirited young Queen Cle′o-pa′tra was fighting with her little brother for possession of the throne they had both been supposed to share. For nearly three hundred years the line of Macedonian rulers founded by Ptol′e-my So′ter, general of the great Alexander, had held control of Egypt. The earlier Ptolemies, able and wise, had made Alexandria great; but the later Ptolemies were weaklings, guilty of many crimes. Egypt was in those days the richest country in the world; from Egypt came barley, wheat, maize, flax, and cattle; and these agricultural products Rome continually coveted with all her greedy soul. Cleopatra's father, Ptolemy Au-le′tes, who wasted hours on the flute and hence had been nicknamed, "The Piper," had borrowed enormous sums from Roman money-lenders. With money thus borrowed in Rome, he bribed the Roman Senate to keep the peace in Egypt; and since he owed Rome money, Roman officials handled all the taxes in Egypt, a Roman garrison occupied Alexandria, and Ptolemy reigned only by permission of the Senate.



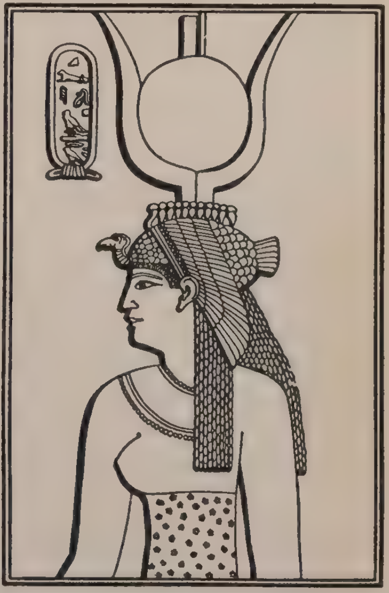
A family of Roman pilgrims to Egypt showing the father, mother, and two children at the feast of the Egyptian war-god. The boy at the left, like tourists of all ages, holds an umbrella. This relief, found in Egypt, portrays graphically the fascination of Egypt for travel-loving Romans who had regular tourist routes in Egypt.



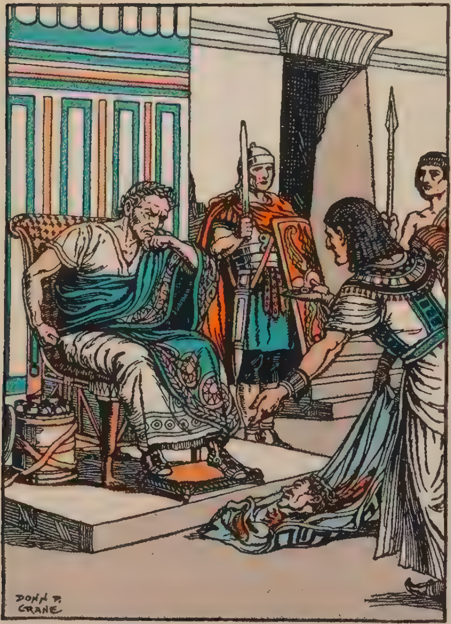
The real Cleopatra, a beautiful, charming Greek woman. Head in the British Museum.

In the midst of such times as these, the young harum-scarum Princess Cleopatra had grown to girlhood, already attracting the attention of gallant, young Roman officers by her youthful beauty and charm. She was sparkling, gay and vivid, graceful, spontaneous, vivacious, and to the surprise of every one, she was also keenly intelligent. She could speak seven different languages; Latin, Greek, Aramaic, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, and the language of the ancient Egyptians which many of her forefathers had not even bothered to learn, babbled freely from her tongue.

When she came to the age of eighteen, according to the Piper's will, this proud, ambitious young princess was destined to reign over Egypt with her younger brother, Ptolemy, who was then only ten years old. But quarrels broke out at once. Scheming rascals, eager for power, plotted with the younger children, the little Princess, Ar-sin′o-e, the dissatisfied, young boy-king, and another baby Ptolemy, to drive Cleopatra from the throne. She was forced to flee to Syria. But there she raised an army of Syrian mercenaries, and in the face of all threats, she dared to march back into Egypt.



Cleopatra, the ruler of Egypt, in Egyptian costume, wearing the vulture-crown of Egyptian queens, and the horns and moon of Isis. Relief in the Egyptian style carved by her orders on the red stone Temple at Den′de-rah.



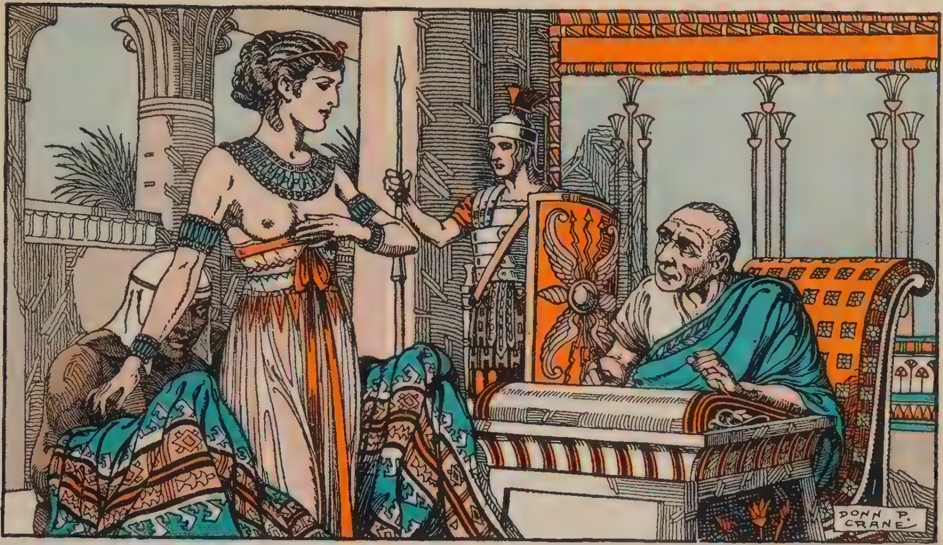
The Egyptian enemies of Cle-o-pa′tra seek to win the aid of Caesar by presenting to him the head of Pompey.

It was just at this time that the elderly and ambitious Julius Caesar, wearing a chaplet of laurel-leaves about his thin grey locks, arrived in Egypt seeking his defeated enemy, Pompey. The scoundrelly advisers, who had driven Cleopatra from the throne, thought to curry favor with Caesar by murdering his foe; therefore, they hastened at once to send him Pompey's head; but the act won no favor from Caesar, even though thereby he found himself master of the world. At sight of Pompey's head, he burst out into tears.

In spite of a few little riots, he then took up his residence in royal Alexandria, and since Ptolemy Auletes had made the Roman Republic the executor of his will, he ordered the two youthful rulers, now squabbling with one another, to come to Alexandria to lay their cases before him.

Ptolemy arrived promptly, but his followers determined to keep Cleopatra from Caesar. Cleopatra was as determined to get through Ptolemy's lines and appear before the great Roman. She had one supreme passion in life,—to save Egypt from Roman rule, to preserve the independence of her beloved land, and the weapon she chose to use was her power to captivate men.

Ordering A-pol′lo-dor′us, her huge Sicilian attendant, to roll her up in a carpet, she bade the man carry her into Caesar's presence. When challenged by Ptolemy's sentries, Apollodorus said that he was carrying baggage to one of

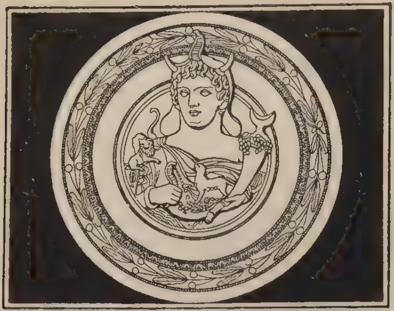


Cle′o-pa′tra's enemies in Egypt wished to keep her from meeting Caesar, but the beautiful, daring young Queen outwitted them when she caused herself to be wrapped in a bundle of rugs and so was carried into his presence.

Caesar's guard. Out of the bundle thus dumped down before the astonished Caesar, emerged the smiling face of the beautiful young Queen. Caesar's surprise was unbounded. The conqueror of the world was captivated at once.

Cleopatra pleaded her case against her little brother with frankness and conviction; and Caesar gladly offered to punish her foes who he knew could be of no use to him. He lectured the little boy Ptolemy, and bade him henceforth share the throne with his pretty sister in peace.

Life at the palace was gay, and Caesar and the charming Queen made merry together each day, while Ptolemy sulked in the background. Under Cleopatra's flattery, Caesar, whose cunning and genius had caused men to grovel before him, puffed up enormously. Playing on his vanity, she forever asked him questions about his great victory in Gaul, where he had defeated a race of German giants! And by thus making him happy, she kept him from overrunning Egypt with his great Roman war-machine!

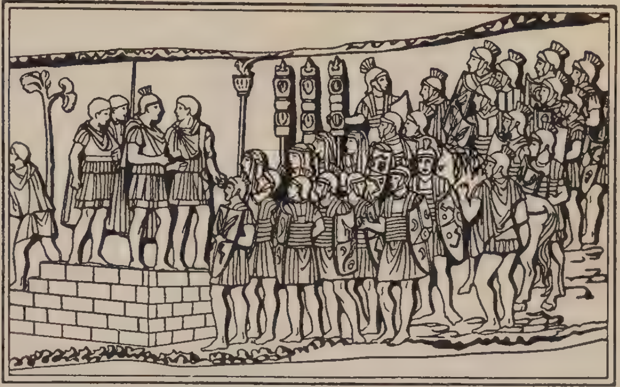


Silver emblem of the city of Alexandria represented as a woman under an elephant's skin. The *u-rae′us* shows that she is queen of Egypt, the *cor′nu-co′pi-a* indicates her wealth, and the smaller symbols emphasize her flourishing commerce. (1st century A.D. Louvre, Paris.)

But one day a riot broke out against the Roman intruders. With only 4,000 soldiers, Caesar had to protect himself by setting fire to the famous Alexandrian library, which likewise fired other buildings, and kept the Alexandrians so occupied fighting flames that they had no time left to fight Caesar. Rioting continued until the young King Ptolemy, defeated and retreating from battle, was drowned in the muddy Nile. Then the Alexandrians surrendered; and the younger brother Ptolemy was set on the throne to rule conjointly with Cleopatra while the rebel Princess, Arsinoe, was sent off to Rome in chains to be led in Caesar's triumph.

And now Alexandria blossomed forth with something of the glory of which Cleopatra had dreamed; and Caesar, who dearly loved splendor, seriously pondered the idea of making himself a King with Alexandria as his capital. It could be defended so easily. It was close to great sources of wealth and limitless supplies of wheat. "By returning to Rome," the clever Cleopatra argued,—"you will make no new friends. Leave Rome to decay; summon your loyal friends to join you in Alexandria and here make yourself so strong that no Senate on earth can challenge you!"

Caesar would have divorced Cal-pur′nia, his Roman wife, taken Cleopatra as his consort, and established a royal line through the child she was soon to bear him; but he knew well that Cicero and other enemies in Rome would resist any move of his to make himself a crowned king. When he returned from a pleasure-trip up the lazy stretches of the Nile, he learned that during the year, the party opposed to him in Rome had prepared to resist his control.



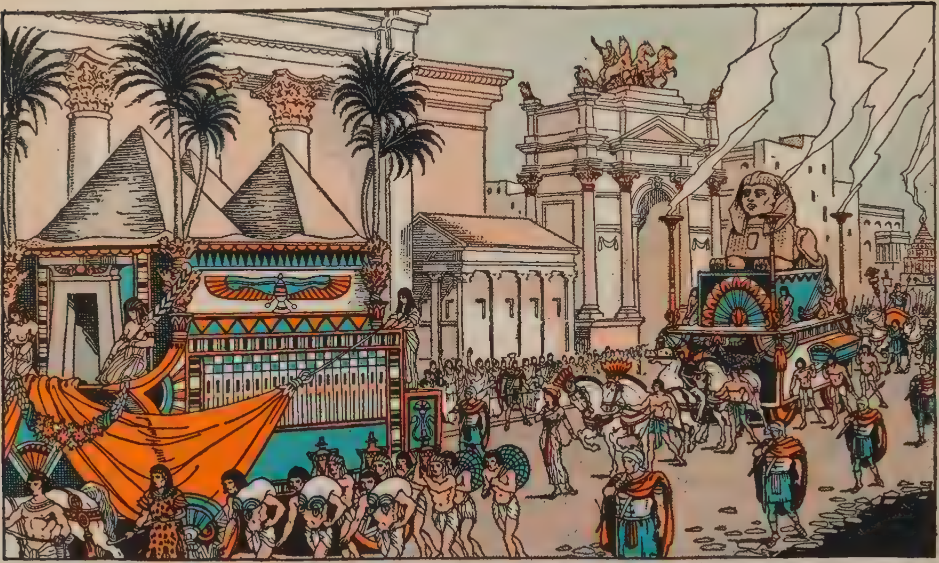
Roman soldiers with their standards, on campaign. (Trajan's column, Rome.)

At once he decided to win more military renown by subduing Mithridates' son, that troublesome rebel, Phar′na-ces, who was overrunning Asia Minor and snapping his fingers at Rome. Delaying his departure only until Cleopatra gave birth to their son, Cae-sa′ri-on, Caesar advanced against Pharnaces and from this campaign he sent Rome that brief historic message so like the terse strength of the man:—"*Veni, vidi, vici*!" "I came, I saw, I conquered!"

Then toward the end of September in the year 45 B. C., Caesar returned to Rome, to establish himself still more firmly in the hearts of the Roman people by celebrating his fourteen years of successful foreign campaigns with a great and magnificent triumph. He was greeted with many "Hail Caesars!" and his enemies kept quiet; so he wrote Cleopatra to come to Rome with their infant son, Caesarion.

By coming as Caesar's guest, Cleopatra made it clear to everyone in Rome, Caesar himself included, that Egypt was a friend and ally of Rome, and not a conquered foe. Her arrival caused a sensation. Cartloads of baggage, agitated eunuchs and slaves heralded her approach, and little Caesarion's fussing nurses followed in her train. She was lodged in Caesar's magnificent Tiberine palace, while Caesar lived in a smaller villa with Calpurnia, his legal wife.

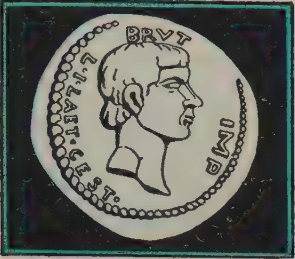
The triumph lasted four days, the most important day being devoted to Gaul; but there was also one day celebrating the victories in Greece, one day given to Africa, and one



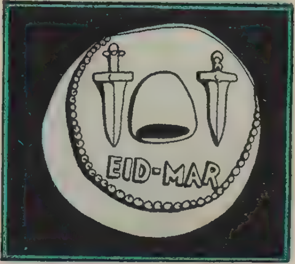
The enormous four-day triumph of Julius Caesar on the Sacred Way celebrating his victories in Gaul, Greece, Asia and Africa. Princess Ar-sin′o-e, rebellious sister of Cleopatra, walks between models of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

day devoted to making a show of captured Egyptian rebels. Crowds of Egyptian slaves carrying sacks of wheat, paraded beside enormous floats containing models of the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Pharos lighthouse. But the center of attraction was the captive Princess Ar-sin′o-e, marching along half-naked, her arms held with golden chains.

Immediately after his triumph, Caesar threw himself into the work of reorganizing the government. He had himself appointed Dictator and Imperator for life, and the title Imperator was to be hereditary. He forced the Senate to pass decrees giving him the right to decide upon war without referring to the people, to conduct elections, appoint governors to the provinces and control the public funds. His image was placed on all new coins. The name of the month in which he was born was changed from Quin-ti′lus to Julius, and he appeared in public wearing an all-purple toga, the costume of old kings of Rome. Some time he certainly meant to take the name of King!



Head of Brutus, the leader in the plot to murder Caesar. The determined Brutus did not flinch at stabbing the defenseless Caesar whom he regarded as an enemy of republican Rome. (A coin.)

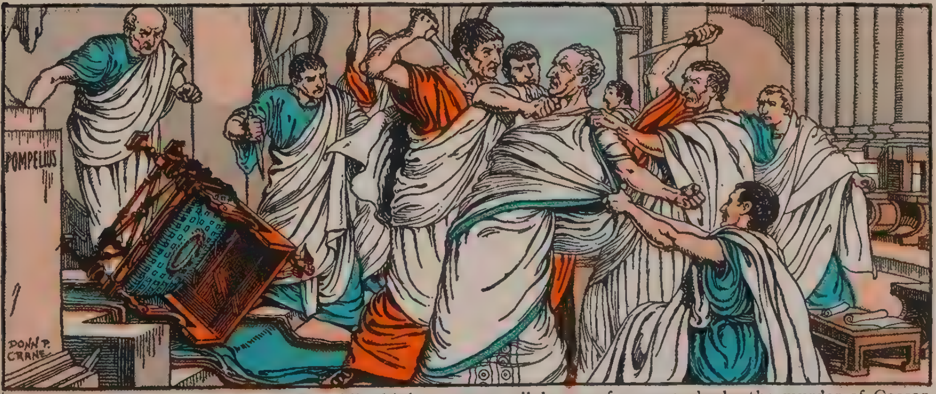


Coin bearing the cap of liberty which the Romans believed they had gained by Caesar's death, and the two daggers with which Caesar was killed. The coin bears the inscription Ides of March, 42 B.C.

He laid plans for making Rome a beautiful capital city with magnificent public buildings. He laid out great roads between Rome and various important cities, granted citizenship to many foreign people, sent colonists to Carthage and Corinth, and for the first time gave the provinces a government that was just.

But Brutus and Cassius and other men still believed sincerely in the old forms of the Republic; moreover, there were plenty of Senators who saw that they could not grow rich by fraud while Caesar ruled the state. A conspiracy against Caesar was formed by Brutus and Cassius, and on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., the conspirators, assembling in the Senate, fell on Caesar with their knives and stabbed the great man to death.

So died Julius Caesar, ambitious and self-seeking, yet withal a remarkable general, and a powerful organizer who brought good government both to the provinces and Rome.



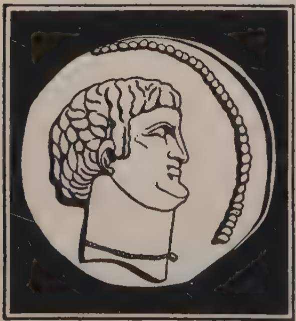
Led by Brutus, believers in the old Republic think to remove all danger of a monarchy by the murder of Caesar.

Antony and Cleopatra.

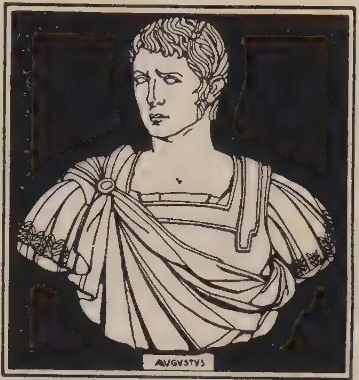
With the death of Caesar, Rome was thrown into great confusion; there were fears of a civil war. An angry crowd besieged Cleopatra's villa, keen to wreak punishment upon this beautiful foreign enchantress who had made Caesar squander on her so much of the public wealth that might have gone into Roman pockets. But amid the terror and confusion, Cleopatra evaded the mob and returned again to Egypt. She had now lost her dearest friend, the kingdom which he had promised her, and all hope of ever becoming the mighty Queen of the Earth. Once again, she was nothing more than the anxious Queen of Egypt, haunted by the possibility of losing even this bit of power, when Rome should decide to reach out and seize her beloved land.

Caesar had made no arrangements for an assistant-ruler who could follow him as head of the government, and the Senate, fearing the assassins, gave them whatever they asked. Cassius was made governor of Syria, and Brutus of Macedonia. But Mark Antony, Caesar's closest friend, delivered an oration at Caesar's public funeral, which so roused the Roman mob that even though the murderers had been appointed governors, they had to flee for their lives.

In the midst of all this excitement, a young man, eighteen years old, arrived in the city from Il-lyr'i-a where he had been studying. He was Ga'ius Oc-ta'-vi-us, grand nephew and favorite of Caesar. Caesar had adopted the youth and named him as his heir, and the young man had now come to Rome to take his inheritance. He was graceful, able, well-balanced, never overcome by passion, and never the slave of impulse. He was cool, collected and calm.



Head of Mark Antony. A coin.



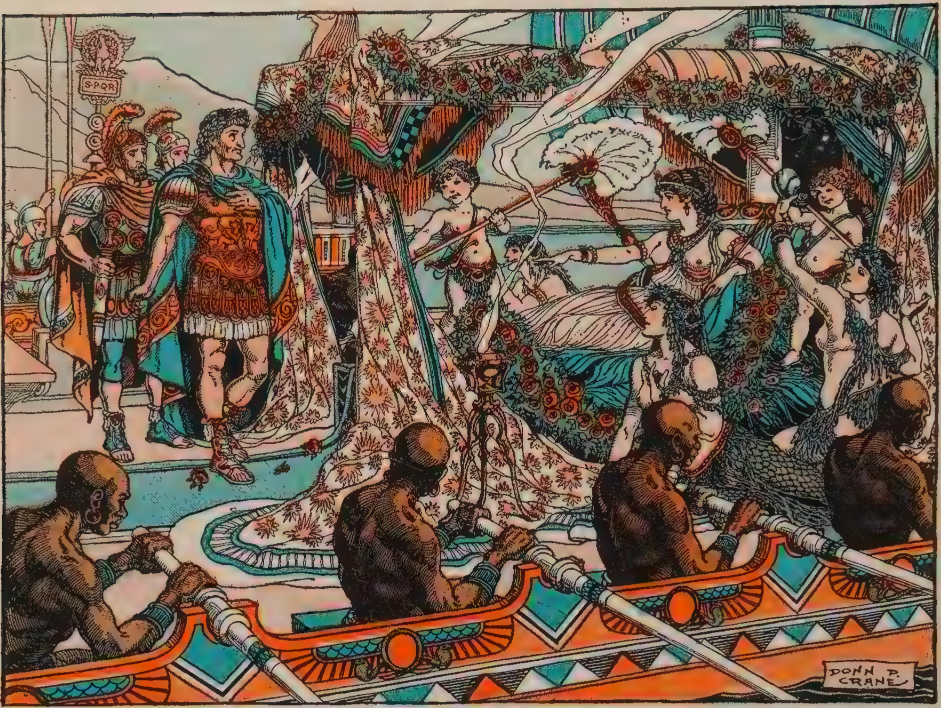
Bust of Octavius as a young man, when he first came to Rome. (Florence, Uffizi.)

Mark Antony, in those days the most powerful man in Rome, would have murdered Octavius at once, had he thought the youth at all dangerous; but Caesar's heir was so young, there seemed no reason to fear him. In spite of his youth, however, Octavius rallied around him many of Caesar's old soldiers, and marching with them on Rome, he soon had himself made a consul.

And now a second triumvirate once more disposed of Rome. Octavius, Antony, and Lep′i-dus, agreed to divide among themselves all the lands of Rome. Those who opposed the three were forcibly put to death and their property confiscated, and in this brief reign of terror, Antony had Cicero hunted out and killed. Then Antony and Octavius marched off to the East where Brutus and Cassius had taken a stand to dispute their control of the world. In a battle at Phi-lip′pi in the year 42 B. C., the legions of the conspirators suffered a severe defeat, and Brutus and Cassius both committed suicide.

The victors divided their spoils. Octavius returned to Italy to take charge of the western world, while Mark Antony, taking the East, swaggered on his triumphal way through Greece and Asia Minor. From his headquarters at Tarsus, he sent a haughty summons to the young Queen Cleopatra, whom he had known in Rome, ordering her to come and explain why she had not helped the "three" against the murderers of Caesar.

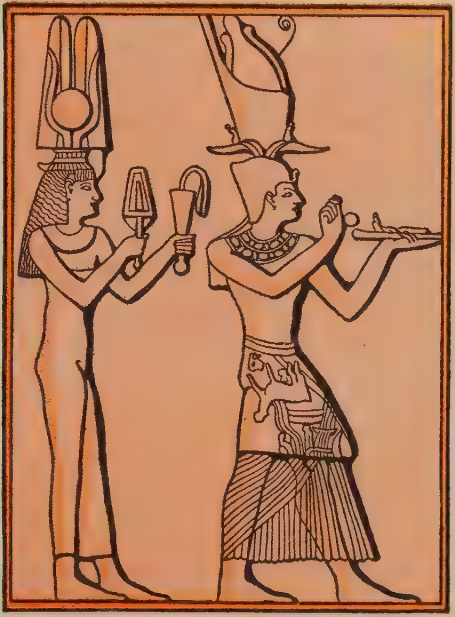
Determined to captivate Antony as she had once enslaved Caesar, and so win another champion to help her keep Egypt from Rome, Cleopatra again staged a theatrical entrance, spectacular enough to catch the fancy of any man.



Carried away by the witchery of the clever, fascinating Cleopatra, the coarse, pleasure-loving Antony, master of the eastern Mediterranean, at once becomes her devoted slave. All matters of war and policy are completely forgotten.

Down the river Cyd′nus Antony came to meet her. Her barge approached, gently rowed by silver-mounted oars, the great purple sails hanging idly in the still air of the evening. The helmsmen stood in the stern beneath a gilded shelter in the shape of an elephant's head. Slave girls representing beautiful sea-nymphs and graces reclined about the deck. Cleopatra herself, clad in the shimmering robes of Venus, the goddess of love, lay under an awning bespangled with gold, while young boys dressed as Cupids, fanned her with ostrich plumes. Before the royal canopy brazen censers stood sending forth clouds of incense.

As Antony boarded the vessel, he forgot, forever, his reason for calling Cleopatra to Tarsus; he forgot that he ruled half the world. He became Cleopatra's slave.



Cleopatra and her son Cae-sa′ri-on. Carving in Egyptian style, Temple of Den′de-rah. Cleopatra now devoted all her thoughts to making sure that Caesarion, her son by Caesar, should follow her as King of Egypt.

Feast followed feast for days, each one outdoing the other in costly, exotic grandeur. But if Antony lost his reason, Cleopatra kept hers. She had come to Tarsus to show the susceptible Antony her beauty, her power, and her wealth, all of which might be his. She wanted to bring about a break between him and Octavius, and through him secure the overthrow of Caesar's nephew, Octavius, and the triumph of Caesar's son, her own young child Caesarion, through whom she could hope to keep an independent Egypt. One other matter, too, was needing immediate attention. Cleopatra's sister, Ar-sin′o-e, who had walked in Caesar's triumph, had been allowed to escape and was now living at Eph′e-sus where she was once more scheming to remove Cleopatra from power. At Cleopatra's request, Antony now ordered Arsinoe put to death.

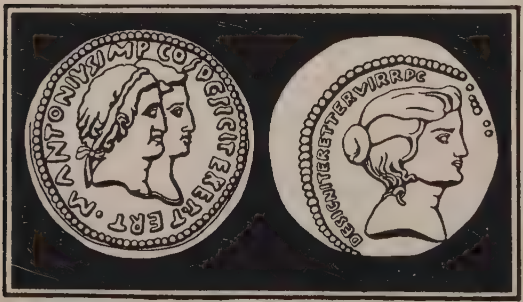
Having accomplished so much, Cleopatra went home, and Antony only waited to settle affairs in Syria before he hastened to follow.

Draped in a sea-green robe adorned with green chalcedony, Cleopatra received him, and Antony, putting aside his Roman dress and manners, clothed himself as a Greek. Henceforth, Cleopatra rode and hunted with Antony; she boated and fished with him; and by the most frivolous pranks she made herself attractive to this great hulking, boyish Roman who loved escapades like a child. Disguising herself as a peasant while Antony dressed as a slave, she led him through the streets of the city, knocking at doors and windows, only to disappear when someone opened the door! Cleopatra now thought of Antony as her husband. The fact that no marriage had taken place mattered but little in those times; for she as a goddess and queen, was exempt from the common law.

Thus Antony squandered the winter in idleness and folly till news of Par′thi-an victories sent him to fight in Syria. Shortly after he left, Cleopatra gave birth to twins, little Alexander He′li-os and Cleopatra Se-le′ne; and for the next three years, she remained at home, governing her kingdom, spending her time in the nursery, and watching events in the Roman world which meant life or death to her.

At length she joined Antony in Syria, a legal marriage was contracted according to Egyptian custom, and Antony now called himself Autocrat of the East; but marrying a foreign queen was against every tradition of Rome, so he did not inform the Senate of the marriage he had made; nor did he divorce Oc-ta′vi-a, the sister of Octavius, whom he had recently married to cement the widening breach between himself and Octavius. He wished, as an eastern king, to assume the right of having as many wives as he chose.

But now Octavius decided that the time was ripe to strike and gain control of the East. The Senate, at his request, declared war on Cleopatra; and Antony and Cleopatra, gathering their ar-


M·ANTONIVS IMP COS DESIG ITER ET TERT
DESIGNIT ITER ET TER VIR R P C

Coins showing at the left Antony and Octavius in the beginning of their triumvirate; and right, Octavius' sister Octavia, whom Antony now married in the hope of patching up his waning friendship with Octavius. He married Octavia according to Roman law and Cleopatra according to Egyptian custom.

mies without delay, set out for the city of Ephesus on the coast of Asia Minor. Ephesus, with its famous and beautiful temple of Diana, was crowded with Antony's legions, and from every eastern town came not only men-at-arms, but the servants of their pleasure,—dancers, lute-players, comedians, acrobats, and actors. And the central figure of all this seething and teeming crowd was Cleopatra herself.

This was a war to consolidate or destroy the new Empire of Egypt, which Cleopatra had made; it was an attempt to make Egypt safe from the greedy expansion of Rome.

The first clash of importance was a sea-fight at Ac′ti-um off the western coast of Greece. From early morning the battle raged till suddenly a strange thing happened,—Cleopatra's gorgeous galley, followed by her royal flotilla, was seen to seep out to sea with the cowardly Antony following. Why she fled, no one knows, but the outcome of her flight was a sweeping victory for Octavius. Greece, Asia Minor, the East were his; and Egypt now stood alone.

In summer of the following year Octavius invaded Egypt. Both Antony and Cleopatra tried to negotiate with him: Cleopatra asked that in return for her surrender, her son Caesarion might be allowed to retain the throne of Egypt; Antony begged permission to live the life of a private man. Octavius' only answer was to come and besiege Alexandria. Hopeless and in despair, Antony killed himself and when Cleopatra saw that in the impassive Octavius, one man walked the earth, whom her charms could not enslave, when she learned that Octavius meant to put Caesarion to death and force her to walk in his triumph, she, too, committed suicide. With Cleopatra perished the kingdom of the Ptolemies. Roman world-control, on which the Republic had entered after the close of the second Carthaginian war, had now won its last great triumph. Egypt was a Roman province and Octavius was master of the world.

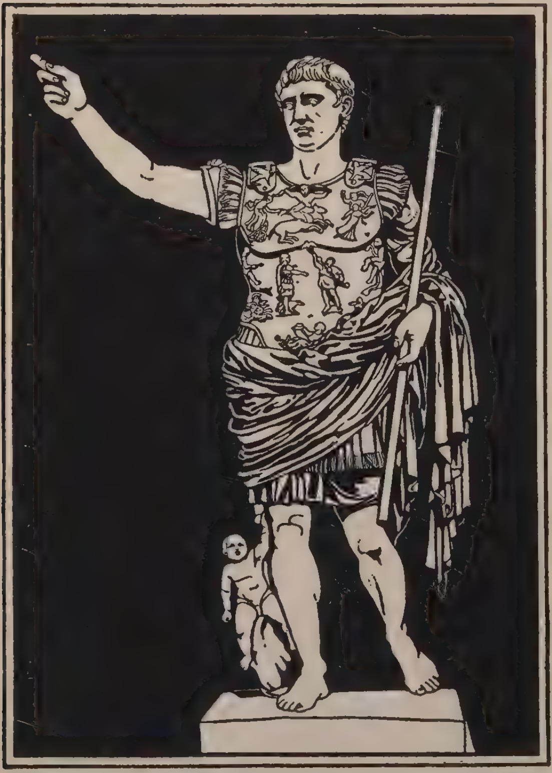
XI

The Early Roman Empire

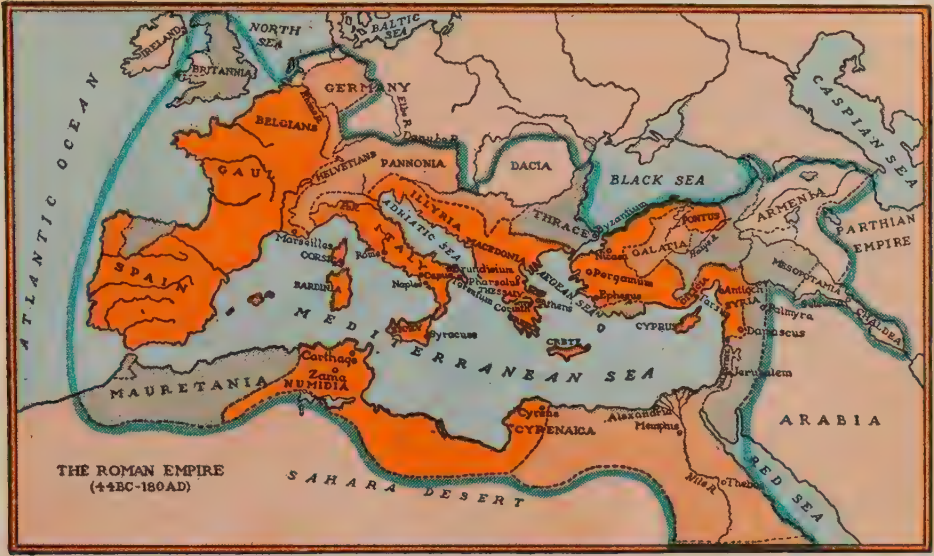
(27 B. C.—180 A. D.)

Octavius Augustus Establishes the Empire

Having now conquered the world, Octavius made a great show of giving over to the Senate, the enormous powers he had won, an act which so flattered the nobles that they granted him all the revenues of Egypt as his private property, gave him command of the army and the provinces, and bestowed on him the titles of *Princeps*, the first citizen, *Imperator* or commander, from which comes the word Emperor, and the supreme title, *Augustus*, which had heretofore been used only of the gods. In addition, Octavius took the office of *Pon'ti-fex Max'i-mus*, or Chief Priest, thus combining in himself all the military, religious, governmental, and judicial powers of the State, and becoming in the year 27 B.C., the first emperor of Rome. The ancient Roman republic, whose strength and simplicity had vanished in greedy corruption, had at last ceased to be altogether.



Augustus as Imperator. (Vatican, Rome.) His armor is adorned with bas-reliefs representing the victories of his reign. Most important is the symbol of Mother Earth holding a cornucopia as evidence of the peace and prosperity he has brought the world.


IRELAND
NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
BRITANNIA
GERMANY
BELGIANS
Elbe R.
Danube R.
GAUL
HELVETIANS
PANNONIA
DACIA
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
ARMENIA
PARTHIAN EMPIRE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SPAIN
Marseilles
CORSICA
Rome
SARDINIA
ITALY
ILLYRIA
ADRIATIC SEA
MACEDONIA
THRACE
Byzantium
PONTUS
Nicaea
GALATIA
Brundisium
Capua
Pharsalus
Naples
THESSALY
Corinth
Athens
AEGEAN SEA
Pergamum
Ephesus
CYPRUS
Antioch
SYRIA
Palmyra
Damascus
MESOPOTAMIA
CHALDEA
SICILY
Syracuse
CRETE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Carthage
Zama
NUMIDIA
MAURETANIA
Jerusalem
ARABIA
Cyrene
CYRENAICA
Alexandria
Memphis
Nile R.
Thebes
RED SEA
SAHARA DESERT
THE ROMAN EMPIRE (44BC-180AD)

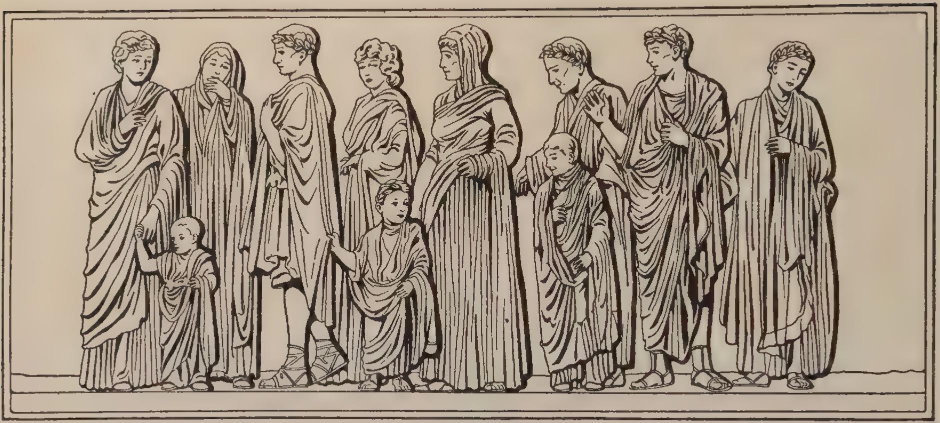
The Roman Empire during the two centuries of Peace. Trajan added to it the province of Da′ci-a, north of the Danube and Parthia beyond the Euphrates, but these new districts were soon given up by following emperors.

The Roman Empire now reached from eastern Asia Minor west to the Atlantic, and from the Rhine River south to the Sahara. Only on the northeast was Augustus dissatisfied with the boundaries. He sent his two young stepsons, Tiberius and Drusus, excellent soldiers both, to carry the standards of Rome from the Rhine across to the El′be.

Drusus, however, was killed in the fighting, and Tiberius was recalled. The succeeding general, Var′us, suffered heavy losses, and the Rhine still remained as Rome's northeastern frontier.

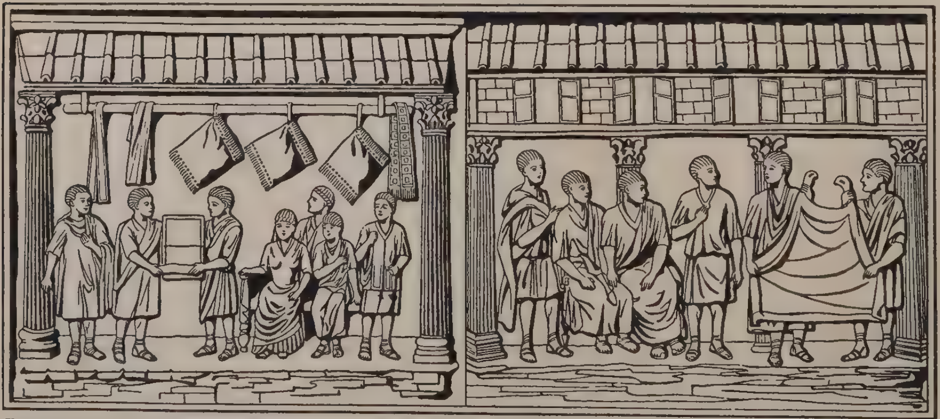
ROMAN EMPERORS from AUGUSTUS to MARCUS AURELIUS (31 B. C.-180 A. D.)

Augustus (31 B. C.-14 A. D.) Tiberius (14-37) Ca-lig′u-la (37-41) Claudius (41-54) Nero (54-68)	The Julian Caesars
Emperors proclaimed by the legions Galba, Otho, Vi-tel′li-us, all in 69 A. D.	A year of disorder.
Vespasian (70-79) Titus (79-81) Domitian (81-96)	The Flavian Caesars.
Nerva (96-98) Trajan (98-117) Hadrian (117-138) An′to-ni′nus Pius (138-161) Marcus Aurelius (161-180)	The Antonine Caesars, the "five good emperors."

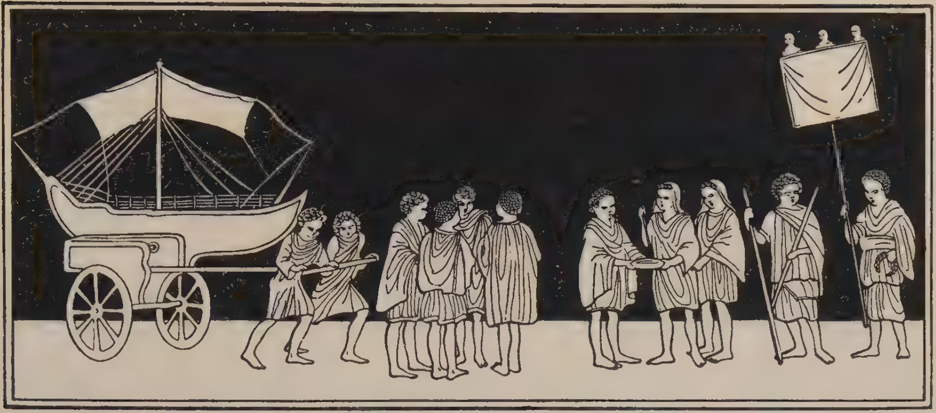


Relief from the famous Altar of Peace (A'ra Pa'cis), which glorified the era of peace introduced by Augustus. To the left of this relief are An-to'ni-a the younger, niece of Augustus, and her husband Dru'sus, hero of the German wars. Clinging to Antonia's hand is their son, Ger-man'i-cus, the hero of later German wars. (Museo delle Terme, Rome.)

To maintain the frontiers as they were, to keep peace by diplomacy, and never to wage war save in the interests of peace, became the chief aims of Augustus. In the year 13 A.D., the Senate erected on the Field of Mars an enormous Altar of Peace to glorify the peace Augustus had brought about, and for the next two centuries, the Empire enjoyed an unbroken period of prosperity which became famous throughout the world as the *pax Romana*, or Roman peace.

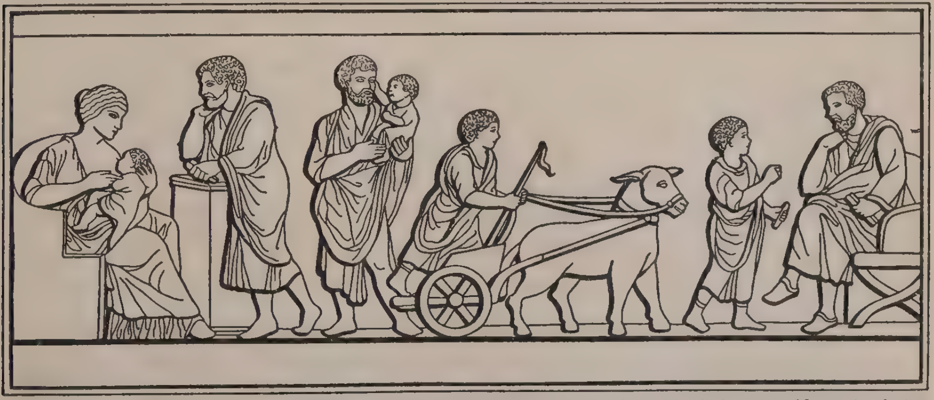


Two views of Italian trade and industry under the pax Ro-ma na. Left, an embroidery shop where men sell pillows and belts. Two assistants open a box with a pillow for customers, the man and woman on the bench. Right, two customers at a factory inspect a large piece of cloth displayed by two men. Both reliefs from the Augustan age.

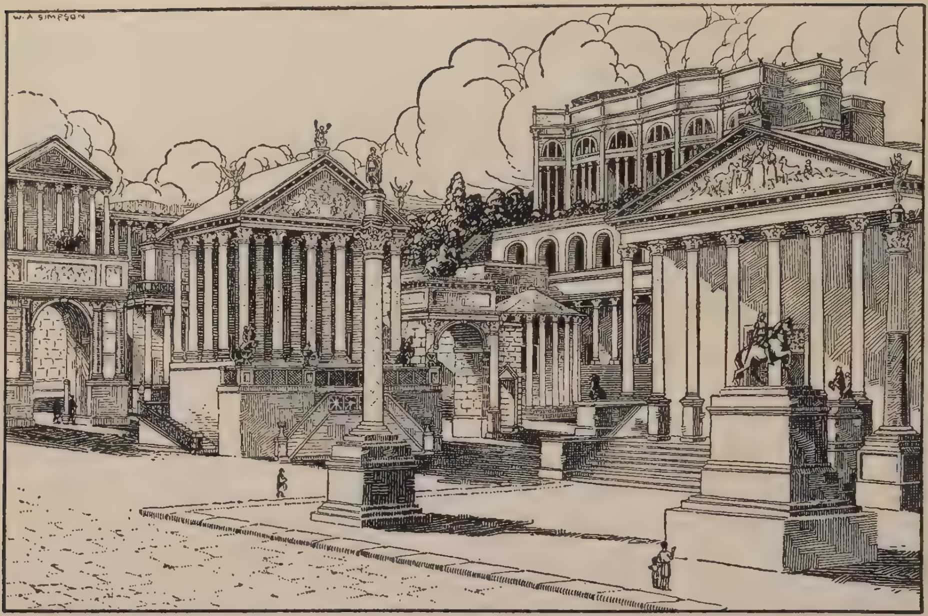


Boys in the age of Augustus. A religious association of youngsters from Rome's great seaport, Os'tia, celebrate the opening of navigation in the spring. Two boys drag a ship on a wagon; two little priests, crowned with flowers, make a libation, and a boy bears a standard with busts of Augustus and his grandsons. (Frieze, Vatican, Rome.)

Augustus gave the city of Rome its first organized police department and its first real fire department. He tried to check the increasing immorality of the time by placing heavy fines on unmarried or childless people. He built a fine new Forum with colonnades and marble buildings. He constructed new aqueducts and repaired eighty-two different temples. He erected theatres, libraries, and basilicas of justice. Well might Augustus boast that he had "left Rome a city of marble, which he received as a city of brick."



The education of a child. Left, the father watches lovingly the baby at his mother's breast. Next, the father holds the child when he is a little older. Then as a boy of six or seven, he receives a present of a goat and carriage. Finally he begins his schooling and recites to his father. A sarcophagus, 2nd century A.D. (Louvre, Paris.)

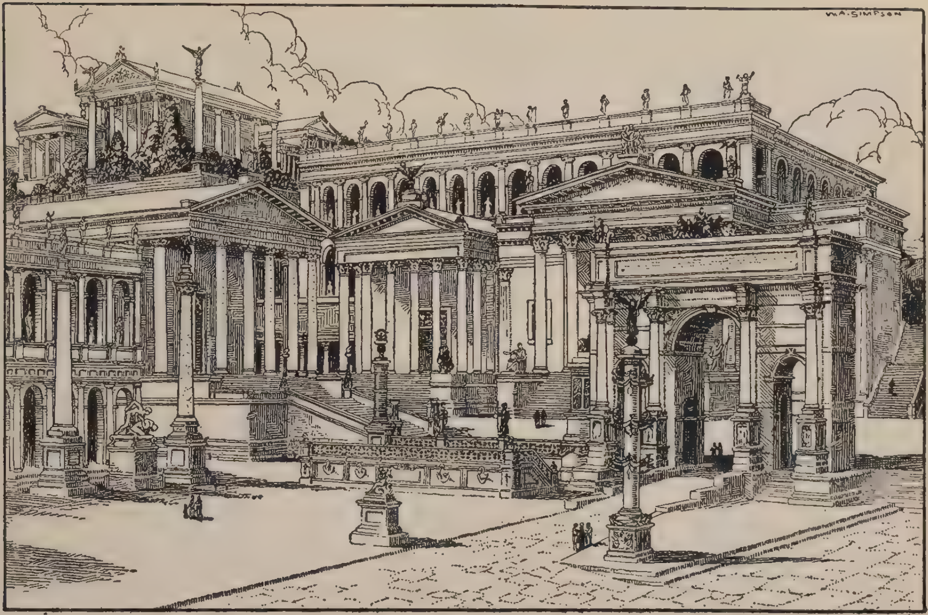


The east end of the great Roman Forum in the days of the Caesars. To the left is the triumphal arch of Fa′bi-us Max′i-mus, crowned with the famous bronze horses later taken to Constantinople by the Emperor Con′stan-tine and from there taken by a conquering doge of the thirteenth century to Venice where they may still be seen at the door of St. Mark's Cathedral. Behind this arch rises the Regia or dwelling of the Pon′ti-fex Max′i-mus. To the right in the foreground, is the temple of Julius Caesar, the Arch of Augustus, and the little round temple of Vesta with the house of the Vestal Virgins behind it. On the South side of the Forum is the Temple of Castor and Pol′lux.

Great triumphal processions of conquerors entered the Forum over the Sacred Way (Sacra Via) through the Arch of Fabius Maximus, passed the temples and Basilica Julia and went up to the Temple of Jupiter crowning the Capitoline Hill as shown on page 391. Above this end of the Forum to the south, rises the famous Palatine Hill, a solid mass of splendid palaces. One of these palaces, that of Ti-be′ri-us, shows towering above the Temple of Vesta. Between the Temple of Castor and Pollux and the Temple of Vesta, one road, lined with shops, led around the base of the Palatine Hill to the river Tiber, the great grain elevators, and the wharves called the Emporium, where river-barges brought merchandise trans-shipped from the great Roman port of Ostia. A second road led around the Palatine Hill to the Circus Maximus where the great Roman races and gladiatorial contests were held.

His own home, however, a palace on the fashionable Palatine Hill, was simple, almost severe; for Augustus tried to lead the people away from the showy display of the later Roman Republic back to the simplicity of early Republican Rome.

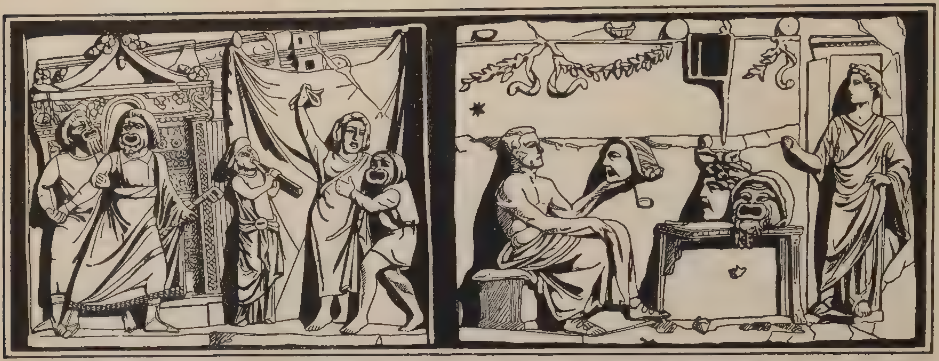
In all this building the models generally followed were Greek, and the architects were often Greek; for the Romans were not originators, although they were master adapters. They took the arch and the vault from their ancient foes, the Etruscans, and these they combined with Greek columns to produce many new effects in circuses, theaters, temples, and the stately aqueducts which brought the water to Rome.



The west end of the Forum. To the left are the Basilica Julia, the great Roman court-of-justice, and the Temple of Saturn, both of which stood on the south side of the Forum. Above, high on the Capitoline Hill to the southwest, is the great Temple of Jupiter. The building with the row of statues at the exact end of the Forum is the Tab′u-la′ri-um, where certain records were kept. Below are the Temple of Ves-pa′si-an, and the Temple of Concord, in front of which is the great public speakers' stand adorned with rostra or beaks of ships. These ships were captured in the battle of Antium (An′shi-um), when one of the powerful Vol′scian cities of La′ti-um lost its independence in 341 B.C., before the growing might of young Rome, and their beaks or rostra gave the name to the speakers' stand. In old days closely packed throngs of citizens stood for hours on the pavement before the rostra, listening to orators who bade them vote on peace or war, or for or against some proposed law.

To the right of the rostra, is the triumphal arch of the Emperor Sep-tim′ius Se-ve′rus, and the column of Duilius, naval hero of the first Carthaginian war. See page 329. Further to the right, out of the picture, a temple to Juno rose on the Capitoline and below, opposite the Temple of Saturn, was the plain-fronted Curia, or Senate house of Rome. Though various emperors built other Forums, the Forum Romanum always remained the center of life in Rome and the ruins of the Forum to this day present a most romantic and interesting sight to visitors in Rome.

Copying the Greeks in all things, Rome reached its height of attainment in art and literature in the days of the great Augustus. Long ago drama had come to Rome through translations from the Greek made by Liv′i-us An′dro-ni′cus, and through the boisterous comedies of the witty Plau′tus and Ter′ence. In the age just preceding Augustus, Latin prose had blossomed forth in the powerful orations of Cicero and the *Commentaries* of Caesar, and a real beginning in poetry had been made by the lyric poet, Lu-cre′ti-us, and the gentle, sweet-natured Ca-tul′lus with his graceful little love-poems and gay bits of praise of Les′bi-a.

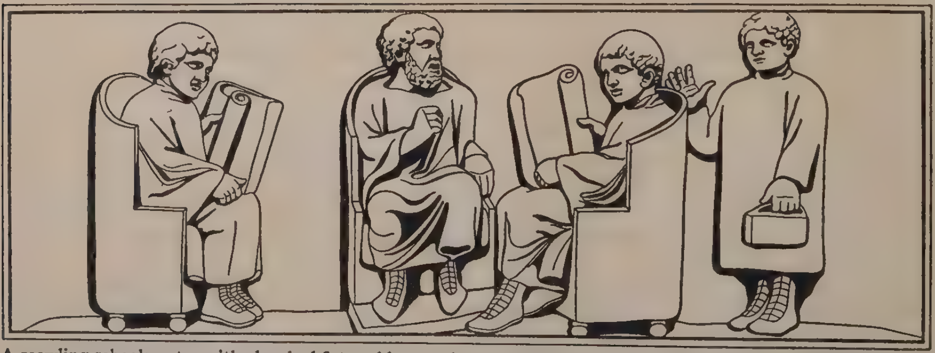


Left, "The Angry Father and the Cringing Slave," relief at Naples, representing a scene in a comedy such as those by Menander, Plau'tus or Ter'ence. The "new comedies," of the Romans satirized the life and manners of the time. Right, relief representing a comic poet, perhaps Menander, working in his room. (Lateran, Rome.)

In the days of Augustus, however, many new writers appeared—Strabo, the geographer, Livy, the historian, the great epic poet, Vergil, author of the *Aeneid*, Ovid, poet of luxury, and Horace whose virtuous *Odes* were meant to assist Augustus in once again bringing simplicity back to luxurious Rome. Thus wrote the poet Horace:—

> To suffer hardship with good cheer,
> In sternest school of warfare bred,
> Our youth should learn; let steed and spear
> Make him to be the Parthian's dread.
> Cold skies, keen perils brace his life.

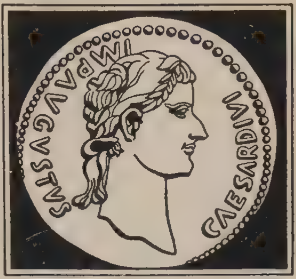
For forty-four years Augustus ruled the Roman Empire, and he well deserved the title "Father of His Country."



A scowling schoolmaster with clenched fist scolds a tardy scholar harshly enough to please the stern poet, Horace. At the right, the tardy boy with lunch basket raises his hand in excuse. Two other boys who are memorizing, look up from their rolls. (A Roman bas relief now in the Museum at Treves.)

The Emperors Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius

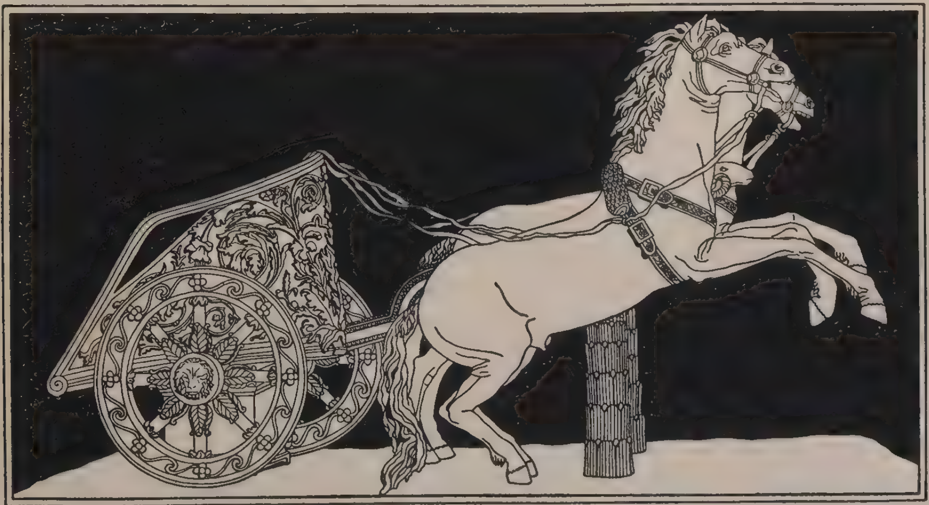
In the year 14 A.D., the great Augustus died, and though he had made no arrangements for a successor on the throne, the Senate voted that his step-son, the soldier, Ti-be′ri-us, should succeed him in all his powers.

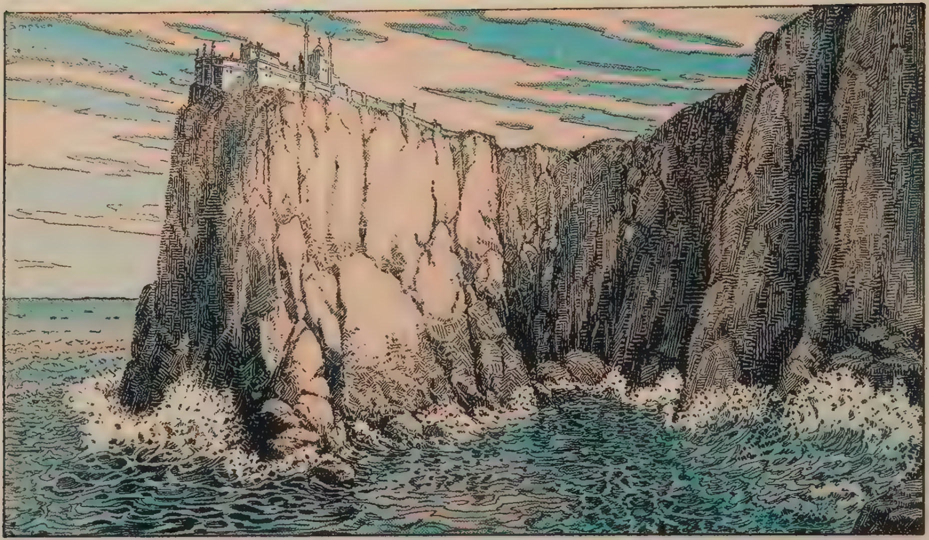


EmperorTiberius. (BritishMuseum)

The civilization of Greece and Rome spread rapidly over all of Gaul and Spain. Cities of these lands soon had schools, and theaters, circuses, aqueducts, temples, and all the comforts of the older countries of Italy, Greece, and Egypt. Roman citizenship was given to many provincials, and the provinces, once so exploited in the days of the Roman republic, were organized, justly governed, and given civilization in the days of Tiberius and the following ten Caesars.

The provincials loved Tiberius, but in Rome he was most unpopular; he scorned the Roman people, ignored their demand for games, and antagonized the Senators.


An exquisitely carved chariot such as Tiberius may have used in early campaigns in Germany. Vatican, Rome.

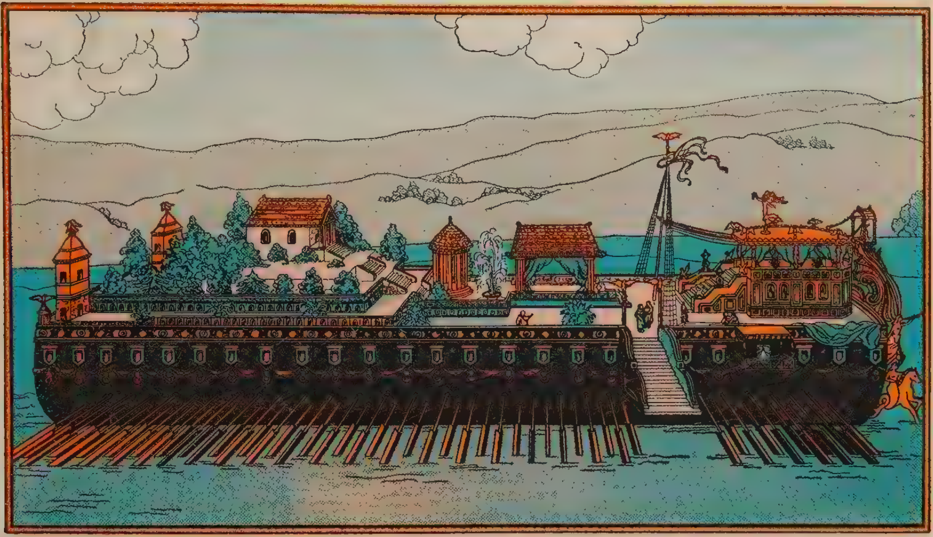


Restoration of the beautiful villa of the Emperor Tiberius, high above the sea on the island of Capri near Naples. Tiring of life in Rome, Tiberius retired to this beautiful island and spent all his last years in this palace.

As he came more and more to hate Rome, he retired to his country villa on the beautiful island of Ca′pri in the bright blue bay of Naples, where he gave himself up to pleasures and left to his lieutenants the government of the world.

Tiberius was succeeded in 37 A.D., by his grandnephew Ga′ius, better known as Little Boots or Ca-lig′u-la, a nickname which his father's soldiers had given him when as a little chap, he had frolicked about the army-camp in a pair of small soldier's boots. He began his reign with a policy of politeness to the Senate, pardons, extravagant games, and remission of taxation; but these happy days did not last. Caligula's health was poor and his mind unsound; he knew no aim but the pursuit of pleasure, and under him Augustus' plan of simplicity in living vanished in wild extravagance.

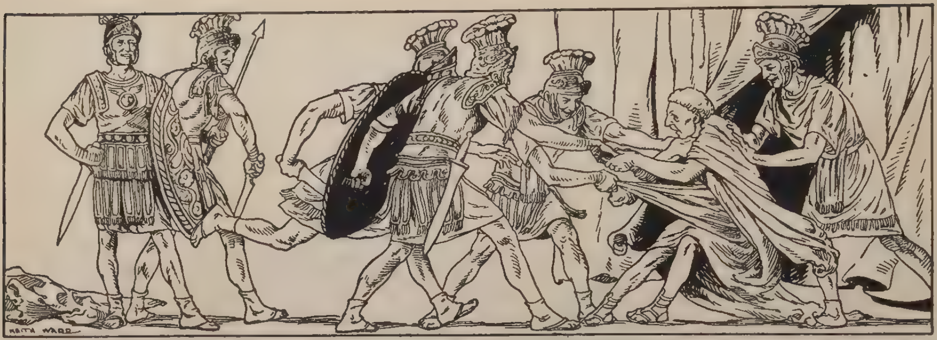
"In the devices of his profuse expenditure," says Sue-to′ni-us, "he surpassed all the prodigals that ever lived, drinking pearls of immense value dissolved in vinegar and serving up for his guests loaves and other victuals modeled in gold.



Ca-lig′u-la's pleasure-galley. This galley and another were sunk in Lake Ne′mi and one of the interesting archaeological adventures of today is the draining of Lake Nemi by the Italian government to recover these splendid galleys.

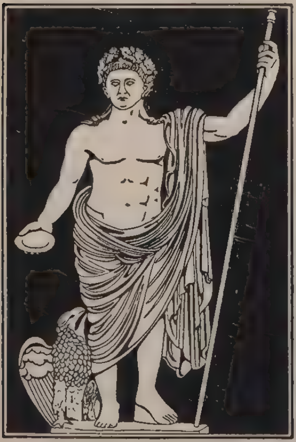
"He also built Li-bur′ni-an galleys, the sterns of which blazed with jewels, while the sails were of various colors. They were fitted up with ample baths, galleries and saloons, and supplied with a great variety of vines and other fruit trees. In these he would sail in the daytime along the coast of Campania, feasting amidst dancing and concerts of music. In building his palaces and villas, there was nothing he desired to effect so much as what was considered impossible. Accordingly, foundations were laid where the sea was most raging; plains were raised to mountains, and mountains leveled to plains. This meant the expenditure of enormous sums of money, and to fill the treasury, Caligula resorted to plundering the people by every form of false accusation, confiscation, and taxation."

After four years of debauchery, Caligula was killed by his own palace-guard of praetorians. He left no heirs, and the Senate talked of a second republic; but before they could act, the soldiers had provided another emperor in the most



The praetorian guard drag Caligula's uncle, Claudius, from his hiding place behind a curtain and declare him Emperor. The 9,000 troops, known as the praetorian guard, had been created by Augustus to protect Rome, but they were not always obedient and by force of arms often made new emperors or dethroned and killed old ones.

ridiculous way. During the confusion following the murder of Caligula, soldiers, plundering the palace, suddenly noticed two trembling legs protruding from under a curtain. Lifting the curtain, they found a frightened little old man, who fell on his knees, and begged the soldiers to spare his life. This was Caligula's uncle, the inoffensive old Claudius, a dull-witted, weak-minded simpleton. Half in jest, and half in earnest, the soldiers declared him Emperor, and by their favor he managed to keep the reins of power, permitting his freedmen to govern the Empire in his name. Fortunately these freedmen had energy and ability, and having been born in the provinces or of provincial families, they governed the provinces well.

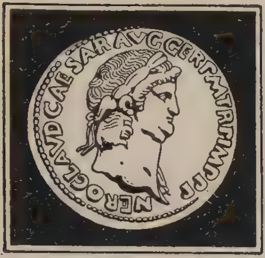


Timid, awkward, thick-set, the weak-eyed old scholar, Claudius, whom the praetorian guard had made the Emperor, sets himself before the people in the ridiculous pose of the all-powerful Jove. (Vatican, Rome.) It was during Claudius' reign, that southern Britain was added to the empire.

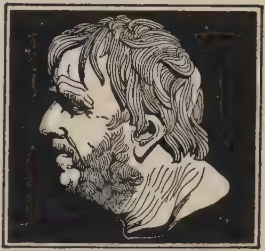
Claudius executed one odious wife, Mes-sa-li′na, and afterward married his niece, the ambitious Ag′rip-pi′na, whose young son, Nero, he adopted as his heir. But soon after this he died, and it was commonly reported that Agrippina had poisoned him in order that her son might the sooner come into power.

Nero and the Excesses of the Roman People

(54 A. D.—68 A. D.)


NERO CLAVD CAESAR AVG GER P M TR P IMP P P

The Emperor Nero. A coin.



Seneca, the philosopher. A bust.

Ne′ro was only seventeen when he found himself Emperor of Rome, and he had more taste for music than for matters of government. For ten years, his actions were largely controlled by his two able tutors, Bur′rus, and the Sto′ic philosopher, Sen′e-ca.

"He began his reign," says Sue-to′ni-us, "with an ostentation of dutiful regard to the memory of Claudius, whom he buried with the utmost pomp and magnificence, pronouncing the funeral oration himself, and then he ordered Claudius to be enrolled amongst the gods. The watch word which he gave the guard on the first day of his reign was '*The best of mothers.*' To establish still further his character, he declared that he designed to govern according to the model of Augustus, and he lost no opportunity of showing his generosity, clemency, and courtesy."

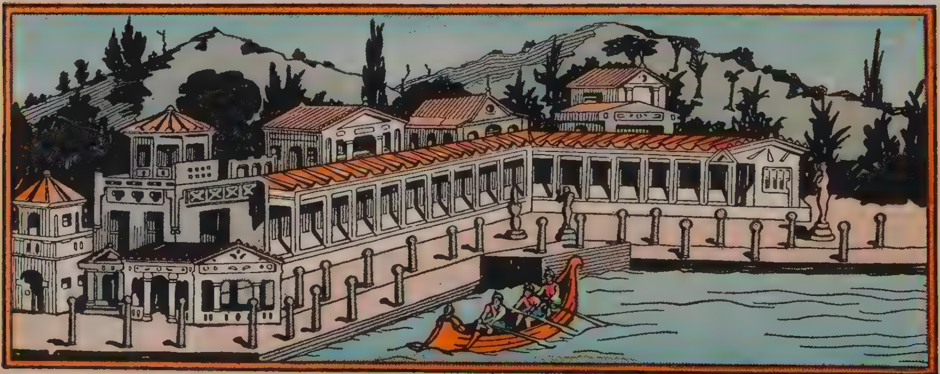
He gave many splendid spectacles during which thousands of tickets for gold, silver, pictures, or slaves, were thrown amongst the crowd to be scrambled for by the people; at last even houses and ships were offered as lottery prizes.

Although Nero's voice was ordinary, he practiced diligently, and sang at every opportunity. He learned to play on the harp, the flute, and the bagpipes; and he shocked the people of Rome by taking part in public theatricals. He recited his own poor verses, too, and had these written in gold and dedicated to Jupiter. At last he made a trip to Greece to enter the music contests, and being heartily applauded, he said that the Greeks were the only people who had an ear for music, and the only good judges of his singing!

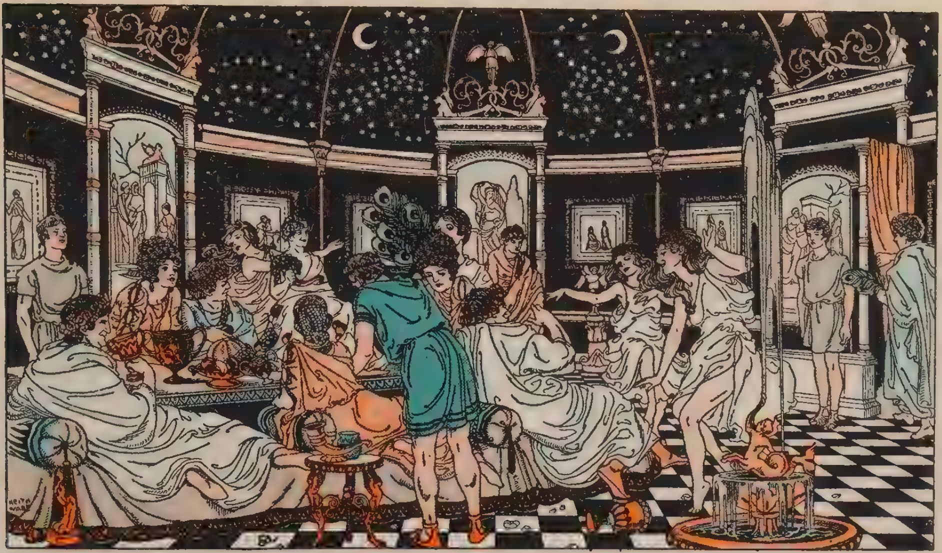
So eager was he for applause that he had several thousand young men scattered about his audiences to keep up enthusiasm by making noises like bees, like the rattling of rain or hail, or the crashing of earthen vessels. During the time of his musical performance, nobody was allowed to stir out of the theater. Many of the spectators being quite wearied with hearing and applauding him, slipped privately over the walls, the gates being shut, or, counterfeiting themselves dead, were carried out as if for their funerals.

In the early days of his reign, he went about incognito. After dark, he entered taverns, disguised in a cap or wig, and rambled about the streets in search of some evil sport. He beat those whom he met coming home from suppers. He broke open shops and robbed them, encouraged and even joined in common quarrels and brawls. His vices gaining strength, he at last laid aside all disguise, and broke out in enormous crimes, with no attempt to conceal them.

He saw no other use for riches save to squander them profusely, regarding all as sordid wretches who kept expenses within due bounds, and extolling as truly generous souls, those who lavished and wasted everything they possessed.



View of a Cam-pa′ni-an villa with a long two-story portico fronting a small lake. Behind rise various buildings. This fresco shows how luxurious were the summer dwellings of the rich Romans. Indeed, no man who wished to hold a position in society could afford to appear in August in Rome. If he were not already at his villa, he would prefer to hide in his cellar rather than allow his presence to be known. (A fresco from a house in Pompeii).

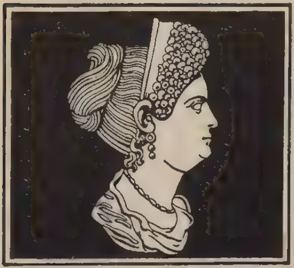


Pop-pae′a and Nero preside at a banquet in the Golden House, where the gluttonous Romans gorge themselves with heavy elaborate dishes. Indeed, so much food and drink is served that one of the guests is already lifting the curtain to the little closet, called a vomitorium, on the right, to tickle his throat with a peacock feather and disgorge what he has eaten in order to make room for even more fanciful dishes still to come. Everything is extravagant and excessive, even to the table decorations where a pastry god of the gardens pours out fruit for the guests. One of the guests is Pe′tro-ni-us, chosen companion of Nero. It was Petronius who wrote the *Sa-tyr′i-con*, the first novel of manners which described these disgusting excesses.

Having divorced his wife, Oc-ta′vi-a, a woman of unusual goodness, he married the beautiful, ambitious, and thoroughly wicked Pop-pae′a who spurred him on to new crimes. Poppaea being jealous of Ag′rip-pi′na, his mother, Nero sent the old woman out on the sea in a leaky boat. Failing to murder her thus, he hired an assassin to stab her, while Seneca his adviser, was ordered to kill himself.

Poppaea was as wasteful as Nero. They traveled through the provinces with a thousand baggage carts, and for the use of Poppaea, there were some five hundred she-asses in whose milk she must bathe to preserve her velvety skin.

In 64 A.D., a great fire broke out in Rome, and the rumor spread that Nero himself had started the destroying flames in order to rebuild the city exactly to suit his fancy, and that while Rome was burning, he had enjoyed himself singing in his private theater a song called *The Destruction of Troy*.

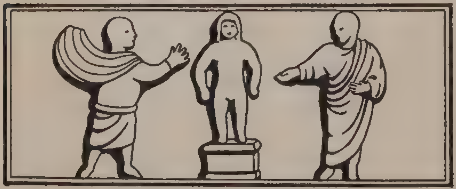


Characteristic of the extravagance of this period were the elaborate head-dresses of the women. This coiffure has a high toupet of curls mounted on wire. (Cameo, Paris.) Compare with the simplicity of republican Rome. See page 344.

There was probably no truth in the gossip, but Nero was so frightened by it that, to suppress the rumor he charged with guilt and punished with terrible tortures, a new religious sect, called the Christians, which had just grown strong enough to attract attention in Rome.

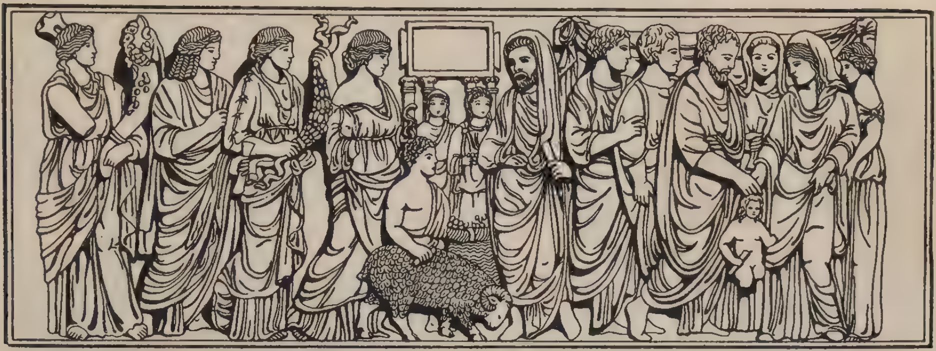
He then built up a new Rome which surpassed all the dreams of Augustus, and to crown it, he built a palace in the midst of spacious grounds, his magnificent Golden House, gleaming with gold and jewels, and having a porch so high that it held a statue of himself 120 feet tall. The chief banqueting room was circular, and revolved perpetually, night and day, in imitation of the stars. On the dedication of this magnificent house all Nero said in approval was: "that he now had a dwelling fit for a man!"

But even while he rebuilt Rome, Nero grew more brutal. In a fit of anger he killed Pop-pae'a with a kick. He ordered the murder of his aunt in order to inherit her property, and he commanded the suicide of countless wealthy Romans whose wealth he desired to seize. Finally, the Senate gathered courage to declare him a foe of the State and ordered him to die. Nero fled from the Golden House to the suburban villa of one of his favorite freedmen, and there he killed himself, crying: "Pity that such an artist should die!"



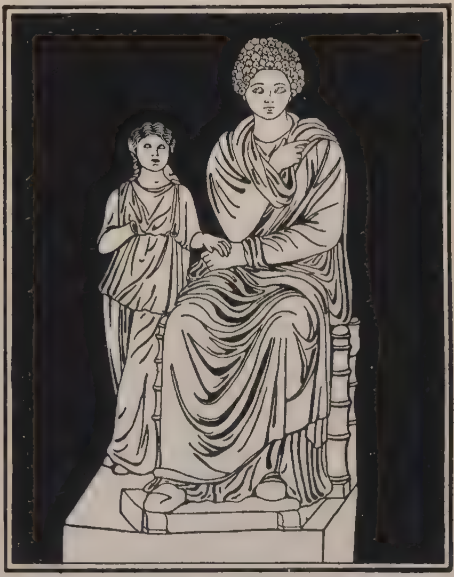
Sale of a slave in Rome. The slave stands unclothed on a block. His owner, at left, moves forward quickly to point out certain advantages to the possible buyer at right. (Museum, Cap'u-a.) It was considered beneath the dignity of wealthier Romans to do any work at all. Modest households had ten slaves, wealthier homes often had 400. Slaves were the scribes, accountants, secretaries, and very often the physicians, teachers and writers. They could be tortured or killed at a whim; but it was always possible to secure freedom by purchase or faithful service and so become a "freedman."

Nero had, nevertheless, not been alone in his crimes; for Rome had become a city reeking with vice and shame.

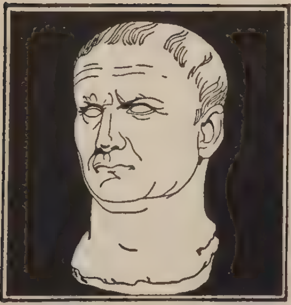


A wedding. Right, bride and groom shake hands over the marriage contract. Note the bride's veil. (2nd cent. A.D.)

Children were married so young that they sought romance after marriage through numerous love affairs. Divorces were all too frequent, and men and women both devised the wildest sins. Enormous sums were squandered on sumptuous town-houses, pretentious country villas, and villas by the sea. Each house had its army of slaves and feasting became an orgy of elaborateness and excess. Men prided themselves on their gluttony and devoured at a single feast flamingo tongues, brains of peacocks, a thrush on a bed of asparagus, wild boar, wild kid, poultry pie, sows' udders, wild duck and hares! Small wonder that dining halls were equipped with vomitoriums into which guests might retire in order to heave up a meal and begin all over again. "They vomit that they may eat," the philosopher, Seneca, cried, "and they eat that they may vomit!"



A Roman woman and her daughter. (Chatsworth Collection). The mother wears the high, honeycombed coiffure of extravagant Roman ladies but the daughter's hair is simply parted and waved to the sides.

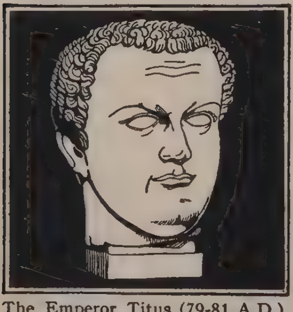


The Emperor Vespasian (70-79 A.D.), chosen by his soldiers. He and his two sons, Titus and Do-mit'i-an, were the Flavian emperors. They built the Colosseum in Rome.

Small wonder that Ju′venal, the satirist, and Mar′tial, the merry observer of the faults of an over-ripe society, railed against such excesses. Had real joy been obtainable on the road of indulging the senses, the Romans would surely have found it; for they tried every road of sin, and found only dull satiety, and a restless inner craving which turned some to philosophy, and some to the Eastern religions of Cyb′e-le and Mith′ras, and prepared the hearts of others to seek their happiness elsewhere, in the inner spiritual joys of purity, compassion, simplicity, and peace which were even now being offered the world in the teachings of Jesus the Christ.

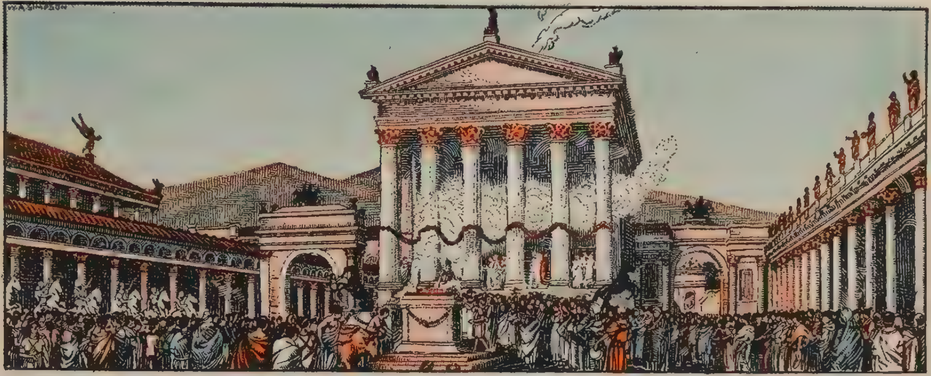
The months following the death of Nero were a time of wild confusion. In rapid succession three emperors followed one another,—Galba, who was killed by the powerful praetorian guard, Otho, who killed himself, and Vi-tel′li-us, the glutton, murdered by Ves-pa′sian's troops.

Vespasian, a well-known general, the grandson of a peasant, was recalled from the siege of Jerusalem and placed on the throne by his soldiers. Energetic and careful, he had many homely qualities needed to build up the state after the wild days of Nero. Men laughed at his strict economies, yet he kept funds in the treasury, encouraged learning and art, and erected the Col′os-se′um and many other fine buildings.



The Emperor Titus (79-81 A.D.), son of Vespasian, who completed the siege and destruction of Jerusalem following the revolt of the Jews in 66 A.D. See pages 499-500.

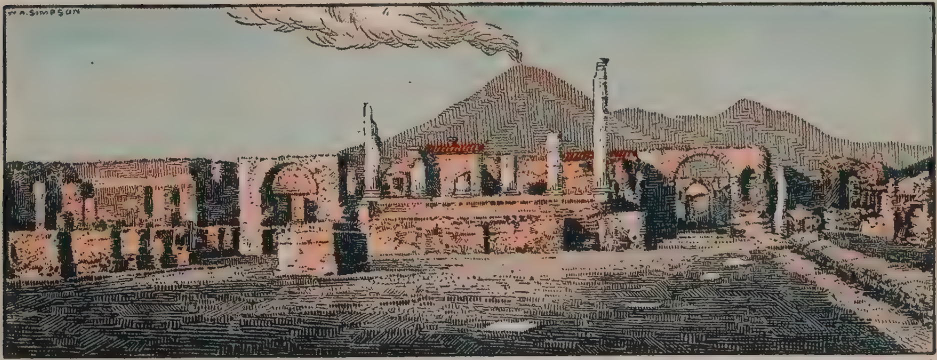
Vespasian's able son, Ti′tus, who finished his father's task of conquering the Jews, succeeded to the throne in 79 A.D. and soon was everywhere hailed as "the well-beloved emperor."



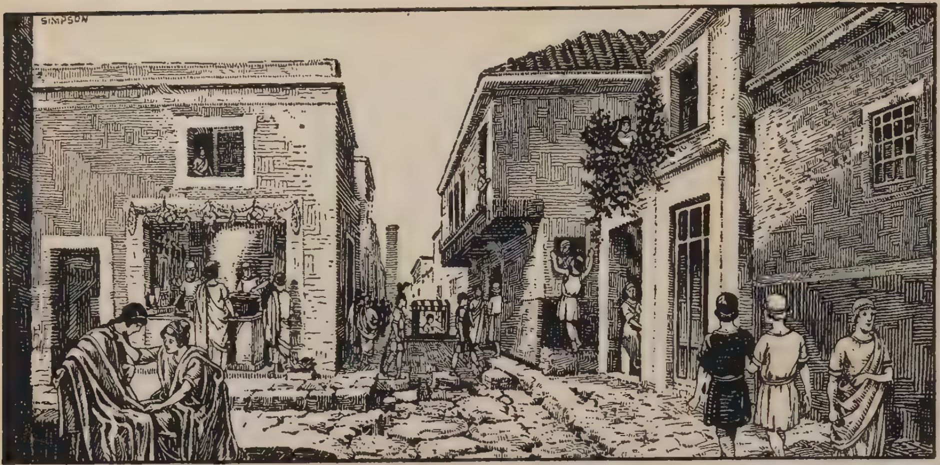
The Civil Forum of Pompeii in the days of Ti′tus. Center, the Temple of Jove; on either side are triumphal arches. All the following reconstructions of Pompeii are based on those of Professor Fischetti of the University of Naples.

Pompeii

In August of the same year that Titus came to the throne, an event of tragic importance occurred on the Bay of Naples. The great volcano Ve-su′vi-us broke out in terrific eruption. Lava flowed down the mountain-sides destroying groves and vineyards, and Pom-pe′ii, a little city lying at the foot of the mountain, was completely covered with ashes to a depth of eighteen feet. For seventeen hundred years Pompeii lay forgotten. Then excavators began to dig away dust and dirt until they uncovered the city, and now visitors may walk through the streets of Pompeii, and see just how people lived in the days of imperial Rome.

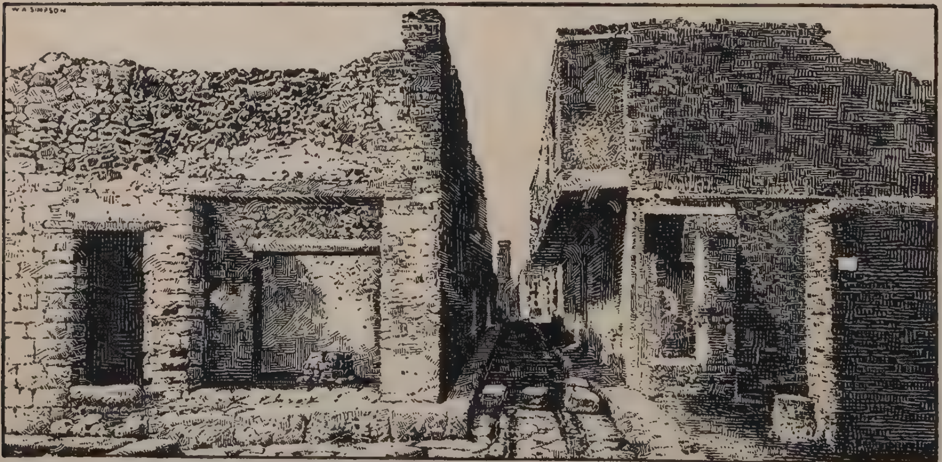


The same view today. The Civil Forum of Pompeii, after the ashes from Ve-su′vi-us and the debris have been cleared away. Around the Forum were the Pantheon, the Cu′ri-ae, the Temple of Mercury, Basilica, and Temple of Apollo.



A street scene in Pompeii. Note the baby carried in a litter. The houses had two stories, sometimes with overhanging balconies as shown on the right. Houses alternated with shops. At the left, is a cook shop.

Pompeii had been a city of about twenty thousand people, its streets extremely narrow, rutted deep by chariot wheels, and dotted at intersections with very high stepping stones, to keep the feet of pedestrians dry when rain rushed down the road. Its low, almost windowless houses, built up directly from the streets, alternated with little shops where bakers, smiths, and carpenters dwelt and plied their trades.



The above street in Pompeii as it is today. It was the custom for working people, bakers, tanners, carpenters, etc., to live on the upper floors of their homes and to use the lower floor for factories, work-shops and salesrooms.

XII

The Story of Christianity

Judas Mac′ca-bae′us and His Brethren*

(168 B.C.—135 B.C.)

Throughout the Roman empire, the despised sect, called Christians, was coming more and more into public notice. How had the sect arisen? What had been going on way off to the east in Judea and Galilee, those unimportant little provinces from which the religion had sprung?

The Jews had been released from captivity in Babylonia about 538 B. C., when Cyrus, the Persian, conquered Babylon and befriended the captive race. Not by any means all the Jews had returned again to Palestine. Some preferred foreign lands where they found greater opportunities. They had scattered far and wide, and those who remained abroad were called the *Jews of the Dispersion.* Those who came back to Palestine shut themselves off from the world and lived to themselves alone. The priesthood grew more and more powerful, and the High Priest became the governor under a Persian Satrap.

For the two hundred years of Persian rule, the Jews went slowly to sleep. No more prophets arose to inspire them as of old. They exchanged their time-honored Hebrew tongue for the Ar′a-ma′ic of Syria, so that only their most learned scholars could now read the ancient Hebrew. Life and spirit died from their once so living religion. True, they never again went after other gods as they had persistently done in the days of the greater prophets, but their faith had narrowed and stiffened into a religion of ritual and form,—their Je-ho′vah became for them more and more their own possession, a God of the Jews alone; they looked on themselves more exclusively as the chosen people of God and

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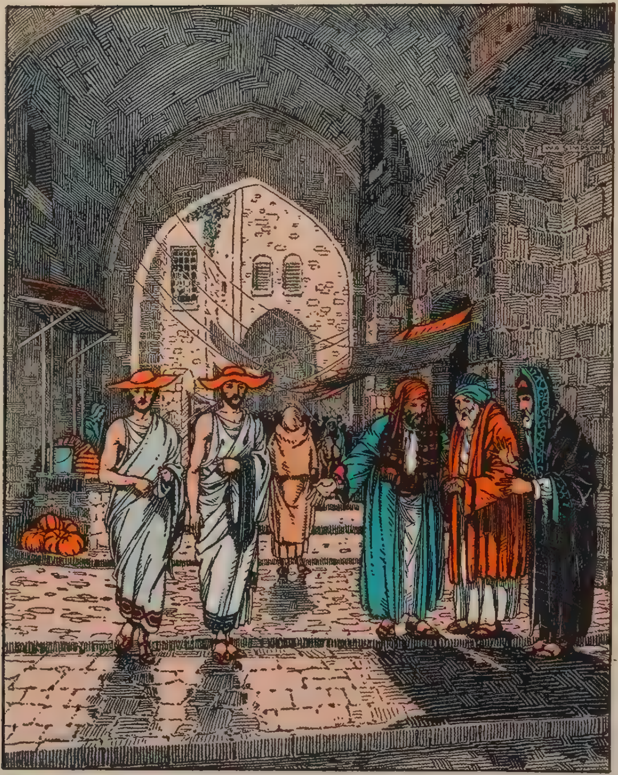
*The story of Judas Mac′ca-bae′us and his brethren is taken from Books of the Mac′ca-bees, the name given to several books which were part of the Old Testament until 1546, when they were removed from the Bible by the Council of Trent. The books were written by different people, some of them not known, and tell the story of Jewish history during the stirring times of the Se-leu′cid Empire.



Young Jews, influenced by the Greek customs, introduced by Alexander the Great, scandalize their elders by wearing Greek mantles and Greek hats.

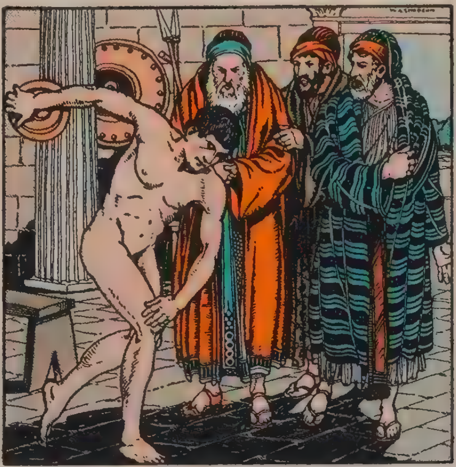
many, basing their thoughts on the Law as proclaimed by Ez′ra, opposed all foreign marriages, compelling all Jews with foreign wives to divorce them and send their children back to foreign lands.

Into this world of peaceful decay in 334 B. C., burst Alexander the Great with all the enthusiasm and energy of youth. Greek ideas, Greek art, Greek customs, and institutions, followed everywhere in his train, and even straitlaced Palestine was influenced at last.

Literal obedience to the command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything" had shut the door on all art. But soon Greek statues appeared in the ancient Hebrew cities. Young Jews appeared in Greek mantles and even in broad-rimmed Greek hats; they joined the social and political clubs which the Greeks had organized. Young men of wealth wished to become men of the world, they wished to see the lands beyond, to know other civilizations, to take on a broader culture, and to remove the stigma of being a peculiar people. Older Jews were scandalized!

In Jerusalem two parties arose. The young, the wealthy, and worldly favored Greek ideas, while the old, the narrow and pious, clung to their old Hebrew customs with a steadfast and stubborn grip. When Alexander died, Palestine fell to the Greek line of Se-leu′cid Kings of Syria; and An-ti′o-chus IV of Syria, filled with a boundless enthusiasm for everything that was Greek, determined to Hellenize Jerusalem and Judea.

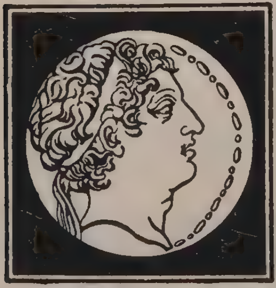
Then, Jason, a Jew turned Greek, labored underhand to be High-Priest, promising unto the King hundreds of talents of silver if he might have license to set up a place for exercise and for the training of youth in the fashions of the heathen. Which, when the King had granted, Jason brought his own nation to the Greekish fashion,—and putting down the governments which were according to the Jewish Law, he brought up new customs against the Law; for he built gladly a Greek gymnasium under the citadel itself and brought the chief young men under his subjection and made them wear a hat. Now such was the height of Greek fashions and increase of heathenish manners through the exceeding profaneness of Jason, that the priests had no more zeal to serve at the altar, but despising the temple and neglecting the sacrifices, they hastened to enjoy that which was unlawfully provided in the gymnasium, after the game of discus called them forth, making of no account the honors of their fathers and thinking that the glories of the Greeks were now the best of all.



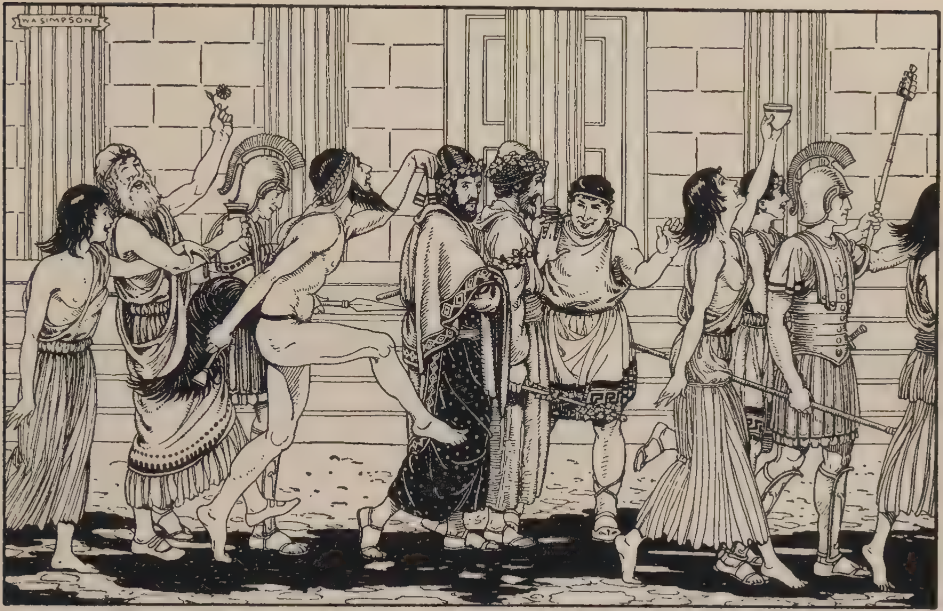
Jason, the High-Priest, a Jew turned Greek, sets up a Greek gymnasium under the very shadow of the Temple.

At last An-ti'o-chus declared that all Jewish religious customs should cease. And after two years had fully expired, the King sent his Chief Collector of Tribute into the cities of Judah, who came into Jerusalem with a great multitude and pretending peace, did forbear till the holy day of the Sabbath (for they knew that the Jews would not resist on the Sabbath for fear of profaning the day) when, taking the Jews keeping holy-day, they slew all them that were going to the celebrating of the Sabbath. They set the city on fire, and pulled down the houses and walls, and took captive the women and children.

Moreover, King Antiochus wrote to his whole kingdom that all should be one people, and every one should leave his separate laws. He sent an old man of Athens to compel the Jews to depart from the laws of their fathers and not to live after the laws of God, and to pollute also the temple in Jerusalem and to call it the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. And the temple was filled with riot and revelling by the Gentiles. The altar also was filled with profane things which the law forbiddeth, such as swine's flesh. Neither was it permitted for any man to keep Sabbath days, or ancient feasts, or to profess himself at all to be a Jew. And the King forbade burnt offerings and sacrifices in the temple; and he commanded that the Jews should also leave their children uncircumcised, and make their souls abominable with all manner of uncleanness and profanities to the end they might forget the Law and change all the ordinances; and when the feast of Bacchus was kept, the Jews were compelled to go in procession to Bacchus carrying ivy. And whoso would not conform themselves to the manners of the

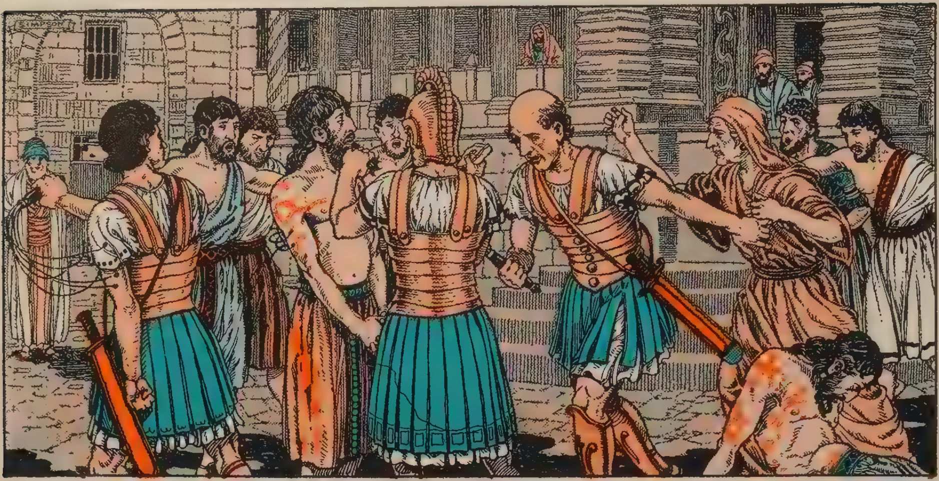


Coin stamped with the head of An-ti'o-chus IV, called E-piph'a-nes, (175-164 B. C.), the ruler who so aroused the antagonism of the Law-bound Jews by his attempt to Hellenize his Asiatic domains. When Alexander died, four of his generals divided his domains. Asia Minor fell to Se-leu'cus, whose Empire was generally called Syria. The Ptolemies of Egypt seized Palestine, but it was very soon reconquered by the Seleucids of Syria. See page 287.



The unhappy Jews are forced to march in the drunken procession of Bac'chus, crowned with ivy and carrying ivy wands. An-ti'o-chus IV, in his stubborn determination to Hellenize the Jews, violated all their most sacred feelings.

Gentiles, was put to death. Then many of the Jews forsook the Law, and the Greeks drove those that were faithful into secret places, wherever they could flee for succor. And they builded idol altars throughout the cities of Judah, and burnt incense at the doors of their houses and in the streets. And when they had rent in pieces the books of the Law, which they found, they burnt them with fire. And, whosoever was found with any of the books of the Testament, that man was put to death. And the five and twentieth day of the month, they sacrificed on the idol altar which they had raised in the temple itself upon the altar of God. At which time, according to the commandment, they put to death certain women that had caused their children to be circumcised. And they hanged the infants about their necks and rifled their houses and slew them that had circumcised them. Howbeit, many in Israel were fully resolved not to



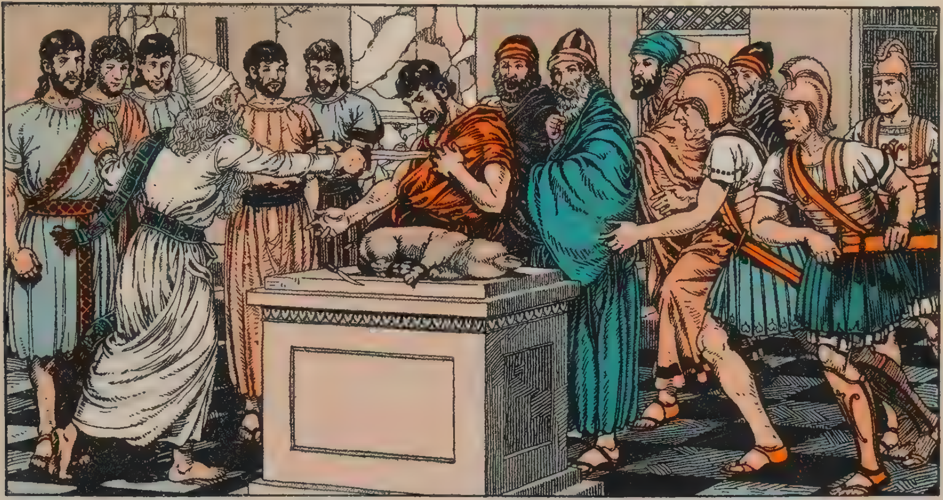
The Greeks try to force a faithful Jewess and her seven sons to eat swine's flesh, but they prefer to die.

eat any unclean thing. It came to pass also that seven brothers with their mother were taken and ordered by the King against the Law to taste swine's flesh, and when they refused, they were scourged with whips until they died. And there was great wrath upon Israel.

And the King's officers came into the city of Mo′din to force men to sacrifice. And many of Israel came unto them, and thither came Mat′ta-thi′as, a priest, with five strong sons, John and Simon and Judas, El′e-a′zar and Jonathan. And the King's officers spake unto Mattathias, saying, "Thou art a ruler and a great man in this city; now, therefore, come thou first and do the commandment of the King as all nations have done; and thou and thy house shall be in the number of the King's friends and shall be honored with gifts."

And Mattathias answered with a loud voice, "If all the nations that are in the house of the King's dominion hearken unto him, to fall away from the worship of their fathers, yet will I and my sons walk in the covenant of our fathers!"

And when there came a Jew to sacrifice on the altar according to the King's commandment, Mattathias slew him.



Mat'ta-thi'as with Judas Mac'ca-bae'us and four other sons, slays a renegade Jew about to sacrifice on a Greek altar.

And the King's officer who forced men to sacrifice, he killed, and he pulled down the altar crying: "Whosoever is zealous of the Law, let him come after me!" And he and his sons fled to the hills, and forsook all they had in the city.

Then many that sought after justice and judgment went down into the wilderness to dwell there. And when it was told the King's servants, they pursued after them a great number, and having overtaken them, they camped against them and waited again to take them on the Sabbath when they knew that they would not fight. So then the Jews cast no stone at them, for they said: "Let us die all in our innocency rather than profane the Sabbath!"

So the King's servants slew them with their wives and children and their cattle to the number of a thousand people.

Now when Mattathias and his friends heard thereof, they mourned right sore, and one of them said to another, "If we all do as our brethren have done and fight not for our lives, the heathen will root us out of the earth." Therefore they decreed: "Whosoever shall come to make battle with us on the Sabbath, against him will we fight!"

Then all they that fled for persecution, joined themselves unto Mattathias; but the rest fled to the heathen. And Mattathias and his friends went roundabout and pulled down the altars, and what children soever they found within the coast of Israel uncircumcised, these they circumcised forcibly; and the work prospered in their hands. Nevertheless,

> Jerusalem lay void as a wilderness,
> There was none of her children that went in or out,
> The sanctuary also was trodden down,
> And aliens kept the stronghold;
> The heathen had their habitation in that place;
> Joy was taken from Jacob,
> And the pipe with the harp ceased.

But in those days of oppression, faith in a Mes-si′ah sprang to white heat in the land. I-sa′iah, Jer′e-mi′ah, and others of the prophets, in dark days of the past when Assyrians or Chal-de′ans pressed hard upon the land, had first dreamed that glorious dream of a savior to come to Israel. The vision now grew more dramatic, more fiery and intense. A nameless prophet arose and taking the ancient story-book, concerning the doings of Daniel in the days of Neb′u-chad-nez′zar, he added some glowing prophecies, not revealing his name, lest he be caught and condemned, and carefully veiling his words in figures of angels and beasts.

"Behold, I saw one like the son of man come with the clouds of heaven," he wrote. "And there was given him dominion, and glory and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should serve him. And his kingdom shall not be destroyed!"

An everlasting kingdom of God, a princely Messiah appearing to save Israel from her foes—these events were near! The Book of Daniel* circulated, and spread such hopes abroad.

*The story concerning Daniel ends with Chapter VI of the *Book of Daniel.* The visions which follow are all late additions mentioning definitely the King of Grecia, the four Greek kingdoms which followed the death of Alexander, the desolation and desecration of the Temple in the days of the Maccabees, and other events much later than the time of Daniel. The story book and also Chapter VII, the first prophecy, are written in Aramaic, which had been the common language of the Jews for many generations. Chapter I, the introduction and Chapter VII through XII, later prophecies all carefully veiled in figures of beasts and angels, are written in Hebrew, quite possibly to keep their allusions still more veiled and less easily understood by any but learned Jews.

And when the time drew near that Mattathias should die, he said unto his sons: "My sons, be zealous for the Law and give your lives for the covenant of your fathers. As for Judas Mac′ca-bae′us, he hath been mighty and strong even from his youth up; let him be your captain and fight the battle of the people."

So he blessed them and was gathered to his fathers, and all Israel made great lamentation for him.

Then his son Judas, called Maccabaeus,* rose up in his stead. And all they that held with Mattathias, helped Judas, and fought with cheerfulness the battle of Israel.

> And Judas put on a breast plate as a giant,
> And girt his warlike harness about him,
> And he made battles, protecting the host with his sword.
> In his acts he was like a lion,
> And like a lion's whelp, roaring for his prey!

Then Ap′ol-lo′ni-us, Governor of Samaria, came to fight against Israel. But Judas met him, and slew him and took his sword, wherewith he fought all his life long.

And when Se′ron, the commander of the army of Syria, heard say that Judas had gathered unto him a company of the faithful, he made ready to go up against him. And Judas went forth to meet him with a small company; who seeing the great host coming, said unto Judas: "How shall we be able, being so few, to fight against so great a multitude and so strong?"

Unto whom Judas answered: "With the God of Heaven it is all one, to deliver with a great multitude or a small company, for the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host, but strength cometh from heaven. Be not afraid of them!" And as soon as he had left off speaking, he leapt suddenly upon the foe and overthrew the whole host.

Then began the fear of Judas and his brethren, an exceeding great dread, to fall upon the nations round about them, insomuch that his fame came unto the King. Now when King Antiochus heard these things, he was full of indignation; wherefore he sent and gathered together all the forces of his realm. Moreover, he delivered unto Lys′i-as, a nobleman of the blood royal, the half of his forces and gave him charge to destroy and root out the strength of Israel. Then Lysias chose Gor′gi-as and other mighty men of the King's friends and with them he sent 40,000 footmen and 7,000 horsemen to go into the land of Judah. So they went forth with all their power and came and pitched by Em-ma′us in the country of the plains.

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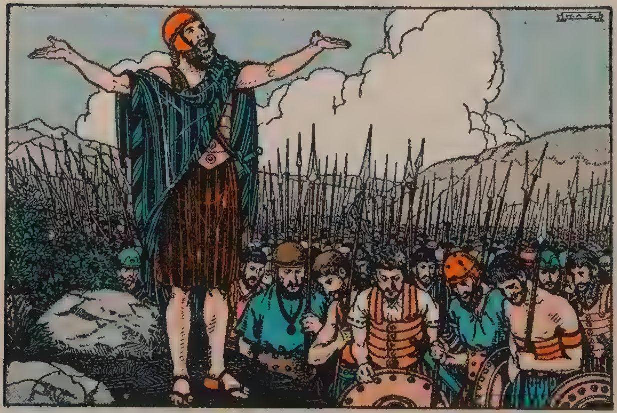
*Maccabaeus is generally interpreted to mean the Hammerer, Judas the Hammerer. This name properly belonged only to Judas, though his whole line is commonly called the Maccabees. More properly they are named As′mo-nae′ans, from Asmon, the great grandfather of Mattathias.

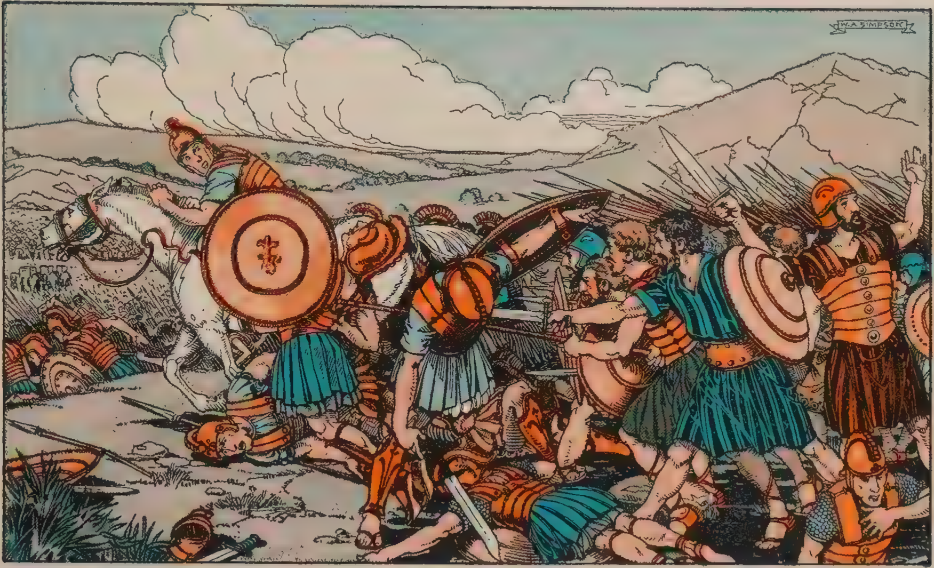
And Judas and his brethren gathered the congregation together, that they might pray. And Judas said: "Arm yourselves and be valiant men; for it is better for us to die in battle than to behold the calamities of our people."

Then took Gor′gi-as 5,000 footmen, and 1,000 of the best horsemen and removed out of the camp by night; to the end he might rush in upon the camp of the Jews and smite them suddenly. But when Judas heard thereof, he himself removed and the valiant men with him, that they might smite the remnant of the King's army while as yet the forces of Gorgias were dispersed from the camp. And Gorgias came by night into the camp of Judas; and when he found no man there, he sought them in the mountains; for he said: "These fellows are fleeing from us!"



Judas prays before battle like the great Hebrew heroes of the Old Testament.

And as soon as



Judas and his resolute but untrained Jewish army, put to flight the well-equipped host Lys'i-as sent against him.

it was day, Judas and his men showed themselves in the plain, and they saw the camp of the heathen compassed round about with horsemen. Nevertheless, Judas said: "Fear not their multitude. Remember how our fathers were delivered from Pharaoh's host."

Thereupon, the strangers lifted up their eyes and saw the Jews coming, and they went out by the camp to battle; but they that were with Judas sounded their trumpets, and the heathen, being discomfited, fled into the plain. And when Judas had returned from pursuing them, there appeared the men with Gorgias looking out of the mountain, who when they perceived that the Jews had put their host to flight and were burning the tents, were sore afraid, and fled every one into the land of strangers. Then Judas returned to spoil the tents, where they got much gold and silver, and blue silk, and purple of the sea, and great riches. After this, they went home and sang a song of thanksgiving to God.

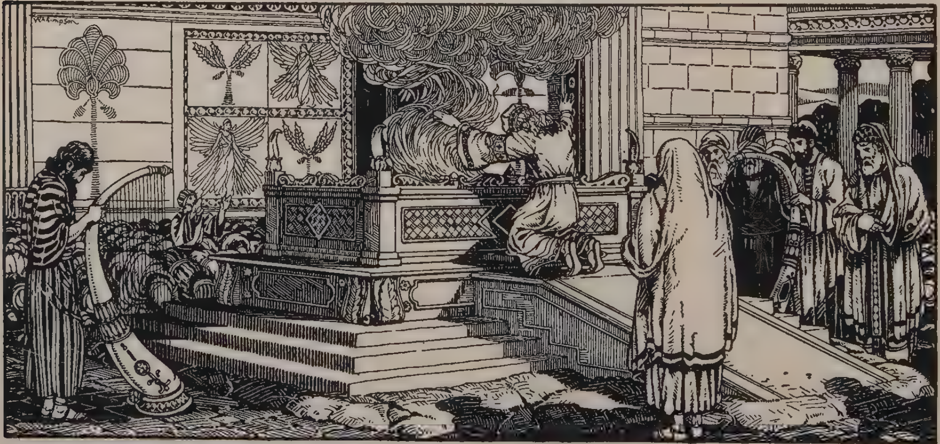
But all the strangers that had escaped, came and told Lysias what had happened, who, when he heard thereof, was confounded and discouraged. And, in the next year, Lysias came into Id′u-mae′a with a great host. And Judas met them with 10,000 men. And when Judas saw that mighty army, he prayed and joined battle. And there were slain of the host of Lysias, about 5000 men.

Then said Judas and his brethren: "Behold our enemies are discomfited. Let us go up and cleanse the sanctuary."

Upon this, all the host assembled themselves together and went up unto Mt. Zion. And when they saw the sanctuary desolate and the altar profaned, and shrubs growing in the courts as in a forest, they rent their clothes and made great lamentations and cast ashes upon their heads.

Then Judas chose priests of blameless conversation who cleansed the sanctuary and bore out the defiled stones into an unclean place, and built a new altar. And they rose up betimes in the morning and offered sacrifice and dedicated the altar with songs, harps, lutes, and cymbals.

And about that time, King An-ti′o-chus being in Babylon,



The rededication of the temple. A Feast of Dedication in honor of this event was decreed by Judas and his followers, and observed down to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. It still continues as the Feast of Lights.

there came to him one who brought tidings that the armies which went against the land of Judea were put to flight. And the King fell sick for grief and made account that he should die. Then called he for Philip, one of his friends, whom he made ruler over all his realm. And he gave Philip the crown and his robe and his signet, to the end that he should bring up Antiochus, his son. But when Lys′i-as heard that the King was dead, he himself set up young Antiochus to rule in his father's stead.

Then Lysias and the youth Antiochus went against Jerusalem, and the number of their army was an hundred thousand footmen, and twenty thousand horsemen, and two and thirty elephants exercised in battle. And upon the beasts were there strong towers of wood; there were also upon every one two and thirty strong men that fought upon him, beside the Indian that ruled him. The King's army went up to Jerusalem and laid siege to the city and set up artillery with engines to cast fire and stones, darts and slings.

Nevertheless, in time, Lysias heard say that Philip was returned out of Persia and sought to take to himself the ruling of affairs in An′ti-och. Wherefore, Lysias went in all haste and said to the young Antiochus: "Affairs of the kingdom require our presence in Antioch. Now therefore, let us be friends with these Jews and make peace with them.

So the King made peace, and agreed at last that the Jews should live according to their laws.

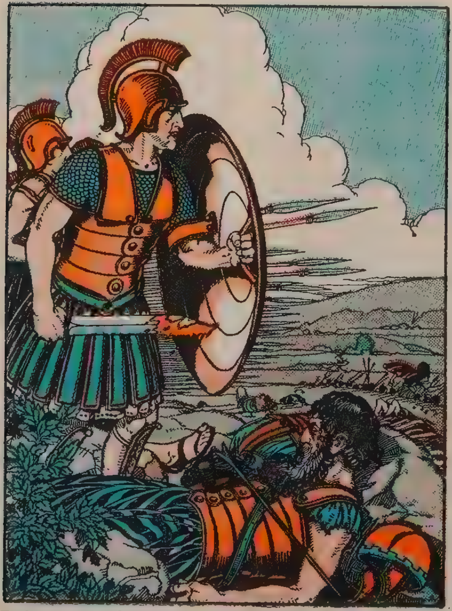
And Antiochus departed in all haste and returned to Antioch where he found Philip to be master of the city; so he fought against Philip and took the city by force. But De-me′tri-us, the young King's uncle, came and slew Antiochus, and made himself King in Antioch. And there came unto him all the wicked and ungodly men of Israel, having Al′ci-mus, who was desirous to be high priest for their captain. And they accused Judas to the King, and the

King chose Bac′chi-des, his friend, a great man in the Kingdom, and him he sent with that wicked Alcimus to take vengeance of the children of Israel. And Judas defeated the host, but Demetrius once again sent Bacchides and Alcimus to go and fight against him.

Now Judas had pitched his tents at El′e-a′sa and 3,000 chosen men with him, who seeing the multitude of the other army, were sore afraid, and many slipped away from the host, insomuch as there abode of them no more but 800 men; and these said unto Judas: "Let us run away and save our lives and hereafter we will return with our brethren and fight; for we are but few."

But Judas made answer: "God forbid that I should flee away from them! If our hour be come, let us die manfully for our brethren! Let us not stain our honor!"

With that, the host of Bac′chi-des gave battle and many were slain on both parts. Judas also was killed, and the remnant fled. And all Israel made great lamentation, saying: "Now is the valiant man fallen that delivered Israel!"


Judas meets his death fighting for Israel against overwhelming odds, resourceful and resolute to the very end.

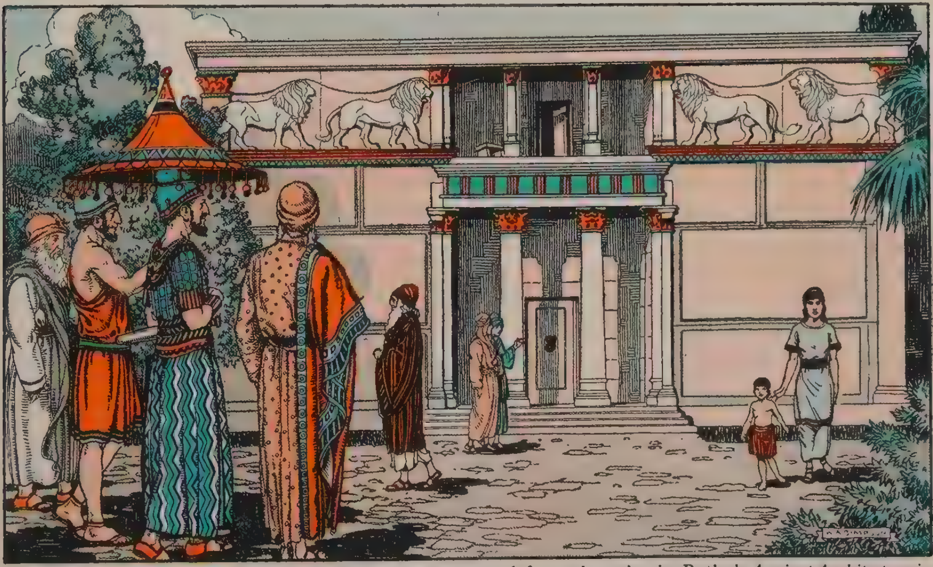
And after the death of Judas in 161 B.C., the wicked began to put forth their heads in all the coasts of Israel. Then Jonathan rose up and ruled in place of his brother Judas.

And Jonathan and Simon smote the forces of Bacchides and afflicted him sore; insomuch that Bacchides made peace with them and returned to his own land.

Thus the sword ceased from Israel; and Jonathan desired the King of Syria that he should make Judea free from the payment of tribute, and the King consented, and Judea was free. And Jonathan ruled as High Priest, and after him Simon, his brother, likewise ruled as High Priest. And Simon ruled with such strength that under him Judea once again blossomed forth as an independent nation.

The Later As′mo-nae′ans, (Mac′ca-bees)

John Hyr-ca′nus, the son of Simon, won the title of King, and not content with ruling so small a land as Judea, he dreamed of creating an empire after the manner of David. Samaria, Galilee, and Id′u-mae′a he conquered, and at the point of the sword, he even compelled Idumaea, the ancient land of E′dom, to accept the Jewish faith, a remarkable act indeed for the grandson of old Mattathias, who had given his life for the right to serve God in his own particular way.



John Hyr-ca′nus approaches his palace. (Palace reconstructed from the ruins in Butler's *Ancient Architecture in Syria* II, Pl. I.) Under Hyrcanus (135-105 B.C.) Maccabaean Judea reached its height; but his grandsons brought all the Hebrew lands under the yoke of Rome, since they called in Pom′pey to settle their quarrels when he was in the East seeking more military laurels, and Pompey seized the land for Rome. See page 356.

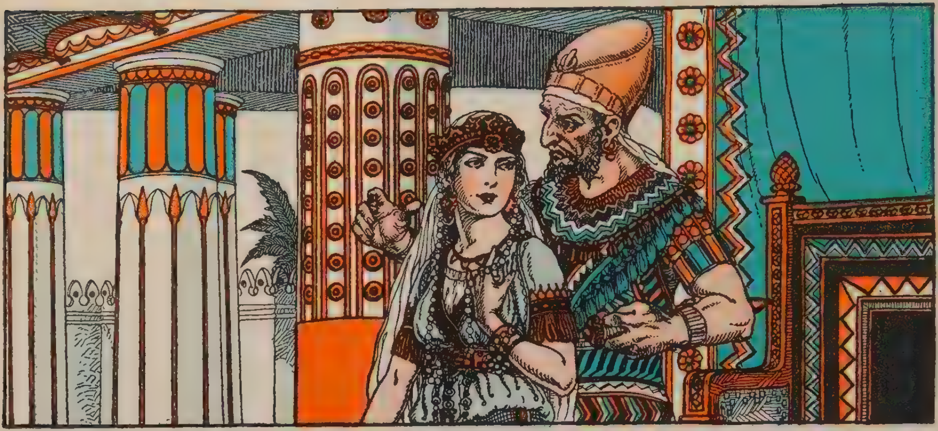
John Hyr-ca′nus flew high, the elegance of his court compared on favorable terms with the courts of Gentile kings. He even had friendly relations with the rising republic of Rome. But slowly a group of pious Jews began to object to all this. They felt that John Hyrcanus was admitting into Ju′da-ism, worldly features which they detested. Why should a king of the Jews concern himself with magnificence and with broad foreign intercourse? The business of a king of the Jews was to protect the integrity of their ancient national faith, and to keep the land rigidly Jewish. These objectors, called Phar′i-sees, were the descendants of those stiff-necked Jews who had preferred to die unresisting on the Sabbath, rather than disobey one least detail of their Law. Bitterly fighting the Pharisees, was the party of the Sad′-du-cees who believed in relations with foreigners and favored a splendid court.

At length old John Hyrcanus and two sons, who succeeded him, died; his grandsons, Hyrcanus II and Ar′is-to-bu′lus II, fell to squabbling over the throne, egged on by An-tip′a-ter, the governor of Id′u-mae′a. Each party sent off for help to Rome, the rising power in the world, and the great Roman General Pom′pey, scouting around the East in the hope of winning new laurels, came and broke down their walls, placed a Roman garrison in the citadel of Jerusalem, put the city to a tribute, and returned in his glory to Rome, with a train of Jewish captives to enhance his own martial fame by marching in chains at his triumph! Of the two brothers who had called in the help of Rome, Hyrcanus was left High-Priest, but not King, Aristobulus found himself an exile, and an outcast, and both had to look on helplessly while the Romans made Antipater the governor of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. The outcome of their quarrel had been to make an Idumaean the governor of their country and subject the whole land to Rome!

Herod the Great
(39 B. C.—4 B. C.)

Patriots poisoned An-tip′a-ter, and Her′od, his son, had to flee to Rome, where in the year 39 B.C., he induced Oc-ta′vi-us, Antony, and the Senate to proclaim him King of Judea. Not for two years was he able to put down the force of his enemies and really rule his kingdom, but at last by wholesale murder, confiscations of property, cleverness, and trickery, he did gain control of the land; and he ruled with a vigor and power which were soon to win him the title of Herod the Great. Never again was a king of the Jews to rule with such magnificence and outward pomp of power. Rome heaped honors upon him. From Judea through Galilee, his word was now supreme.

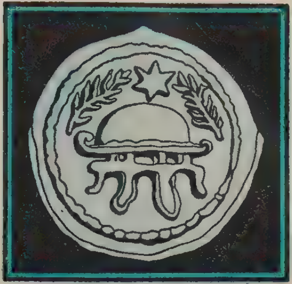
To cement his claim to the throne, Herod married Ma-ri-am′ne, the beautiful grand-daughter of old Hyr-ca′nus II, and he loved her with all the devotion of a deeply passionate heart. Yet her family, the As′mo-nae′ans, were among his bitterest foes. Old John Hyrcanus, her grandfather, had been taken prisoner by his nephews, the sons of his rival, Ar′is-to-bu′lus, and the nephews had cut off his ears to disqualify him for the post of High Priest, which could be held by no one who had a personal blemish. Herod had invited the old man, thus maimed and pathetic, to come and live at Jerusalem, where for some time he dwelt in comfort, ease, and peace. But memories of Judas Mac′ca-bae′us were warm in the hearts of the people,—his family still claimed the deepest devotion of the Jews. Herod was an interloper, a foreigner, an Id′u-mae′an, a hireling of now-hated Rome. Around old John Hyrcanus, whether he would or no, plots were continually centering. The friends of the As′mo-nae′ans would see him on the throne! There was no way out of the matter,—Herod had to put him to death, and many another member of Ma-ri-am′ne's family he was likewise forced to



The magnificent and pitiful Herod the Great, and Ma-ri-am'ne, the wife whom he dearly loved, but whose relation to the Maccabean family caused Herod to have her slain. This is the Herod who, in the Bible story, ordered the slaughter of the babies in the year when he heard that a Messiah was to be born, an account not spoken of elsewhere, though it is not out of keeping with Herod's tigerish manner of dealing with his foes.

slay. In face of such wholesale murders, Ma-ri-am′ne's affection died. Tormented by his sister and mother, who hated Mariamne, Herod was roused to jealousy, till in a moment of fury, he ordered Mariamne slain. When he found his commands obeyed, and his wife really put to death, he was nearly maddened with grief,—he had loved Mariamne so dearly! Remorse for this terrible act haunted him all his life.

But tigerish as Herod was, when it came to dealing with his foes, he really meant well by the Jews and wished to govern them wisely. He accepted the overlordship of Rome as a fate not to be escaped by any little nation, but by so doing he hoped to win favors for the Jews from Rome. He respected the Jewish faith. His buildings in Jerusalem and the coins that he had minted, bore no likeness of living things; there were no statues erected in the holy city, his daughters married none but Jews, and he used his influence with Augustus to protect the Jews of the Dispersion throughout the Roman Empire. Moreover, he built a new temple at Jerusalem, with beautiful outer courts, and five splendid colonnades, where rabbis held their schools and visitors could lounge.



A coin of Herod the Great, showing a helmet with cheek pieces and indicating the care Herod took not to offend Jewish feeling by breaking the second commandment and decorating things with images of people or gods.

But in spite of all Herod did, in spite of his vigorous building, his wise and successful government, the Jews regarded him sourly. His only claim to being a Jew was that old Hyrcanus I had crammed the Jewish faith down the throats of Herod's ancestors. He favored the Greeks and Romans. He had Greek scholars at his court, and the great new cities he built were full of theaters, amphitheaters, hippodromes, and stadiums for Greek or Roman games. Though he was the first ruler since Simon Maccabaeus who had proved strong enough to bring peace and order to Palestine, he found little favor with the Jews. Plots against him smouldered even in his own household, and slowly his life became one long nightmare of suspicions, and morbid, torturing doubts.

The people cheered too loudly his sons by Ma-ri-am′ne. They, his very own sons, were the last of the Asmonaeans! He was led to believe that even they were the center of plots against him. One by one, he ordered them slain. The gloom and melancholy that had descended upon him with the death of Mariamne now deepened almost into madness; his last days were pitifully sad.

When he died, all semblance of unity vanished in Palestine; he left his kingdom divided among three of his sons. Herod An′tip-as became the Te′trarch of Galilee, but Ar′che-la′us, to whom Judea fell, governed so very badly that the Jews begged to have him removed. Rome accordingly banished him and appointed a Roman governor, who lived at Caes′a-re′a except at the time of feasts when he came up to Jerusalem and stayed at Herod's old palace. Thus the most important section of the Jewish Promised Land had lost its independence and come at last directly under the rule of Rome.

Jesus of Nazareth

(FROM ABOUT 4 B. C.—31 A. D.*)

That the Jews should appreciate the benefits of Roman rule was scarcely to be expected. Fine roads, just government, not too burdensome taxes,—what did these mean to the Jews? They looked for a Kingdom of God, a kingdom wherein God's people should be governed by God alone,—any foreign yoke was a desecration to them. In Jerusalem, the most sacred spot on earth, a Roman governor ruled! In Galilee ruled Her′od An′tip-as, a Romanized Id′u-mae′an. Their Savior had not yet come, but soon he certainly would come.

There would come a great day of judgment when God should send the Messiah, to judge the peoples of earth, and to wipe out all Israel's foes. Then that Messiah would usher in the new age, the glorious Kingdom of God where evil should cease forever and Israel would be lifted up to rule all the nations of earth! This hope of the Messiah, seen by the ancient prophets and deepening in the dark days of Babylonian exile, had crystalized at last into certain expectation in the hideous persecutions of Mac′ca-bae′an days. It was now a part of the thinking of nearly every Jew.

And if the Kingdom of God was at hand, it was necessary to prepare for it. The evil-doers in Israel would be wiped out on the Day of Judgment along with Israel's foes. Therefore let men busy themselves with repenting of their sins. The Phar′i-sees were preparing and they were sincere and zealous; but they believed that righteousness consisted in absolute obedience to each detail of the laws of Moses. The Ten Commandments of Moses, the ten simple basic statements

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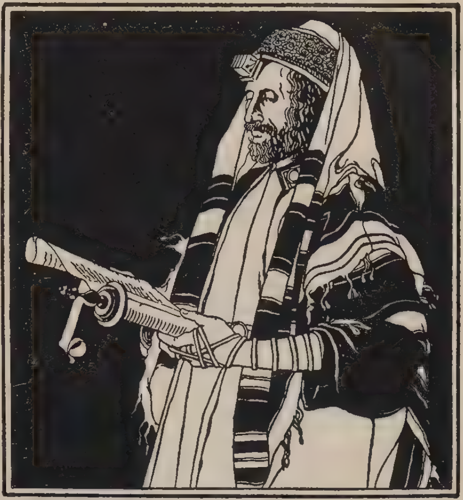
*It is impossible to fix definitely the date of Jesus' birth or death. The early Christians were so interested in his return to earth that they did not give the date of birth, the exact length of his ministry, nor the year of his crucifixion. And the gospel writers do not agree on these points. However, six hundred years later a monk named Di′o-nys′i-us figured out the date of Jesus' birth, but because Dionysius did not know of other historical events he made a mistake of four years. It was Dionysius who also figured out the modern method of reckoning time as so many years B.C. (Before Christ) or A.D. (An′no Do′mi-ni, in the year of the Lord, or after Christ).

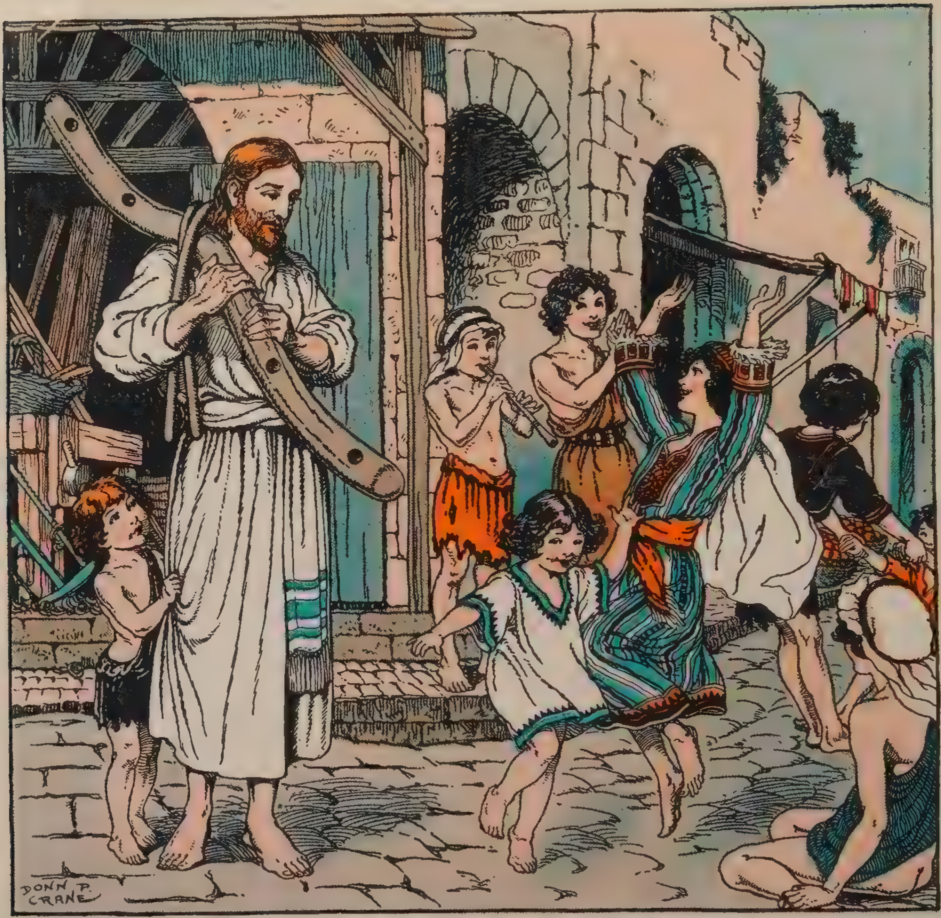


A Pharisee at prayer with a broad phy-lac′ter-y on his head, and another bound on his arm. The phylactery was a small leather box containing four passages from the Law and indicates how literally the Pharisees obeyed each detail of the Scriptures. Deut. 6:8 instructed Jews to wear these phylacteries on their arms and between their eyes. Lev. 19:18 commanded: *Love thy neighbor as thyself.* To the Pharisee both commands were of equal importance. Many Pharisees were good and noble men, but they were all bound by details of the Law.

by which men might discriminate between right and wrong in conduct, had been all overlaid by much editing of later writers, till the order of rites and ceremonies had swallowed up the moral law. The Pharisees looked on every law in the first five books of the Scriptures as the absolute word of Moses and all of equal importance. To eat only food from which the tithe, or tenth part due the temple had been scrupulously extracted, to avoid those acts which made one ceremonially unclean, to wear on their brows broad phylacteries containing snatches of the Scriptures—these things were to the Pharisees matters of as much concern as obeying that other commandment: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself! Allied to the Pharisees were the Scribes who interpreted the Scripture to the common folk of the land.

Other men sought righteousness by living alone in the desert and denying all worldly pleasures, while certain sects like the Es-senes′ lived together in communities, owning all things in common, fasting often, and taking no wives.

Now while people were busy in so many ways preparing for the Kingdom of God, there lived in the town of Nazareth among the range of hills just south of the Lake of Galilee, a young carpenter named Jesus, born in the last days of the magnificent Herod the Great. Jesus was not a Pharisee nor of the Phar′i-sa′ic class. He was of the common people between whom and the Pharisees an enormous gulf was fixed.

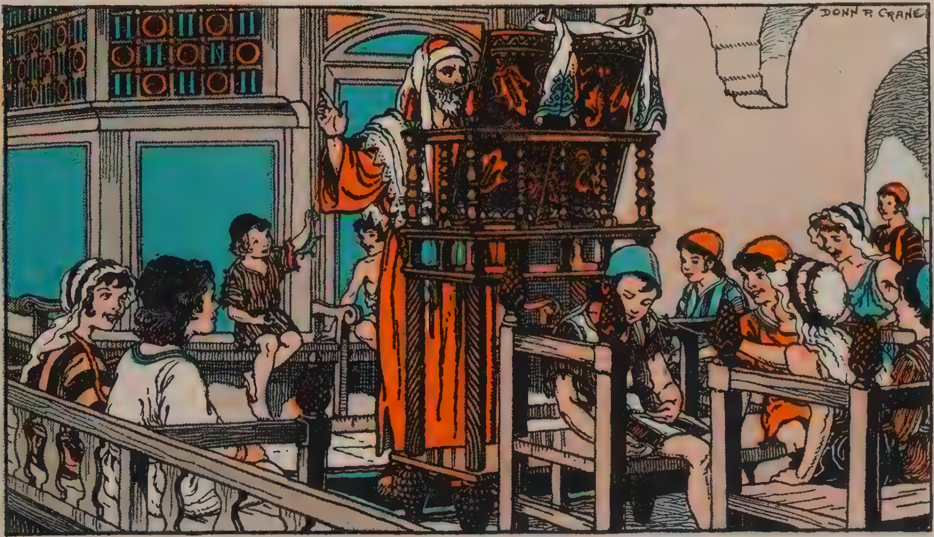


Jesus watches the children dancing and playing their pipes. The naturalness, spontaneity, grace and pure joy of children always delighted Jesus. His pleasure in such scenes found expression in Matt. 11:17 and Luke 7:32.

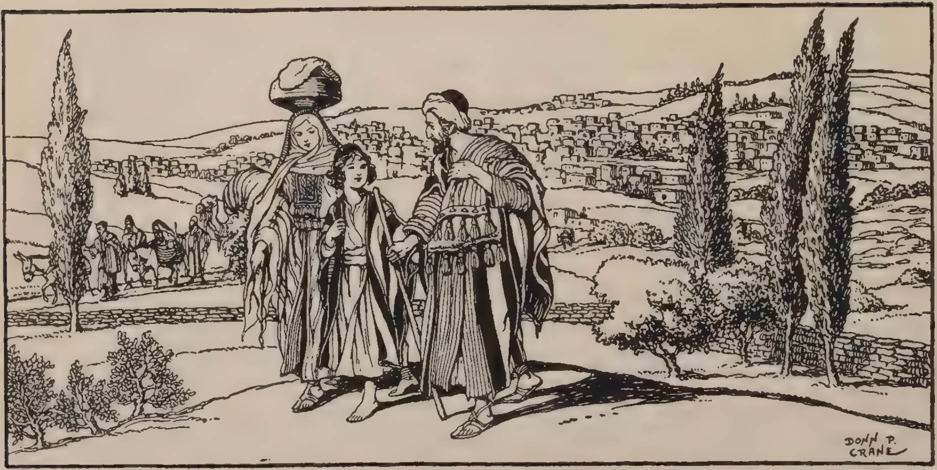
On the narrow streets of Nazareth, lined with low stone buildings in little huddled rows, a carpenter's shop was a windowless room, lit by a single door. The villagers of Nazareth knew this young carpenter well; to them he seemed quite like other youths, an earnest, kindly fellow, who supported his widowed mother, and often appeared in the market, to laugh with merry children, as they called to one another, playing their little pipes, and inviting each other to dance.

"O that's the carpenter's son!" the people of Nazareth said. "His mother is called Mary; his brethren are James and Joseph, Simon and Judas. We have known them since they were born!" Of the young man's inner musings, how his soul responded to the glorious dreams of the prophets and the joyous songs of the psalmists, they made no account whatever. He was to them just Jesus.

He had had the same education as other Jewish boys. His mother had taught him the Law at her knee, patiently and lovingly, and when he was old enough, he had gone to the Synagogue. He had heard the Law and the Prophets read from the great leather roll in a silken case which stood on the reader's desk. He had joined in prayers and responses, and listened to the Scribes discourse. As the Phar'isees used the word, Jesus was not educated, but he knew the Law and the Prophets and pondered them deeply in his heart.



Jesus and other small boys of Nazareth hear the Law and the Prophets read in the synagogue. Every three and a half years these boys heard the Law or the first five books of the Bible read through. Synagogues in small towns assured boys a thorough knowledge of the Law and the Prophets and educated them to read and write. Synagogues sprang up during the Babylonian captivity when Jews, cut off from the Temple, needed a place for worship. Returning to Palestine, they continued the use of the Synagogues for prayer and Bible reading; but sacrifices were offered only in the Temple, which remained the center of worship.

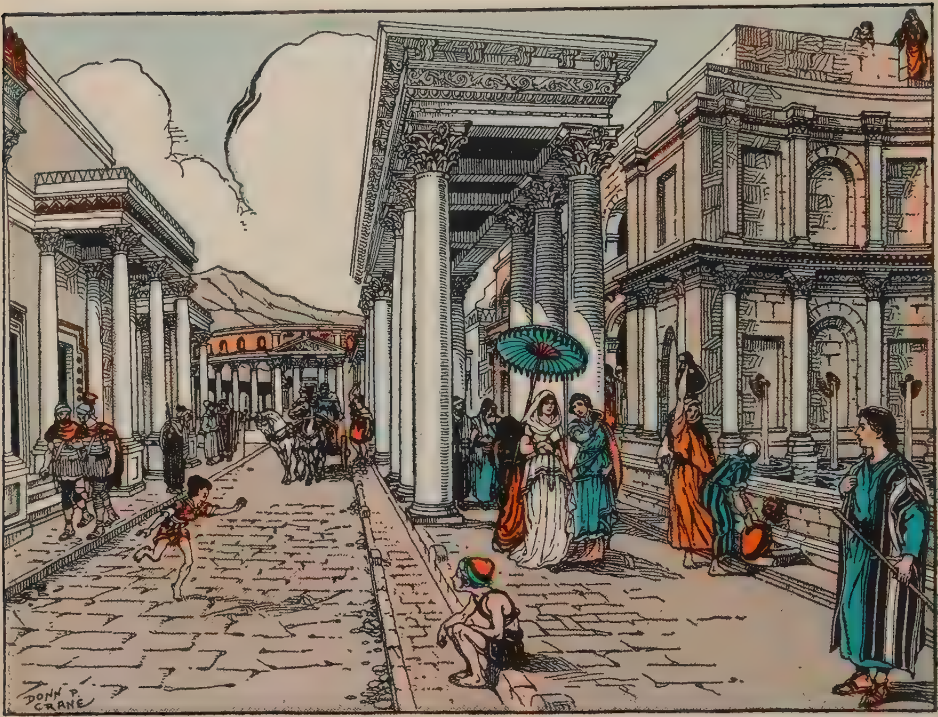


The boy Jesus with Mary and Joseph sets out from Nazareth for Jerusalem. Nazareth lay in a protecting hollow high among the hills and there was a long descent to the plain below. Scene copied from a photograph.

At festival seasons, in Springtime, Jesus had often gone with his parents and other pilgrims down from the hills and across the plain, for a three or four days' journey to celebrate the Passover in the Temple at Jerusalem. There the lad from the country had seen the gorgeous building with all its numberless courts, the magnificently robed officials, the pomp of the ceremony. He had seen the boys of his own age squatting about their teachers in the spacious porticoes; he had stopped himself among these groups and listened, and asked questions. He had seen the great number of pilgrims who came from all over the world, Jews of the Dispersion from Par′thi-a, Me′di-a, E′lam, Cap′pa-do′ci-a, Pon′tus, Phryg′i-a, Pam-phyl′i-a, Egypt, Lib′y-a, Arabia, Crete and Rome. And the visit and the sights had enormously broadened his vision.

In the neighborhood of Nazareth, too, there was an important city. An hour's walk over the hills and the boy would find himself in the second city of the Kingdom, Sepph′o-ris, where Herod Antipas dwelt, and which he was adorning with buildings of such beauty that it was soon to be called the "ornament of all Galilee." There were many Gentiles there, many Greeks and Romans. As Jesus passed them on the streets, a youth of his warm sympathies who saw men and women everywhere rather than Greeks or Jews, could not have forborne feeling within his soul that broad humanizing touch which shattered the strangling grip of the narrowest Ju′da-ism. Jesus was no Pharisee. He was fundamentally a Hebrew, loving moral virtues, aflame with a keen sense of God,—but the clear-cut Greek love of truth, of freedom in thought and action, the Greek love of light and life, the Greek sense of the normality of happiness and joy, these found their counterpart in the inmost soul of Jesus. He wished that men might have life and that they might have it more abundantly! He might not be conscious of the fact, but he was even now thinking in terms of mankind everywhere, as a citizen of the world. He lived his life in the midst of the bustle of daily affairs,—busy streets in Nazareth, regiments of Roman soldiers, camel caravans and trains of little donkeys passing the edge of the village along the public road. Nazareth was by no means shut off from the outside world. It lay near the beaten highways open to all the influences of a Graeco-Hebrew district.

During most of Jesus' boyhood, whenever he went to Sepph′o-ris, he saw building going on, but one of the earliest memories of Jesus as a child must have been that terrible time when Sepphoris was destroyed. News had come over the hills vividly real to Nazareth. The Romans had called the people together to be numbered in a census as a basis for a new apportionment of taxes. Judas, a rebel of Galilee, had flamed forth at that time, called the intended taxation only a new form of slavery and exhorted the Jews to show God they were worthy of His assistance by taking up the sword and fighting for their new Kingdom. Judas and



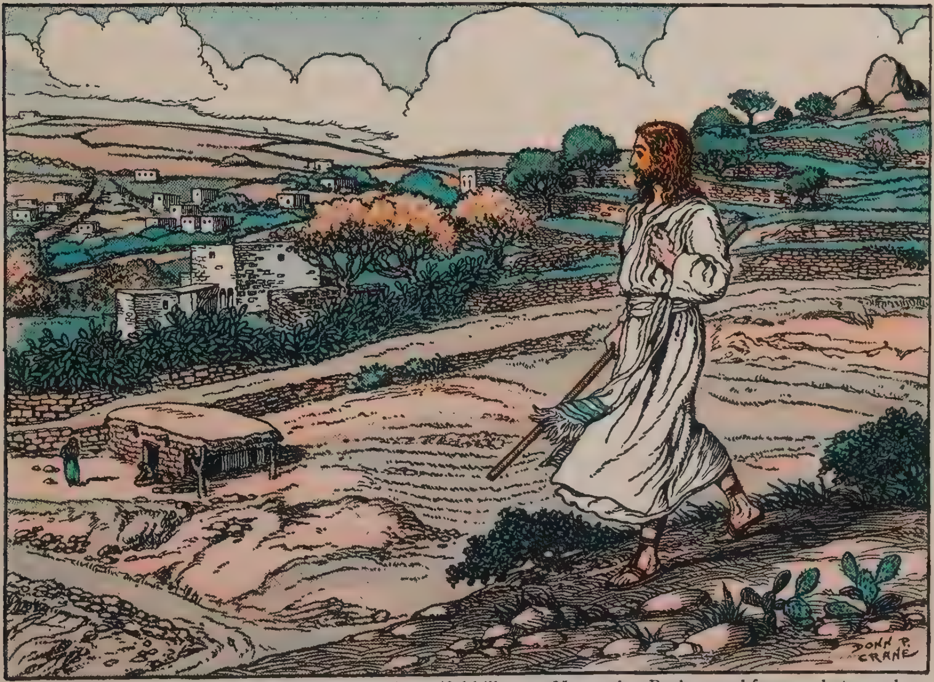
By an hour's walk over the hills from Nazareth, the youth Jesus comes to the large city of Sepph'o-ris which Herod An'tip-as was adorning with Greek buildings after the manner of Je-rash and Samaria, whose beautiful colonnaded streets still stand in majestic ruins. Jesus, as a boy, often came in contact with Hellenistic civilization and though he was a Hebrew, loving moral virtues, aflame with a keen sense of God, the Greek love of freedom, truth, light, life and joy found ready response in his heart. Read John 8:32, Matthew 4:16, 5:14, 16, John 8:12; 10:10, 15:11.

his followers had made their headquarters at Sepphoris; they had seized the royal treasures and the weapons in the royal store-houses! Battles were taking place! Judas himself was slain! His followers had dispersed! The Romans had come and wreaked vengeance! They had burned the rebellious Sepphoris; burned it to the ground and made its inhabitants slaves!

Passing the blackened ruins and reconstructing in fancy the tragic tales they told, Jesus must often have meditated on the fate of those who attempted to take the Kingdom of heaven by force. The sword was a futile weapon with which to fight the world's battles. Friendliness in men's hearts, the love of truth in men's souls, mercy coupled with justice, there was real power! Jesus was no sentimentalist. He had no wish that men should live in easy self-satisfied peace. He could speak sternly enough when the occasion demanded, and was even in later years to take a scourge of small cords and drive bawling cheats and hucksters forcibly out of the temple, yet he agreed completely with those simple and beautiful words he had heard in the Synagogue from the dawn of his earliest memories:

"It is God that girdeth me with strength and maketh my way perfect. Thy *gentleness* hath made me great."

As he walked along through the hills, with beautiful little terraces tumbling down the valleys in a series of rich green steps and contrasting in wonderful loveliness with the stark heights of cream-colored rock, he pondered on many things.



Jesus wanders alone, pondering, through the beautiful hills near Nazareth. Background from a photograph.

Above all, there was in his soul, a deep, ingrained native sense of constant communion with God. He realized in his heart the presence and power of that great, warm, loving, impelling, irresistible force which had opened the prophets' mouths, which made men sing the great psalms, shout for joy of the beauty and loveliness of life, and speak to evil as those who have authority over it. This great inner inspiration, this illumination of mind, this constant recognition of his absolute oneness with God, made of this young carpenter a man unique and different, lit with a warm inner light which it was his impelling wish to share with all the world. In his active, spontaneous thinking, he forged far ahead of his time with that vast expansion of spirit which genius attains by nature, but which is ever a mystery inexplainable to the crowd.

He naturally pondered the subjects uppermost in the thoughts of his day,—the Kingdom of God, the Last Judgment, the Messiah, and the Law. What then was the Kingdom of God? Isaiah and Jeremiah had seen it as a reign of righteousness, when sorrow and trouble should cease, when the eyes of the blind should be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; when the lame man should leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing. They had dreamed of a Zion restored with all nations ruled from Jerusalem because her rule should be one of absolute justice and goodness. Their outward vision of a prince after the fashion of David, had been the only image by which they were able to fancy a rule of goodness and righteousness for all the nations of earth.

"Behold a King shall reign in righteousness," Isaiah had dreamed. "And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might. And the Lord's house shall be established and all nations shall flow unto it. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more!"

"Sing the song of gladness for Jacob," Jeremiah had cried; "for they shall come and sing in the height of Zion! And this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my law in their inward parts and write it *in their hearts*!"

Jeremiah had said it! The rule of righteousness in the heart needing no outward law of compulsion or prohibition,—that was the real happiness! That was the real coming of the Kingdom of God to men! Throughout Judea and Galilee men were looking everywhere for a savior to come to the land—when the actual Kingdom of God was only to be found within their own hearts and souls!

"The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," Jesus said. "Neither shall men say, Lo here! or Lo there! for behold, the Kingdom of God is *within you!*"

How often in the synagogue had he heard it read from Proverbs: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city!"

There was the true dominion promised to the sons of men, ruling the spirit within!

The princes of the Gentiles sought outward power and dominion. Here in the heart of man was the true Kingdom of God. If a man were born again, uplifted in heart and spirit, with motives purified, he could overcome evil and enter into the joy of those ruled only by God. That was the good news growing every day clearer to Jesus.

And what of the Last Judgment? God's desire for the world was not to condemn the world. It was that the world might be saved, saved from its sorrow and suffering,—saved through that perfect ideal which Jesus himself must express. That perfect ideal of manhood, that saving Christ, was the true Messiah, the true savior of mankind, which forever rebuked and condemned the evil humanity hugged, but at last would make mankind perfect even as God is perfect.

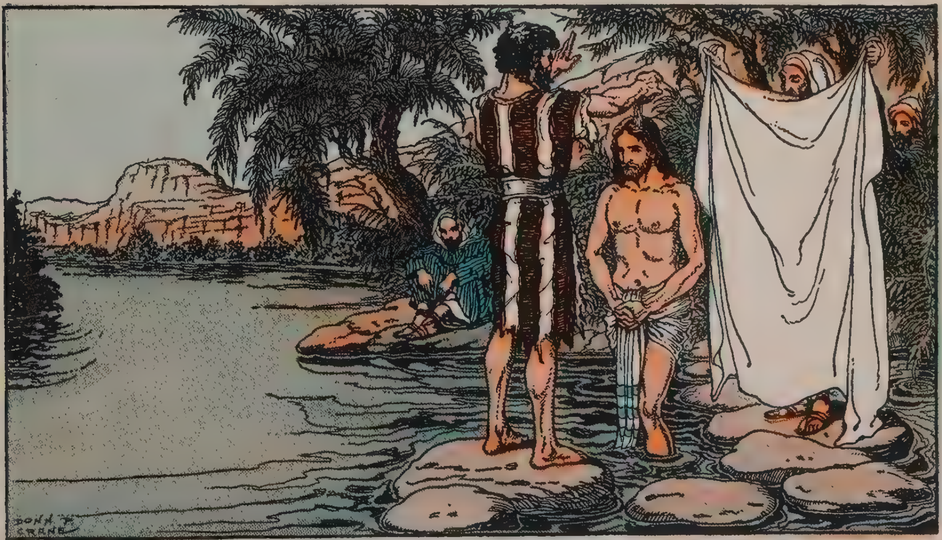
To Jesus his own dreams and thoughts seemed the very fulfilment of all the Law and the Prophets, of all the teachings and promises that had gone before. He had no quarrel with either synagogue or temple,—he went to both for inspiration, for he loved every real essential of the ancient Mo-sa′ic law. He knew that men must learn the basis of moral law before they can safely be trusted to see that all real morality is a matter of inner motives and not of outward acts. He knew that if there was to be happiness for all and not merely for the favored few who were strongest or most gifted, men must accept standardized rules to discriminate right from wrong until such time as they earned the right to being free from standards by so filling their hearts with love that they naturally and spontaneously acted only for the general good. He respected the laws of Moses, but it was love that seemed to him to cover the world's great need. Men so needed love. Love was the very essence of God. That voice that spoke to him in the secret place of his heart was the voice of a loving Father, the Father of all mankind, and for him the whole Law was summed up in these few simple words:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!"

But let him tell that to the Pharisees! His thoughts were revolutionary, the thoughts of a young mental rebel. He was wresting religion wholly from the realm of rite and ritual into the realm of spirit, the realm of men's hearts and thoughts. Let him tell that to the scribes!

The Pharisees were as much concerned with keeping the commandment: "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard!" as they were in obeying that other law: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother." Moreover, they believed themselves to be the guardians of all the righteousness in Israel and they looked for a mighty Prince after the manner of David who should come in theatrical fashion, floating on clouds of glory to perform spectacular judgment and begin a new outward kingdom which should make Israel the head of all nations of earth. The original thoughts of Jesus, which, with a child's simplicity, he expected the world to receive, took all that was supernatural and theatrical out of the picture, left only what all men could understand, destroyed the non-essentials of the ancient Mosaic law, and made the glory of the son of man a beautiful, radiant ideal, the ideal of a loving, intelligent, joyous, unselfish life, which each yearning human heart might sometime hope to attain!

Now while Jesus pondered these things, there came a startling figure out of the desert preaching. This man was John the Baptist, as striking and picturesque as Elijah had been in his day. He wore raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins and his food was locusts and wild honey. He came preaching in the wilderness of Judea, saying: "Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"



Jesus hears of the fiery preaching of John the Baptist, and coming from distant Galilee, is baptised in the Jordan.

So powerful a preacher was John, that crowds who came to hear his denunciations of sin and his stirring calls to repentance, were baptised of him in the Jordan as an outward sign that they meant to be purified of their sins. Jesus himself heard of John and, greatly desiring to see him, he went from Nazareth down to the distant Jordan River, where it flows between sheer mud cliffs into the weird Dead Sea. Here he was deeply impressed with the fiery preaching of John. It crystallized his own thoughts, his own purposes and dreams, and he asked to be baptised of John.

This experience was for Jesus a crisis in his life. In that moment of baptism he felt at last completely conscious of the urge of God within him; he felt the spirit of God settling gently into his heart as a dove settles down to the earth; his whole being was flooded with a sense of the glory of life, and uplifted to know its relation to God, the father and source of all life. He felt himself impelled at last to leave all for the service of God, to pour out all of himself in the service of mankind, to preach and to teach through Israel the truth that should make men free. He would purify the hearts of men, wrest religion from ceremony and restore it to the inner spirit. He would show men that when their hearts were warm with the spirit of love, strong with the spirit of truth, they could speak to evil as men having authority over it. Ever more clearly he realized that he was the Christ* or Messiah, the destined savior of men. He was the son of man, a typical man as other men, and yet the son of God, the ideal man, the only kind of a man ever created by God. He was Jesus, the Christ, and it was his mission to show other men how to find their true selves as the perfect sons of God. Through purity, love and humility men should see God manifested everywhere in the world!

*Christ is the Greek form of the word Messiah meaning the anointed one, that is, one anointed by God for a special task. The name Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua, a common boy's name among the Hebrews. For the passages interpreted in the rest of the paragraph, see Jhn 8:32, 4:23, 20:17, Matt. 5:45, Jhn 1:12, Rom. 8:14, I Jhn 3:1-3, Mrk 3:14-15, Matt. 10:5-8, Matt. 5:8, Jhn 15:11.

When he came up out of the water, he wandered off in the wilderness, to grapple with his new problems, to fight his way through temptations and see the issue clear. In the endless stretch of treeless hills northwest of the mouth of the Jordan, an undulating desert, stark, barren, grand, and stern, he wandered alone and wrestling. Should he undertake this great task, emerge from the quiet and peace of his undisturbed life in Nazareth, leave his mother and his family, and go forth into the world to fight the battle of God, to heal, and to comfort, and to preach his "good news" to men? It was a tremendous decision for a man of the common people! Every temptation of evil presented itself to hinder him. He even saw the temptation to pervert his knowledge and power and to rule the kingdoms of the world with the outward glory of one who came in the common sense of a princely and splendid Messiah. But he fought his way through these temptations, and when he had resisted them all, there fell a great peace on his spirit, a sense of glory and power, as though angels had come and ministered to him. And he returned in the power of the spirit unto Galilee.

Now about this time so many people began to gather themselves unto John the Baptist, that Herod Antipas was afraid of him. The Romans were on the look-out for agitators of revolt and they feared any great Jewish leaders who attracted crowds to follow them. Moreover Herod had put aside his wife, the daughter of A′re-tas, King of Arabia, and had unlawfully married He-ro′di-as, the wife of his brother, Philip. John boldly denounced the act. Therefore Herod put John in prison.

And after John was in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the good news of the Kingdom, and beginning where John had left off, saying: "Repent; for the Kingdom of God is at hand!" for Jesus knew that recognizing faults and casting them out was a necessary introduction to the purification of motives, the reign of peace and joy which should rule the hearts of men. But to him there was much more to come. "Repent ye", was no more than the beginning of his "good news." He quickly followed "Repent" with, "Rejoice! Be exceeding glad!" John had had a fiery sense of sin as something big and awful. In the loving heart of Jesus, the emphasis was all on the side of the power of good, the love of God, the goodness of God, the healing power of love, humility and mercy, purity, peace-making, real yearning for good. Men with their hearts thus filled had no room left for evil, but cast it out as naturally as light destroys the darkness.

Jesus was no ascetic. He believed neither in fasting nor penance nor in living a life apart after the manner of John. He lived his life among men and he did not disdain their weddings, their social gatherings or feasts. When he went up alone to the mountain top, he went up only to pray, to see his own purposes clearly, to realize more distinctly the strength he had from God. He came down from the mountain again and dwelt in the midst of the throng, where market places were busy with dust-covered caravans and fishermen hauled in nets around the shores of the lake.

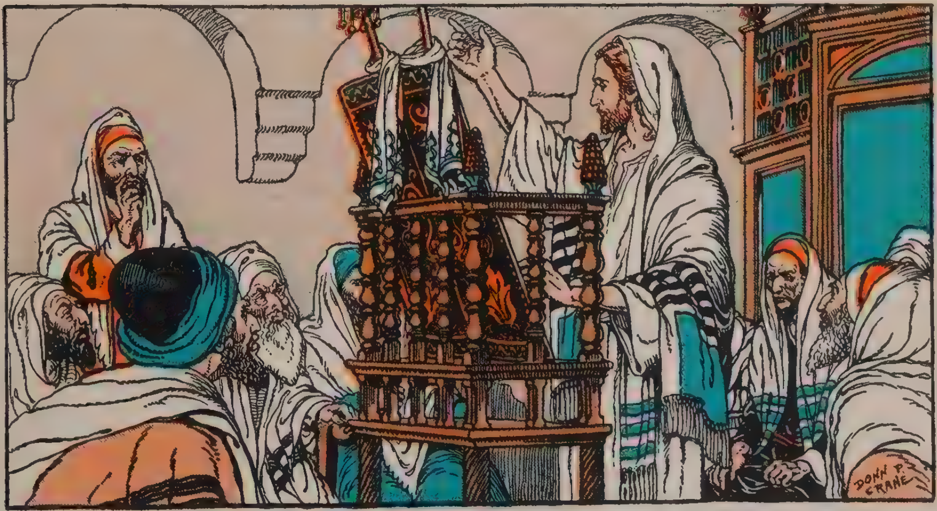
And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the good news of the Kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people, and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments and he healed them. But when it was noised abroad that he not only preached the gospel, but also healed the sick and cast devils out of the lunatic, scribes came from Jerusalem and said: "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by the power of Be-el′ze-bub, the Prince of the devils!"

They thought his deeds works of magic and if they continued to think this, they would have no fundamental rules, no sore-needed general truths, by which they and their children might improve their own lives, so Jesus said to them plainly: "If I by the power of Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? Therefore they shall be your judges. But if I cast out devils by the spirit of God, then the Kingdom of God is come unto you!"

And when his friends heard what he did, they thought he had gone mad and went out to lay hold on him; saying: "He is beside himself!" There came then his brethren and his mother, and standing without sent unto him, calling him.

And he answered them saying: "Who is my mother or my brethren?" And he looked around on them which sat about him and said: "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and my mother!"

And he came to Nazareth where he had been brought up and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the roll of the prophet Isaiah. And when he had



Jesus reads from the Scriptures and talks in the synagogue which he attended as a child in Nazareth. It was a custom of the presiding official to ask any stranger who was present to read or say a few words to the congregation, but when Jesus' old neighbors heard him speak with his new tone of authority, they were infuriated and dragged him off to the brow of a neighboring precipice to pitch him down headlong.

unrolled the book, he found the place where it was written:

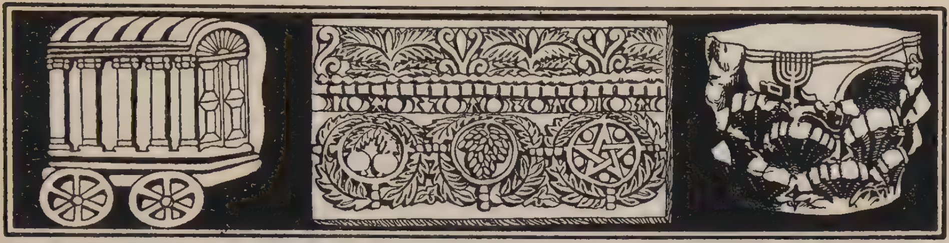
> "The spirit of the Lord is upon me;
> Because he hath anointed me, to preach the good
> news to the poor;
> He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted,
> To preach deliverance to the captives, and the
> recovering of sight to the blind,
> To set at liberty them that are bruised,
> To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

And he rolled up the scroll and gave it back to the attendant and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he said unto them: "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears!"

But the people were astonished and said: "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary and his brethren James and Joseph, and Simon and Judas? And his sisters are they not all with us?"

And they were offended at him, so Jesus said: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own house!" And all they in the synagogue were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way. And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.

But gradually his sincerity, his earnestness, zeal and affection gathered to him a group of disciples, twelve simple country-fellows, mostly fishermen from the Lake of Galilee. There were Andrew and his brother, Peter, that generous, impulsive fellow whom Jesus loved so dearly and so often was forced to rebuke. There were James and his brother John, the fiery Sons of Thunder. There were Philip and Bar-thol′o-mew and Matthew, the collector of customs. There was doubting Thomas, so difficult to convince and so loyal when he believed. There were Thad′dae-us and



Stone carvings from the synagogue where Jesus taught in Capernaum, one of the few objects remaining in Palestine, which Jesus actually saw and touched. This synagogue was built by the Roman centurion whose servant Jesus healed (Luke 7:1-5). To the left is an interesting chest on wheels more Greek than Jewish in design; next, a row of sacred symbols, the pomegranates, bunch of grapes, and star of David; last, a Greek Corinthian capital with a Jewish top, showing the seven-branched candlestick. These carvings were in the synagogue in Jesus' time.

James, the son of Al′phae-us, and Simon, the Ca′naan-ite, and Judas Is-car′i-ot, who was treasurer and carried the money for the band. In their varying degrees these men understood a part of what Jesus taught, but there was none among them who could really grasp it all. Nevertheless, they loved Jesus, and for some two years and a half, he traveled in their company up and down the land, now in Ca-per′na-um, now in Jerusalem, now across the Jordan in the province of Pe-rae′a, now in desert places, now on the mountain-side, now down by the lake, talking from a little fishing boat to the multitudes on the shore, while over the deep blue waves and the flowery meadows beyond, the snow-crowned peak of Mt. Hermon gleamed white against the sky. His love and great compassion never seemed to fail. He sat in judgment on no man whose heart was honest and humble. He spent his days among sinners, among the lowly and poor, and he treated women with a frankness, a sympathy and understanding to which they were little accustomed in their associations with men. Many faithful women often came to hear him,—Mary Mag′da-lene, and Jo-an′na, the wife of Herod's steward, and Su-san′na, and Mary and Martha, the sisters of his friend Laz′a-rus,—all these he treated as his equals and friends.

"Fill your hearts with love, with honesty and mercy, trust in the goodness of God and see what power you have to overcome every evil!" he always seemed to say.

And when he was followed by a multitude, he went up on a mountain and opened his mouth and taught them saying:

> Blessed are they who feel their spiritual need;* for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven!
> Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.
> Blessed are the humble-minded; for they shall inherit the earth;
> Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.
> Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy;
> Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.
> Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the sons of God;
> Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

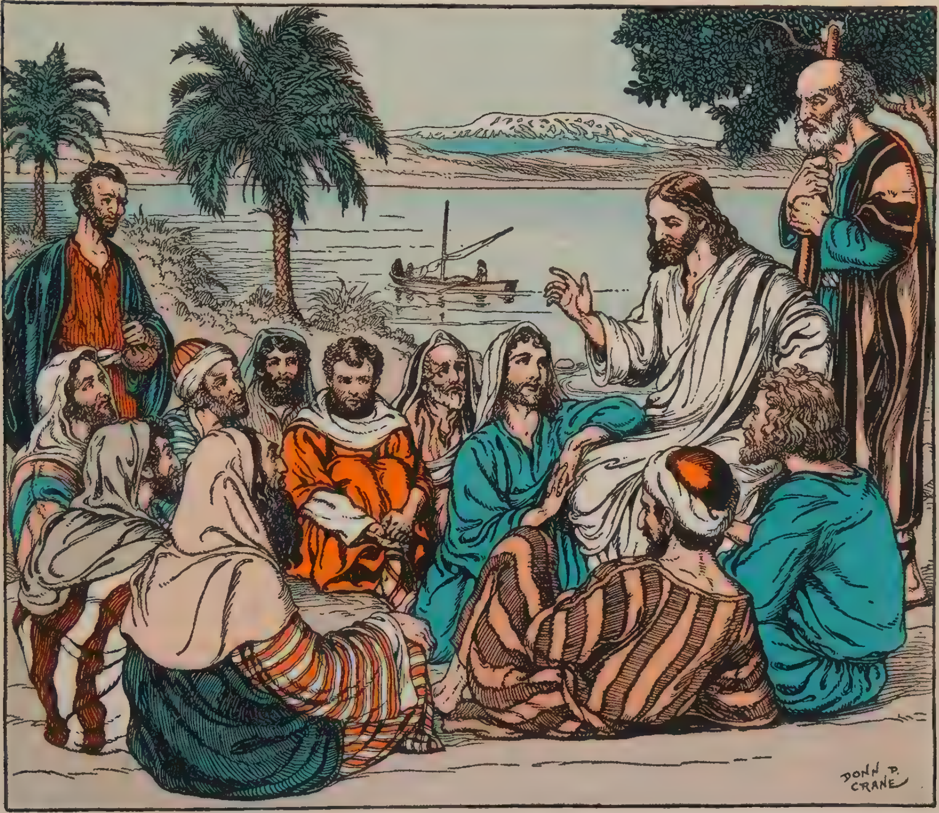
"Ye have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt not kill; but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause is in danger of the judgment. Ye have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you: Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be the children of your Father which is in heaven. Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

And the people were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes.

Then called he his twelve disciples together and gave them power and authority over all devils and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick. And they departed and went through the towns preaching the gospel and healing everywhere.

And he appointed other seventy also and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place whither he himself would come. And he said: "Into whatsoever city

*Lines 1 and 3 from Prof. Edgar J. Goodspeed's *The New Testament;* remainder is the King James Version.



From beautiful Galilee, dominated by snow-capped Mt. Hermon, Jesus sends his disciples out into the world.

ye enter and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you. And heal the sick that are therein and say unto them: 'The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.' "

And when John the Baptist had heard in prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples and said: "Art thou the Messiah that should come, or look we for another?"

Then Jesus answered and said unto them: "Go and show John again those things which you do hear and see. The blind receive their sight and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up and the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

Now He-ro′di-as, the wife of Herod Antipas, would have killed John because John had said that Herod should not have married her, for that she had been his brother Philip's wife. But Herod respected John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and he only kept John in prison that he might not raise a sedition. But when Herod's birthday was come, Herod made a supper unto his lords and captains. Then Sa-lo′me, the daughter of He-ro′di-as, came in and danced and pleased Herod; and the King sware unto the damsel: "Ask whatsoever thou wilt and I will give it to thee."

And Salome went forth and said to her mother: "What shall I ask?"

And Herodias said: "Ask for the head of John the Baptist."

And Salome came in straightway unto the King and said: "Give me in a charger the head of John the Baptist!"

And the king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake and because they who sat by had heard his promise, he would not reject her. And immediately the King sent an executioner and commanded John's head to be brought. And the executioner went and beheaded John in prison, and brought his head in a charger and gave it to the damsel and the damsel gave it to her mother. And from that day forward, Herod threatened to kill Jesus too.

So strong was the power of Jesus' appeal that people either loved or hated him, and many misunderstood him. Though he preached no revolt from Rome and clearly said: "Render to Caesar the things that belong to Caesar," there were some among his own followers who still expected him to assume a fighting role and deliver them, not from evil, but from the power of Rome. Even the twelve disciples were not always clear on what he meant by the Kingdom of Heaven, and disputed among themselves which should be the greatest and sit on his right hand when the great Day of Judgment came. Jesus was obliged to call a little child to him, and as the child came skipping with all the loving responsiveness, the eager, joyous activity, and unself-conscious grace which meant to Jesus himself the essence of the Kingdom of Heaven, he said to his disciples: "Verily I say unto you; except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Such sayings were not always popular. Gradually some of his followers who selfishly sought in his teachings only gain for themselves, complained because he did no more spectacular miracles. And they said: "Moses proved his power by feeding our fathers with manna in the wilderness!"

But Jesus knew that the only bread which could ever give life to the world, was the flesh and blood of his great life purpose, the ever-living inspiration of his sense of oneness with God. Let these selfish complaining followers eat the flesh of the truths he taught, drink the cup of his deep experiences,—that alone meant life eternal. And he said unto them sternly: "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and still they died. I am the living bread. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life!"

Many therefore of his disciples said: "This is an hard saying. How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" And from that time on, they walked no more with him.

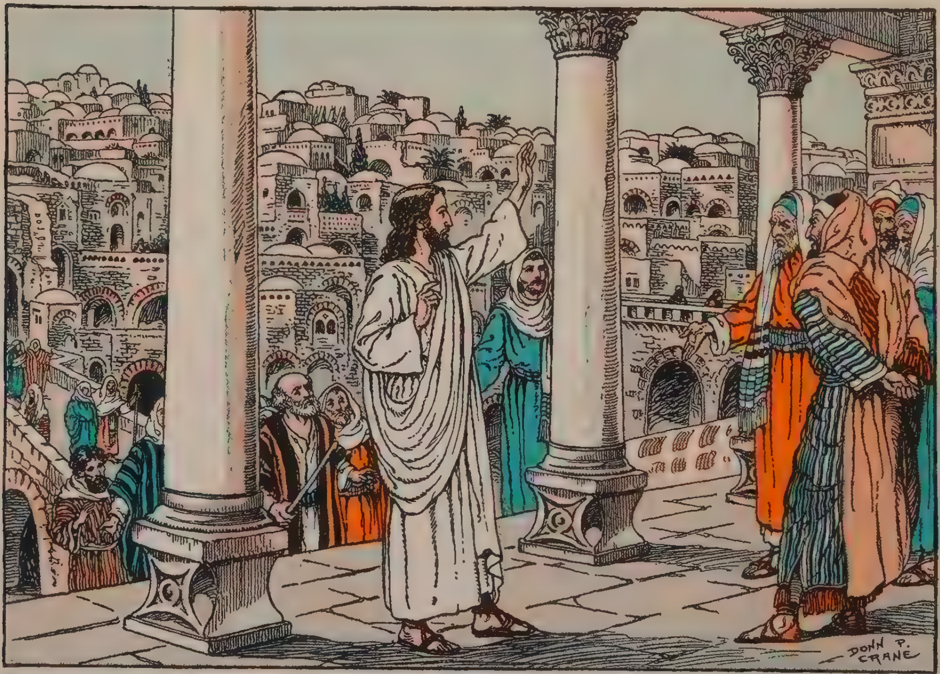
Then said Jesus unto the twelve: "Will ye also go away?"

But Simon Peter cried out: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

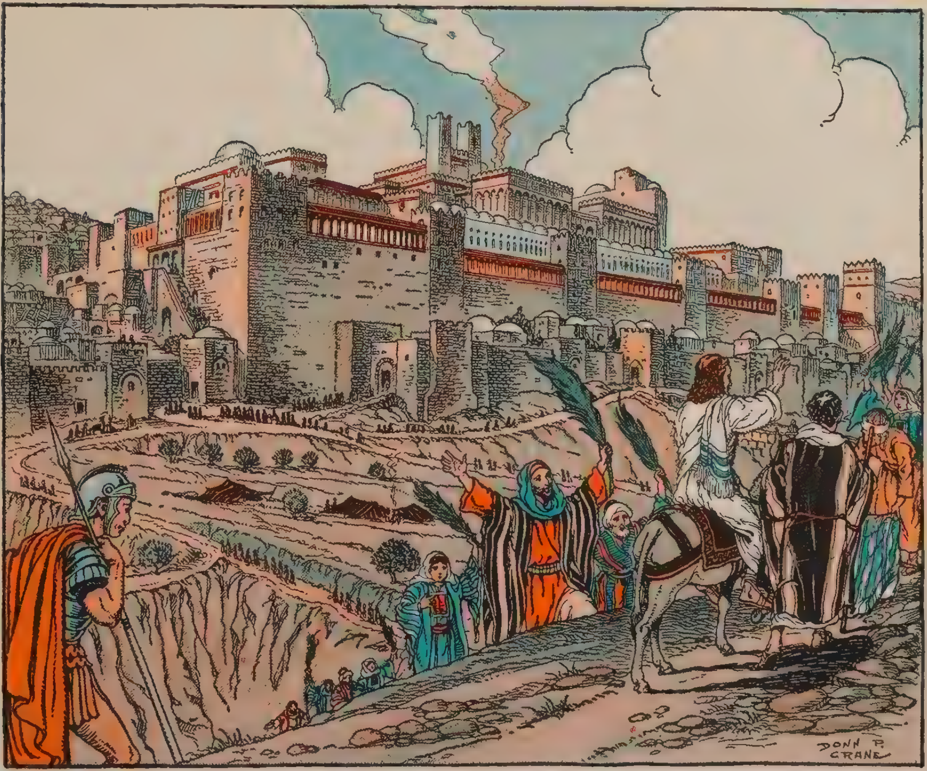
Nevertheless, every day the number of his foes increased; —the ever alert state-police on the look-out for agitators, and the strait-laced Pharisees, deeply stirred with alarm. The fellow was claiming to be the Messiah, he was profaning the Sabbath. He was preaching that love and mercy and an honest heart were more important than bringing offerings for the temple sacrifice! He would not fast! He was not at all particular about being ceremonially clean. He ate with outcasts and sinners! He had even said that the time would come when men should no longer think they must come to Jerusalem to worship in the temple, but would worship the Father wherever they were in spirit and in truth!

The fellow was dangerous to the established religion! He was setting himself up above those accredited teachers who had spent years and years in the study of the Law!

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" he had cried. "For ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin and have omitted the weightier matters of the Law,—judgment, mercy and faith!"



On one of the beautiful porches of the temple, overlooking the Ty-ro-pae'an Valley and the city, Jesus rebuked the Pharisees. No portraits of Jesus exist. The Jews never painted likenesses of anything lest they break the second commandment, a rule observed by the Arabs to this day. The Greek Christians, for two hundred years, were influenced by this same prohibition against graven images, and never portrayed Jesus in art until the third century. By that time they naturally imagined him as a Greek with no beard, and a clean-shaven face, while the Jews always wore beards. The most satisfactory pictures of Jesus are built up on a knowledge of his character.



Throngs of pilgrims to the Passover, having heard how Jesus raised Lazarus, come to greet him as their hero. Behind them above the steep ravine of Ke'dron, rise Jerusalem and the splendid buildings of the Temple of Herod.

The climax of the wrath of the Pharisees came when they heard that Jesus had raised his friend Lazarus from the dead, and, therefore, many more people were flocking to follow him. An all too-spectacular act! From that day forth the Pharisees took counsel among themselves how they might put Jesus to death. And the Passover being near, they commanded that if Jesus should come up to the feast, any man knowing where he was, should come and report to them.

Six days before the Passover, Jesus came to Bethany, just over the hill from Jerusalem across the Mt. of Olives. Here he stayed with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, and many Jews came out to see him, not for his own sake, only, but out of curiosity to get a sight of Lazarus. The story of the raising of Lazarus spread on the wings of the wind.

On Sunday crowds of pilgrims, colorful, picturesque people who had come up for the feast, came thronging out to see Jesus, as he rode on his little donkey down the steep narrow road over the hill from Bethany. And they took their garments and the branches of palm trees and covered the ground before him and cried: "Ho-san'na! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

They could have done nothing more dangerous to their hero! On the eve of the great Jewish festival when the Romans would be most watchful lest some adventurer stir the huge crowds to revolt, what more would be needed to arouse Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor, to act?

Jesus himself knew well that the end of his labors had come. He returned to Bethany with his disciples for the night; but the next day he came again into the little narrow, crowded streets of Jerusalem, and entering the temple with a multitude following as usual at his heels, he found the Court of the Gentiles filled with little booths where noisy hucksters sold calves and sheep, or doves in wicker cages to be used for sacrifice, while money-changers with piles of coins on little tables before them exchanged the money of Babylon, Egypt, Syria, and Greece for Jews of the Dispersion come from all over the earth. Haggling, high prices, cheating in the house meant for peace and quiet, where men might lift their hearts in prayer and thanksgiving to God! Jesus could not endure it! Seizing a scourge of small cords and enforcing his stern commands both by the power of his presence and the threat of the crowd at his heels, he overthrew the tables of the money-changers and drove them that sold doves and cattle forcibly out of the temple, crying in indignation: "It is written: 'My house shall be called a house of prayer,' but ye make it a den of thieves!"

Then the blind and the lame came to him in the temple and he healed them. And when the chief priests and the scribes saw all this and heard the children shouting in the temple: "Hosanna to the son of David!" they were furious and cried: "Hearest thou what these children say?"

Nevertheless, Jesus came each day from Bethany and continued to teach in the temple. So the chief priests went unto Ca′ia-phas, the High-Priest, and plotted how they might take Jesus by subtlety and kill him. But they said: "Not during the feast lest a tumult arise among the people!"

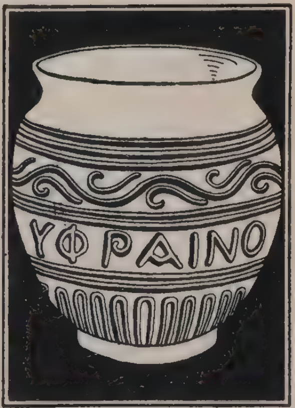
And Judas Is-car′i-ot, one of Jesus' own disciples, went unto the chief priests and said: "What will ye give me if I deliver Jesus unto you?" And they weighed him out thirty pieces of silver. And from that day Judas sought opportunity to deliver Jesus unto them when he was not followed by a crowd.

And on Thursday Jesus went into the city to eat supper on the eve of the Passover with his disciples.

And as they ate, Jesus said: "One of you shall betray me!"

And the twelve were exceeding sorrowful and said to him, every one: "Is it I, Lord?"

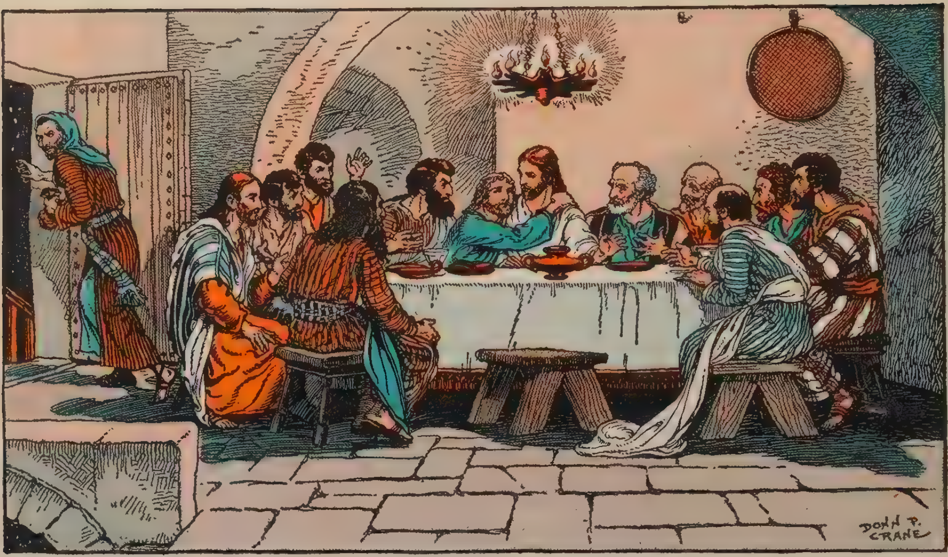
And John, whom Jesus loved, reclined on Jesus' bosom, and he said: "Lord, who is it?"



A Si-do′ni-an glass cup of the first century. Jesus must have used just such a cup at the Last Supper.

And Jesus answered: "He that dipped his hand in the dish with me!" Judas then went out straightway into the night.

Yet even in that sad hour in the shadow of his betrayal, Jesus said to his disciples: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid! Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Verily, verily I say unto you: He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also and greater works



Even in the shadow of his betrayal and death, Jesus comforts his disciples at the Last Supper in the upper room.

than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And I will pray the Father and He shall send you another comforter, even the spirit of truth that he may abide with you forever." And he prayed for his disciples saying: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. Consecrate them through thy truth! Thy message is the truth!"

Then Jesus bade his disciples once again show by an outward sign that they devoted themselves to eating the truths he had taught them and drinking the cup of his purpose to save the world from its sorrows; for he blessed bread and brake it and gave to them and said: "Take, eat; this is my body!" And he took the cup and gave it to them and they all drank of it. And he said: "This is my blood of the new agreement between God and man."

And he turned to Peter and said: "O Peter, Peter, I have prayed that thy faith fail not! Strengthen thou thy brethren!"

And Peter said unto him: "Lord, I am ready to go with thee both into prison and to death!"

But Jesus said unto him: "Peter, the cock shall not crow today before thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me."

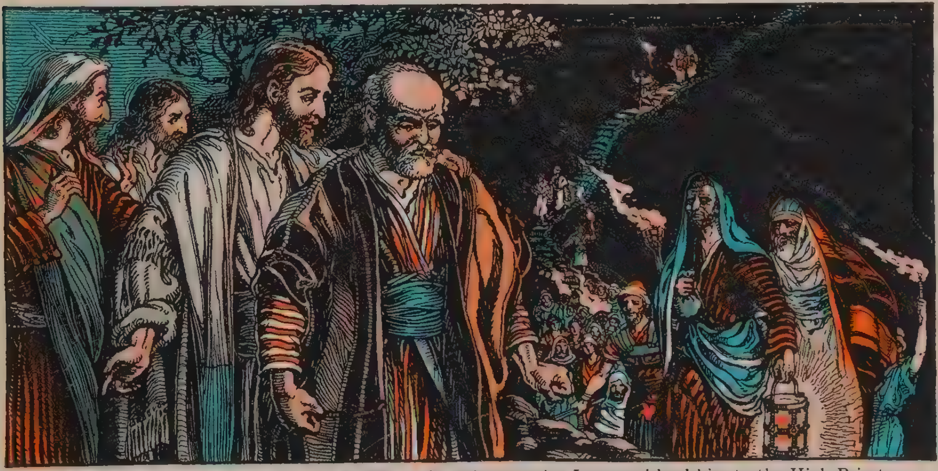
And Peter spake still more vehemently: "If I must die with thee, I will not deny thee!" And so said all the rest.

And when they had sung an hymn, they went to the Mount of Olives. And they came into a place called Geth-sem′a-ne and Jesus said unto his disciples: "Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray."

And he took with him Peter and James, and John, and he said unto them: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death. Abide ye here and watch with me."

And he went forward a little and fell on his face and prayed, saying: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt!"

And he came unto his disciples and found them sleeping, and he said: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" And while he yet spake, lo Judas came with a multitude bearing lanterns and torches and carrying swords and staves.



A crowd led by Judas, comes with swords and torches to seize Jesus and lead him to the High Priest.

Now Judas had arranged a sign, saying: "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is Jesus." And straightway he came to Jesus and said: "Hail, master!" and kissed him. And behold Peter stretched out his hand and seized his sword and smote the servant of the High Priest, and struck off his ear. But Jesus said unto Peter: "Put up thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword!" Then all the disciples left him and fled.

And they that had taken Jesus led him away to the house of Ca′ia-phas, the High-Priest, and there the San′-he-drin sat, the chief council of the Jewish people. And Peter followed afar off and entered the court of the High-Priest and sat with the officers to see the end.

Now the chief priests and the Sanhedrin sought evidence against Jesus to put him to death; but they found it not, for though many bare false witness against him, their testimony did not agree. And Jesus held his peace and answered the people nothing. Then the High-Priest stood up and asked Jesus saying: "Art thou the Christ, the son of God?"

And Jesus said: "I am."

And the High-Priest rent his clothes and said: "What further need have ye of witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy!"

And they all condemned him to death. Then they spat in his face and buffeted him and smote him with their hands.

Now Peter was sitting without in the court warming himself by the fire, and a maid came unto him saying: "Thou also wast with Jesus, the Gal′i-le′an!" But Peter denied before them all saying: "I know not what thou sayest!" And a second time and a third time they that stood by accused Peter. Then began Peter to curse and swear: "I know not the man!" And straightway a cock crew. And Peter remembered how Jesus had said: "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice!" And he went out and wept bitterly.

Then Judas which had betrayed Jesus, when he saw that Jesus was condemned, repented and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief-priests and elders, saying: "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood."

But they said: "What is that to us? See thou to that!"

And Judas cast down the pieces of silver in the sanctuary and went away and hanged himself.

And it was early on the Friday morning and the Jews led Jesus from Caiaphas unto Pontius Pilate, the governor; for Pilate alone had power to sentence a man to death. And the Jews entered not into the Judgment Hall, lest they be unclean so they could not eat the Passover. Pilate, therefore, went out to them and said: "What accusation bring you against this man?"

And they began to accuse him saying: "We found this man perverting our nation and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar and saying that he himself is Christ, a King!"

Pilate, therefore, entered again into the palace, and calling Jesus, said unto him: "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

Jesus answered: "My kingdom is not of this world. If it had been, my servants would have fought that I should not be delivered to the Jews."

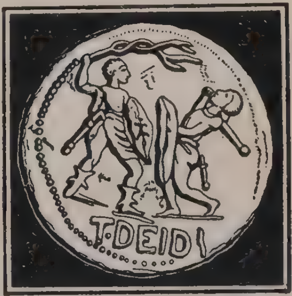
Pilate, therefore, said unto him: "Art thou a King?"

Jesus answered: "Thou sayest that I am a King. To this end was I born and to this end came I into the world that I should bear witness to the truth."

Pilate saith unto him: "What is truth?"

And when he had said this, he went out again to the people and said: "I find no crime in the man."

But the Jews were the more urgent, saying: "He stirreth up the people throughout Judea and Galilee!"



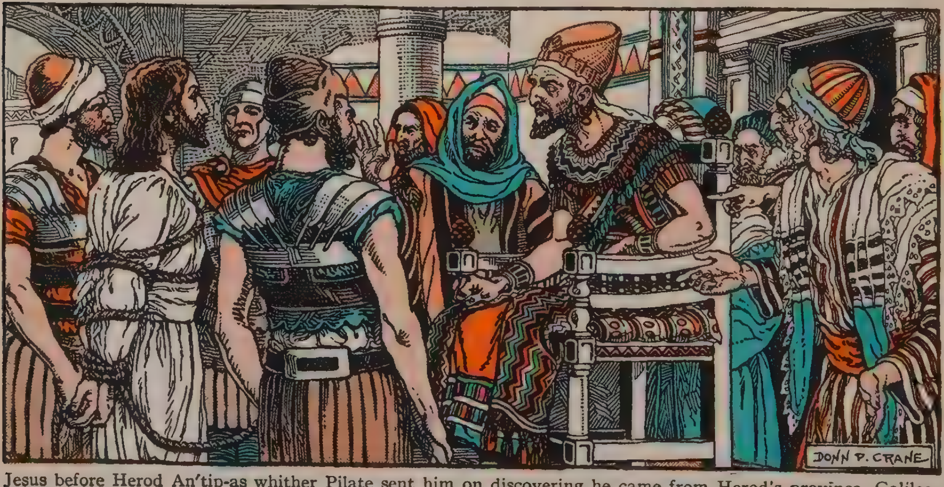
Scourging, the punishment Jesus suffered, as shown on a Roman coin.

Now when Pilate heard that Jesus was a Galilean, under the jurisdiction of Herod Antipas, he sent him unto Herod, who himself also had come up to Jerusalem for the feast. And Herod questioned Jesus, but Jesus answered him nothing. So Herod arrayed Jesus in gorgeous apparel and sent him back to Pilate.

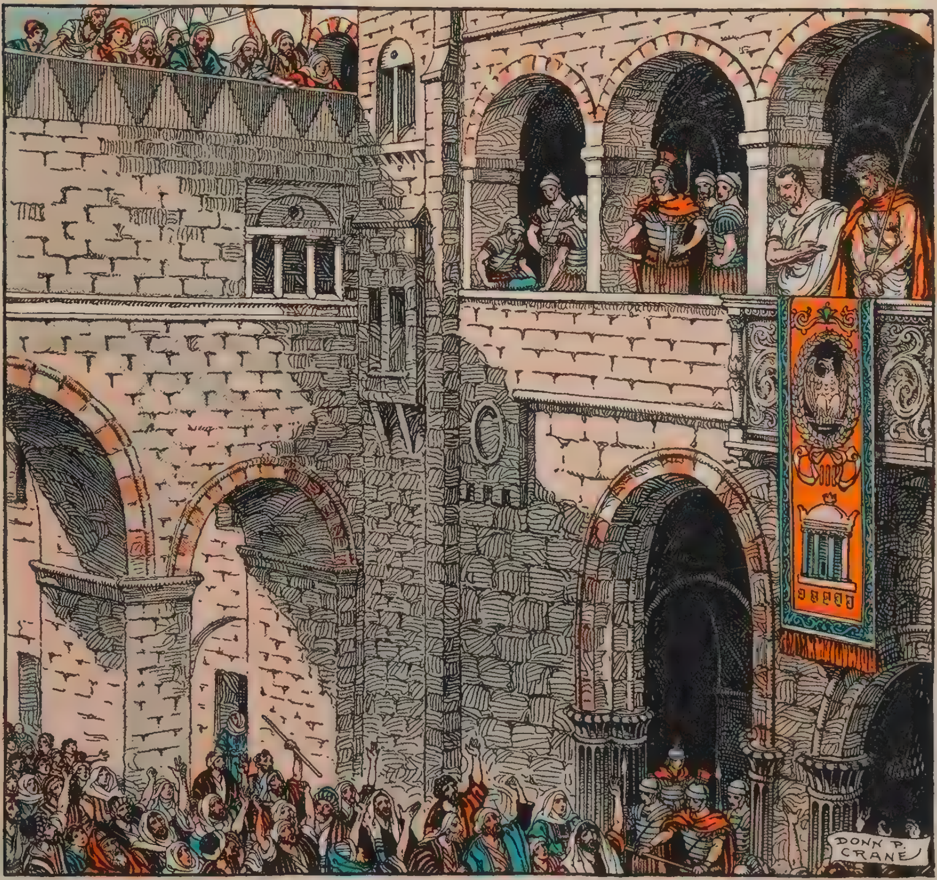
Now at the feast the governor was wont to set free at the request of the multitude, one condemned prisoner, whomsoever they chose. And there was then in the prison a notable robber named Bar-ab′bas. Pilate therefore said to the crowd: "Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus which is called Christ?"

But the chief priests stirred up the multitude so that they cried: "Away with this Jesus! Set Barabbas free!"

And Pilate, wishing to content the multitude, released unto them Barabbas. And when the soldiers had scourged Jesus, they led him to the court yard and put on him a purple robe; and they plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head and a reed in his hand for a sceptre, and they kneeled down and mocked him saying: "Hail, King of the Jews!"



Jesus before Herod An′tip-as whither Pilate sent him on discovering he came from Herod's province, Galilee.



Pilate shows Jesus to the mob from the loggia adjoining the Judgment Hall. All through history in every nation, great leaders of thought like Jesus have stood alone with the crowd against them. It was not a race of people who condemned Jesus; it was the resistance to progressive thought which has crucified great leaders in every race and age, and still often continues to crucify them. Just so the Greeks condemned Socrates. Part of the arch in this picture still exists in Jerusalem and is called *The Ecce Homo Arch.* Adjoining it is a room in which can be seen today a pavement marked for a game by the Roman soldiers of Pilate's palace when they were off-guard. The Jewish council, or San'he-drin, could judge Jesus but only the Roman governor, Pilate, could sentence him.

And Pilate went out again and said to the multitude: "I bring him out to you but I find no crime in him!"

Jesus therefore came out, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple garment, and Pilate said: "Behold the man!"

And the chief priests and officers cried: "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

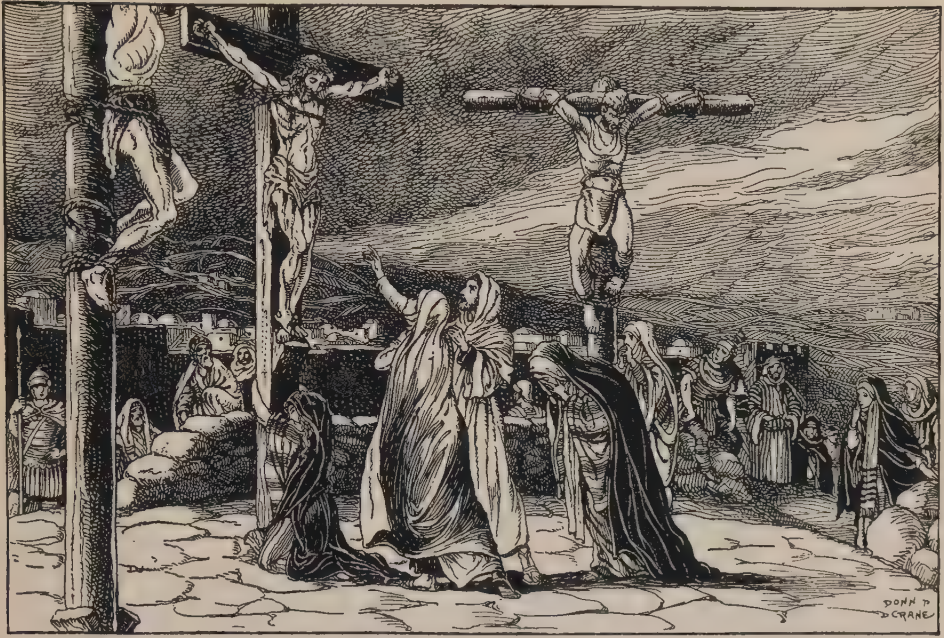
Pilate saith unto them: "Crucify him yourselves!"

And when the Jews had mocked Jesus, they took off the purple robe and put his own garments on him and led him away to be crucified. And they laid hold on one Simon of Cy-re′ne, coming from the country, and made him bear Jesus' cross. And there followed him a great multitude of the people and of women who bewailed him.

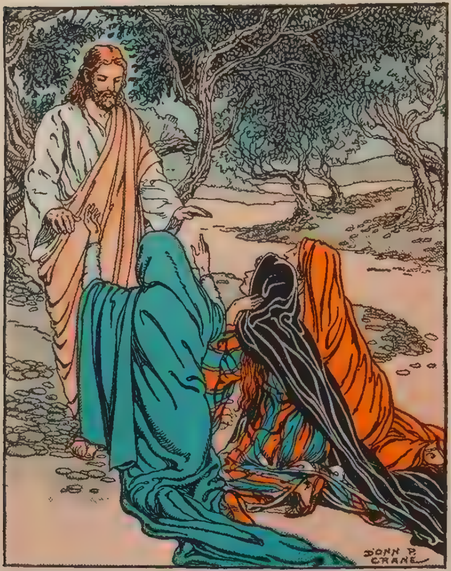
And they brought him unto the place Gol′go-tha, which is, being interpreted: The skull! And they offered him wine mingled with myrrh, but he refused it. And at nine o'clock in the morning they crucified him and cast lots for his garments and wrote his accusation above him: *The King of the Jews.* And with him they crucified two robbers, one on his right hand and one on his left. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads and saying: "He saved others, himself he cannot save! Let the Christ, the King of Israel, come down from the cross that we may see and believe!"

But Jesus said: "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do." And there were standing by the cross Mary, the mother of Jesus, with John, his beloved disciple, and some few faithful women. And when Jesus beheld his mother, who had held such high hopes for his future, now standing bowed with sorrow, his heart yearned to comfort her and he said, "Woman, behold thy son!" and he said to John: "Behold thy mother!" And from that hour John took Mary unto his own home and she dwelt there.

Now there came a great darkness over the land, and at three o'clock in the afternoon Jesus cried out and said: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And he said: "I thirst!" So they took a sponge full of vinegar and hyssop and put it on a reed and brought it up to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he cried with a loud voice and said: "Father, into thine hands I commit my spirit," and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.



So ended for the Scribes and Pharisees the life of Jesus. The last act in that great drama of self-sacrificing love was, for the Pharisees, closed. Once more a great leader of thought, the greatest leader this time that the world had ever known, had found the crowd against him and cried to dull ears his glorious invitation to all men to wake up out of their dream of materialism and sorrow, and find their true selves as the vigorous, loving, joyous sons of God. The good news of love and brotherhood in obedience to the spirit of love, which is God in the human heart, had again been refused by men. But for the faithful watchers who took the body down from the cross and laid it in its rock-hewn tomb, there was another ending. Mary Magdalene and other women coming on Sunday with spices to anoint the body, found the tomb of Jesus empty. Their master had risen! He had proved that life is deathless. He had risen from the dead!



The faithful women see Jesus risen from the dead.

And the women departed quickly from the sepulchre with awe and great joy: and as they ran to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them saying: "All hail!" And they came and held him by the feet. Then said Jesus unto them: "Be not afraid. Go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee and there shall they see me."

But behold, some of the soldiers who had been set to watch the tomb, came into the city and told the chief priests all that was come to pass. And when the chief priests had taken council with the elders, they gave large sums of money unto the soldiers saying: "Say ye, his disciples came by night and stole his body away while we slept." So the soldiers took the money and did as they were told; and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.

Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And Jesus came and spake unto them saying: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the son and of the holy spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."

And while he blessed them, he disappeared from their sight and the disciples returned to Jerusalem with joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.

XIII

Christianity Conquers the Empire

(29 A.D.—313 A.D.)

Paul, a Soldier of Christ

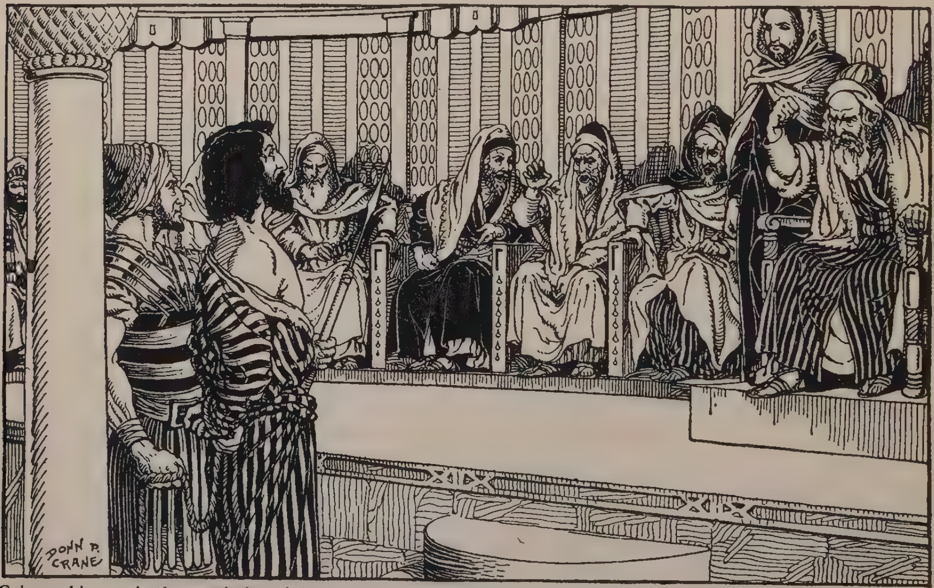
Such experiences as the disciples had had, had left impressions so deep that they could never forget them. Returning to Jerusalem with Mary, the mother of Jesus, and certain of his brothers who had now accepted his teachings, they spent some time in retirement, readjusting their thoughts.

Their Master's life had been glorious, attended by so many incidents unusual in the extreme, his personality had been so vital, so loving and so strong,—what would they do without him? They idolized him, they worshiped him. His spirit of love, and purity, and utter trust in God had healed men of sin and trouble, and now, in that same spirit, they, too, must go forth in his name and redeem mankind from evil; but more and more the disciples set Jesus himself apart and made him fit into that ancient, traditional, national conception of a Messiah, from which they had never parted, for all the attempts of Jesus to make them understand. The naturalness and simplicity of the Jesus who had walked the earth in their company, vanished in their thoughts into a vivid picture of a heavenly Messiah sitting at the right hand of God. This heavenly Christ would return to earth and establish the Kingdom for Israel; therefore they must go forth and prepare the hearts of men to make them worthy of his coming.

Soon they appeared again, teaching in the temple, healing sin and sickness, and gathering great crowds to them. Their followers sold their possessions, owned all things in common and ate at a common table. The leaders were Peter and John, and James, the brother of Jesus, with Bar′na-bas, a Jew from Cyprus, and Stephen, a man full of faith.

Now the chief priests had thought that by killing Jesus, they would stamp out the faith he had taught, yet here it cropped out again, claiming greater numbers than ever! In their rage, they seized Peter and John, tried them before the San'he-drin, and caused them to be flogged; but in spite of all they had suffered, the disciples boldly came and preached in the temple daily. And those who denied that Jesus was the Messiah likewise denied all he taught, while those who believed that Jesus was the fulfilment of ancient promises, accepted what he had said, convinced that he had revealed to men the whole glorious nature of God, and the glorious possibilities of the man whom God had made. Thus the disciples made much of believing that Jesus was the Christ.

At last the chief priests took Stephen and dragged him before the Sanhedrin, trying him for his life, but as they stared at him steadily, they saw no fear in his face, which shone with a glad inward light like the glowing face of an angel.



Calm and joyous in the conviction of the truth of Jesus' teachings, Stephen faces the San'he-drin while Saul stands by.

Calmly Stephen answered the charges made against him. The mass of Jews he said, had always rebelled against the visions of their greatest men, even against that Moses whom they so deeply revered. "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcized in heart and ears," he cried. "Ye do always resist the Holy Spirit! Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain those men which before foretold the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers!"

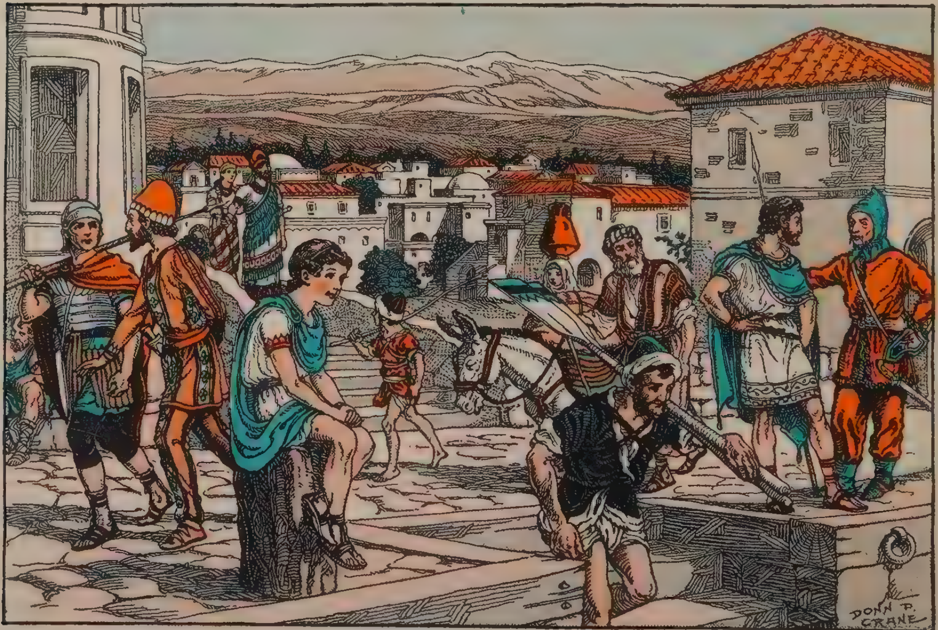
The Council was in an uproar. Men ground their teeth for rage and stopped their ears not to hear. But Stephen, exalted in spirit, never heeded the danger. He kept his eyes fixed wholly on his glowing inner vision; and he cried: "I see the heavens opened and the son of Man sitting at the right hand of God!"

Then the members of the Council rushed on him all together. They dragged him out of the city and stoned him. And Stephen fell on his knees and cried: "Lord, lay not this sin up against them!" And with these words, he died.

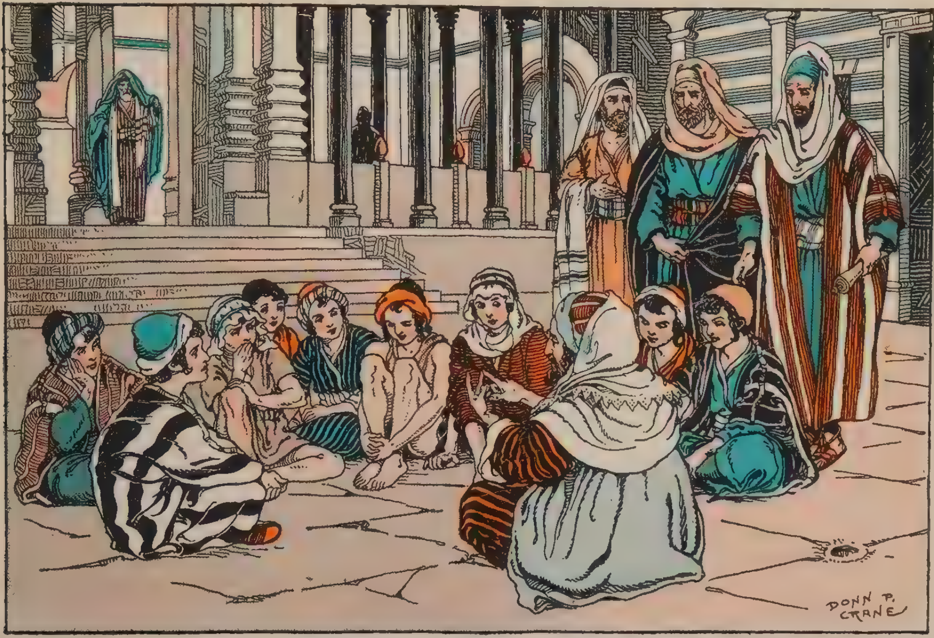
Then the followers of Jesus were persecuted and driven from Jerusalem, and a fiery young man named Saul, a member of the Council who had consented to Stephen's death and stood by and watched the stoning, went searching from house to house, dragging out men and women, seeing them flogged and slain.

This resolute, energetic, vigorous, young fellow was a native of distant Tar′sus, a large and important city far to the north and westward in what was Gentile country. His family were Jews of the Dispersion,—distinguished and honorable people,—his father was a Roman citizen and Saul himself was free-born. True Hebrew though he was in the strength of his moral fibre and the warmth of his feeling for God, he had yet not been brought up in the narrow, ingrowing manner of the strictly Ju-da′ic Jews.

Tarsus was a Gentile city; the streets were swarming with people from everywhere in the world—scholars who had come to attend the great university, sailors and merchants from every corner of earth. Saul as a child, had had Greek and Roman playmates who called him Paul in place of the Hebrew Saul. He could speak Greek as well as he could Ar′a-ma′ic or Hebrew, and among his earliest memories were the great wharves and the sea, inviting dreams of adventure, and enlarging all a boy's outlook with the far, unbounded sweep of their endless succession of waves. Whether he would or no, this young Saul of Tarsus was a Hel′len-is′-tic Jew; the vast expanse of the sea, the crowds of different races thronging the streets of Tarsus, the larger, freer atmosphere of the Hellenistic world were in his heart and soul, no matter how much he prided himself on being a Pharisee.

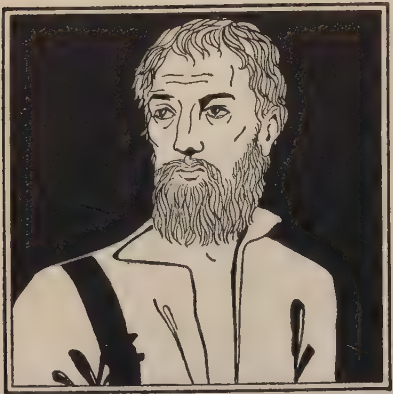


The boy Saul amid crowds of people, barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free,—beholds ships from all the world arrive at Tarsus. His thought broadens and germs of rebellion are sown against the narrow ritual of Phar′i-sa′ic Law.



In one of the temple-courts, Saul has his education at the feet of Ga-ma′li-el, most liberal of the rabbis. When Jewish leaders were about to deal violently with Peter and John, it was Gamaliel who said: "Let these men alone, for if this work be of men it will be overthrown, but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow it." Such was Saul's chief teacher. To this day in mosques of the Orient, young men sit in this fashion about teachers, who expound the Ko-ran′, with listeners standing by, and now and then squatting down to join the group of students.

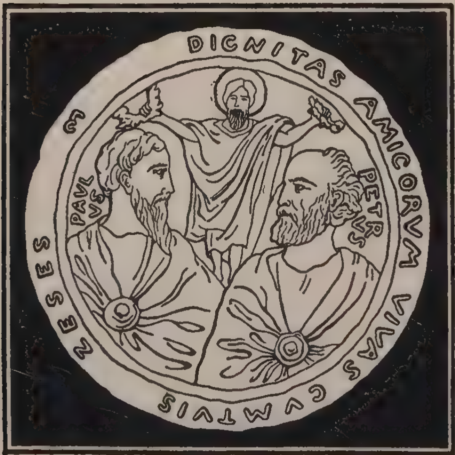
True, he had gone as a boy to be educated in Jerusalem; but his teacher had been Ga-ma′li-el, most liberal of the rabbis. During the ministry of Jesus, Saul had been in Tarsus and had never seen the Master; but after the crucifixion he had returned to Jerusalem to become a rabbi himself. Whole-heartedly he had tried to accept the Jewish system, to think of Jerusalem as the center of the universe, to hold that when the Messiah appeared, all other nations would bow to Judea and be forced to accept the whole of the Phar′i-sa′ic Law; but, try as he would, this young Saul, with the beat of the sea in his heart and the memory of wide horizons lighting his inmost soul, could not adjust himself to the narrow national view. Moreover, in other ways he was feeling the pricks in his spirit and vainly kicking against



An early portrait believed to be Paul (Catacombs).

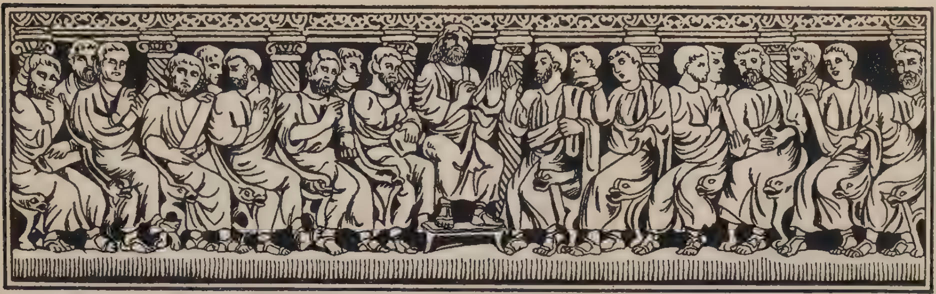
them. The Law did not satisfy him,—even to himself he would never have acknowledged this fact. Nevertheless, it was true,—the purity and justice, the knowledge that God is one for which Hebrew religion stood, commanded his deepest devotion; but keeping the whole Mo-sa′ic code with its non-essential rites,—laws about unclean meats and what one might do on the Sabbath, had in the mind of Saul no actual connection with that nobility of soul for which he inwardly yearned. Even the very essentials of Moses' Ten Commandments were stated as "Thou shalt nots."—Don't do this, don't do that! Paul was secretly longing for a positive inspiration to *do* and not to *don't*.

A doer he certainly was, devoted with all the strength of his vigorous, active soul to whatever at the moment he deemed worthy of his zeal. For that reason he gave himself now to protecting his ancient faith which he believed was threatened by the growth of this new creed. Yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter, he secured letters from the High Priest and set out for Damascus to search for Christians there and bring them back with him bound.


DIGNITAS AMICORVM VIVAS CVM TVIS
ZESES
PAVL VS
PETR VS

Jesus blesses Peter and Paul. A 3rd cent. glass communion cup from the Catacombs, underground burial places where Christians worshiped to avoid persecution.

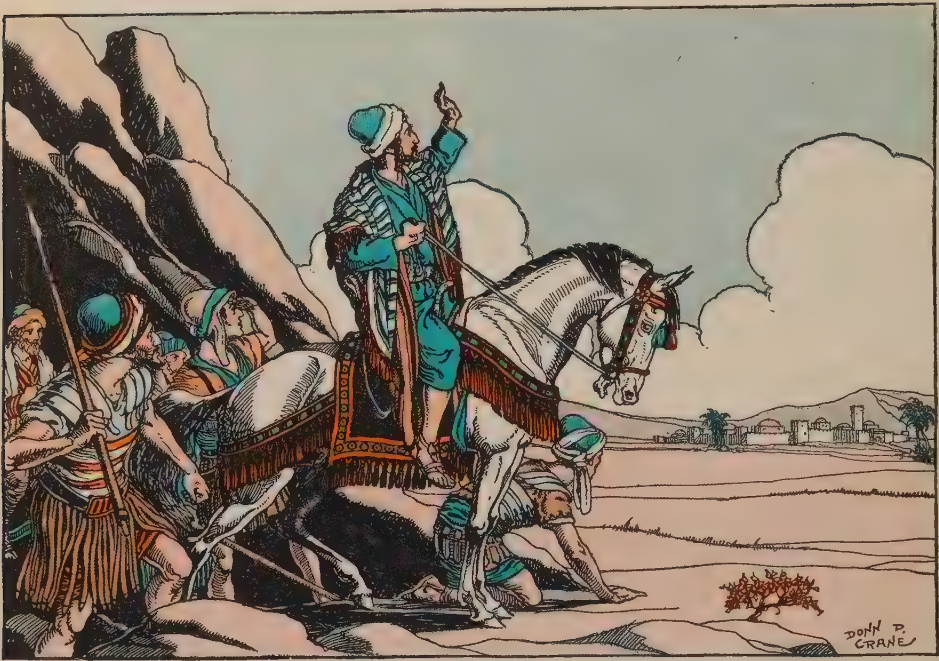
Coming down from the mountain ridge, he crossed the plain of Es′dra-e′lon beyond which Nazareth lay, the



Jesus and the Twelve Apostles in chairs with arms shaped as dolphins. A 4th century sarcophagus from Rigneiux-le-Franc, now in the Louvre. Fish were a symbol of the early Christians because the Greek word for fish was formed by the first letters in the statement, "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour."

city whence Jesus had come. What was there about that man Jesus? Stephen had been his follower, and Saul could never forget the light on Stephen's face,—Stephen dying so calmly and praying for those who slew him. What was it all about? What gave the man his strength, his courage, and inward joy? And those other men and women whom Saul had been persecuting,—sometimes he came upon them eating at their common table, rich and poor alike. Sometimes he found them in the midst of loving service to one another. He had seen them when their faith was on trial, being flogged, or shut up in prison, or even sentenced to death, but always, whatever they did, in any situation, they had that exalted joy, that sense of something glorious that had come and uplifted their lives.

What was it all about? He had pondered the question so often. He had no joy in his life, no warmth and sunshine like that. Vainly trying to keep the details of Mosaic Law had not brought him that inspiration. What was it all about? Crossing the River Jordan 700 feet below sea level, he entered the dark and solemn gorge of the gloomy, breathless Yar′muk, like the valley of the shadow of Death. Tediously he climbed. Life under Pharisaic Law was as gloomy and oppressive as that dark and stifling canyon, as narrow and restricted as those overwhelming walls.



Leaving the gloomy valley, as narrow and cramping as Phar′i-sa′ic Law, Paul emerges into the bright light of noon.

Suddenly he emerged, he came up out of the valley into the bright light of noon; he stood on a high plateau where the wind blew and the sun shone, and there in the distance Damascus lay, a rich and luxuriant oasis, blooming green and fruitful beneath the glistening white of Mt. Hermon's fields of snow. And all at once on his darkened soul there likewise burst a light. The climax had come, the crisis of all his long-repressed yearnings. There shined round about him a light and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

And he said: "Who art thou, Lord?"

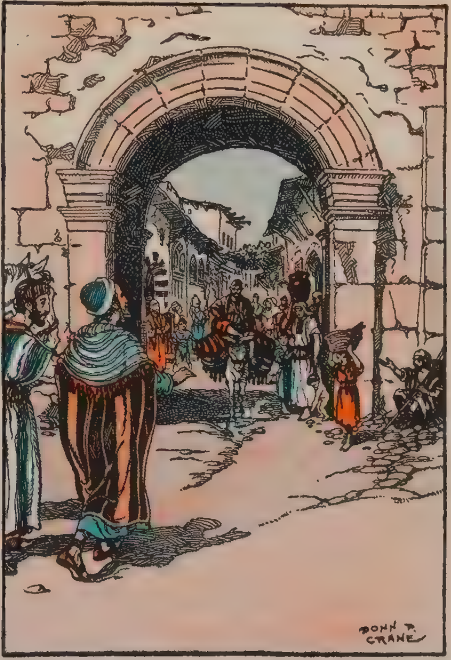
And the Lord said: "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

And Saul trembling and astonished said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

And the Lord said: "Arise and go into the city and it shall be told thee what to do!" And so vivid had the vision been, so brilliantly illumining, that Paul was struck blind; his followers must needs lead him to a house in the Street called Straight; and there for three days he stayed, neither eating nor drinking, but thinking of what had occurred, and letting it sink in deeply and penetrate his whole soul.

The light of the glorious gospel of Christ had shone unto him! That uplifting inner joy, that quickening, pulsating urge, that invigorating spirit which is the presence of God within the hearts of men,—this had come to him too,—Jesus himself had revealed it! Saul was free at last, free from the bondage of the Law. He was free through love alone, through such love as Jesus had felt, and not through fear of punishment or by the aid of rules, to develop his best capacities, to live a noble life,—to serve mankind for the joy of it and not for rewards and punishments! It was like being born again. Saul was indeed a new creature! Never did he doubt but that Jesus himself had appeared to him and commissioned him to go forth and preach this glorious news to all the nations of earth!

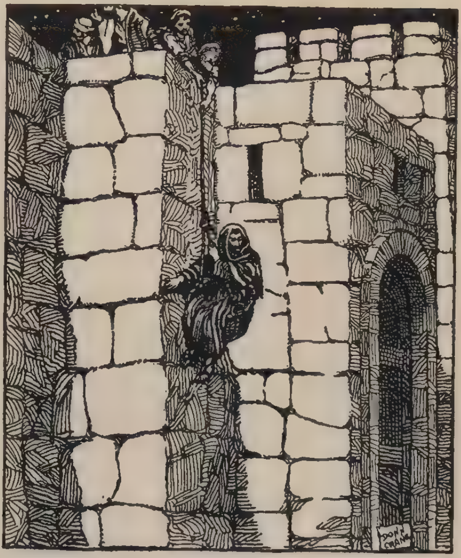
When his sight had been restored, Saul went off alone to Arabia, to digest his one great moment and to put on his whole armor as a fighting soldier of Christ.



Paul is led into Damascus through the Gateway of the Street called Straight. Arch from a photograph. Crooked streets are the rule in the Orient, and a straight street so unusual as to give the street its name.

Who was better qualified than he to carry the truth to the Gentiles? He knew Greek thought and feeling. He had lived from his birth in the midst of it. And how broad had been Jesus' own vision, how Greek as well as how Hebrew! Grace, graciousness, gracefulness, had come into life through Jesus,—ease, spontaneity, naturalness, dignity, simplicity,—how the Greeks loved these qualities and likewise how Jesus loved them! The Law had come by Moses but grace and truth came by Jesus! Jesus would have made an art and not a science of living. He would have had men master the few necessary rules as an artist masters technique, and then express beauty in life through the inspiration of love, as an artist creates a statue, ever acknowledging God as the source of that inspiration. And freedom,—how the Greeks loved it, but likewise how Jesus loved it, the freedom, not of license which is capable of all ugliness, but the freedom of perfect self-mastery needing no outward compulsion to bring forth the fruits of beauty. How the Greek needed the Jew and how the Jew needed the Greek! They were not at enmity as they thought. Only the worst in each was at odds with the other—the best in each completed and rounded out the other, and both found fulfillment in Christ. The Greek needed Hebrew uprightness, love of moral values, and warm living sense of God—the Jew needed Greek love of beauty, of freedom, and of truth. There shall be neither Greek nor Jew, but Christ is all and in all,—so Paul continued to muse. And the urge of his deep consecration and loyalty to Jesus settled down in his heart into a steady flame.

He came back to Damascus to preach for three years in Jesus' name; but when the Jews of Damascus saw this man who had come to their city to persecute the followers of Jesus, actually publicly preaching that Jesus was the Christ, they were infuriated and took counsel together to kill him, watching the gates day and night to seize him as he went out.

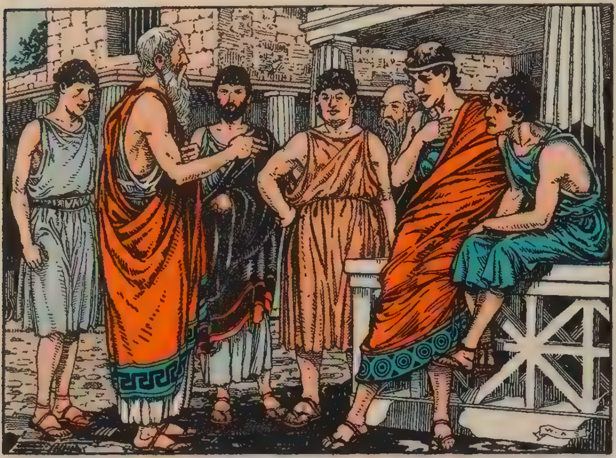


Paul's disciples lower him from the ancient city-walls in a basket and he escapes from Damascus by night.

So Paul's disciples secretly let him down in a basket over the city wall and he escaped to Jerusalem.

Now Peter and John and James, the brother of Jesus, the head of the Church in Jerusalem, could not really believe that Paul had been converted. Not until their friend, Bar′na-bas, interceded with them, did they listen to Paul's story and give him the right hand of fellowship. Thereafter, Paul boldly preached in the temple, but the Jews in a rage sought to slay him; so the brethren took him to Caes′a-re′a and sent him back to Tarsus.

For seven years henceforth, in the city of his birth and the country round about, Paul was to work out the problem of how to present the teachings of Jesus to the Gentiles. The mass of common Greeks still clung to their ancient faith. Fear of the gods oppressed them and death offered no relief because it was held to be the end of all existence or the entrance to a shadowy, colorless kingdom under the earth. Many thought Fortune, Fate, or Chance was the ruler of human destiny, but the most cultured and thoughtful who had long since ceased to believe in the gods of Mt. Olympus, were seeking a reasonable faith that would satisfy the deepest religious necessities of man's soul. Six hundred years before Christ, Xe-noph′a-nes had said that there was one God only, and that he could not be represented in human form because he is "all sight, all mind, all ear, and without effort rules everything by thought."

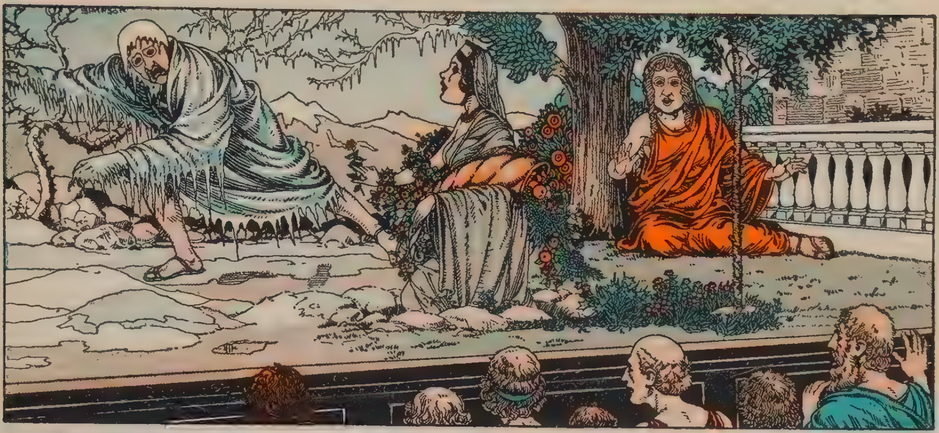


A Sto′ic philosopher on the street corner in Paul's day, tells the common people that *Divine Reason* is their Creator and urges them to be modest, faithful, sublime, unterrified, dispassionate, tranquil. But he appeals only to their intellects. His God remains a cold and distant theory. His words leave men unresponsive and still religiously hungry; for he says nothing about love, joy, hope, exaltation of spirit and the power over evil that come from being one with God. Men groping for these vital religious experiences of *feeling* turn from the philosophies of intellect to the mystery religions.

The most serious attempts to meet the religious needs of the age were in the philosophies of Ep′i-cu-re′an-ism and Sto′i-cism. For the Ep′i-cu-re′an, truth consisted in what one could feel, hear, and see, and the universe was governed by purposeless, unintelligent motions of matter; but to the Sto′ic the primary thing was Reason or rational force, the force of intelligent thinking. This Log′os, or Divine Reason, was God giving life to the world. All that happened therefore, must be in accordance with reason, and the only evil was the deeds of men who neglected to live reasonably.

In the days of Paul, Stoicism was the finest and most widely accepted philosophy of the Gentile world, and its preachers on the street corners, telling men that Divine Reason was their Creator and dwelt in their hearts, and that they should live rationally, in harmony with one another, modest, faithful, sublime, unterrified, and tranquil, choosing good and not evil, were giving philosophy, once the possession of the most educated only, to the common man of the streets. Nevertheless, their God remained a cold intellectual theory, by which men could neither warm their hearts nor fire their spirits. Philosophers all ignored *feeling* as a key to the soul of man.

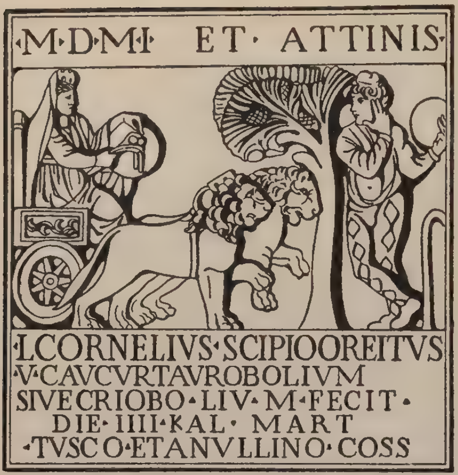
Those Gentiles who wished to *feel after* God rather than



The El′eu-sin′i-an Mysteries attempt to meet the needs of those Gentiles who are sincerely seeking to *feel* as well as to *think* after God. As the candidates witness the dramatic presentation of the triumph of Spring over Winter in the rising of Mother Earth's daughter, Per-seph′o-ne, from the underground realms of the dead, to which the god Ha′des has dragged her (see page 133), they actually *feel* an exalted sense of the triumph of Life over Death, the victory of joy over sorrow and man's unity with Life. Purity was demanded in candidates for these mysteries; the Emperor Augustus was initiated, but the Emperor Nero was so base that he dared not apply for admission. The Eleusinian mysteries were the noblest of these faiths of *feeling*. Paul recognized man's necessity for *feeling* as well as *thinking* after God (Acts 17:27), and while he could talk the philosophy of Christianity with the best of the intellectuals, as in his address at Athens, he frequently referred to his teachings concerning the Christ as the true *mystery*, revealing man's unity with God and the certainty of eternal life. I Cor. 2:7, Eph. 3:3, 4.

to *think after* Him, went not to the philosophers, but to the mystery religions which offered through their emotions to bring them in touch with the gods. Many of these strange faiths merely roused a religious frenzy by orgies of dancing or drinking; but the El′eu-sin′i-an Mysteries appealed to an honest, humble, genuine desire to be uplifted in spirit, to feel the presence of God, and to know that life is eternal.

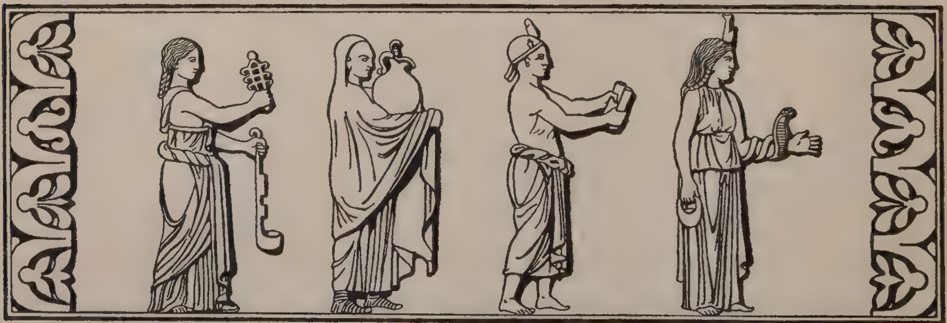
Applicants for initiation, exalted in heart by a series of purification rites accompanied by prayer and fasting and vows to be pure of soul, marched from Athens to E-leu′sis, bearing the sacred symbols of De-me′ter, Mother Earth, and the climax of their emotions came when a great religious drama was impressively presented in the hall of the rites at Eleusis. The story of Per-seph′o-ne rising from the realm of the dead, to greet her mother Demeter, and bring Springtime back each year to vanquish the death of Winter, made them *feel* an exalted sense of the triumph of Life over Death, the victory of joy over sorrow, and man's unity with Life.



Less noble than the El′eu-sin′i-an Mysteries, was the Oriental mystery of Cyb′e-le, the Phrygian earth-goddess, and At′tis, her husband, who dies in Winter and comes to life in Spring. This religion, like the Egyptian mystery of Osiris and Isis, the Greek Aphrodite and A-do′nis, and the Babylonian Ish′tar and Tam′muz, promised eternal life to the initiated by bringing them into communion with a god who had conquered death, but all these religions roused material sensation and emotional frenzy, rather than genuine joy, hope, and exaltation of spirit. This bas-relief of an altar to Cybele, the Magna Mater and Attis was found in Italy. It represents Cybele in her chariot drawn by lions roaming a forest in search of her beloved Attis who stands behind his sacred tree, the pine. (Villa Albani, Rome).

Paul seized on such truth as there was in all contemporary Greek thought, explaining Christianity in terms the Gentile could understand, and his listeners understood him in their varying degrees.

Now when Paul had been seven years in Tarsus, his friend Barnabas, who had been sent by the Jerusalem apostles to see that Christians were correctly taught in the neighboring city of Antioch-in-Ci-lic′i-a, asked Paul to come and help him. Perplexing problems had risen. Jewish Christians did not wish to eat with Gentiles,—according to Pharisaic law it rendered them unclean. This prejudice had to be met with the gospel of brotherhood. For two years Paul stayed at Antioch. There was plenty of work to do.

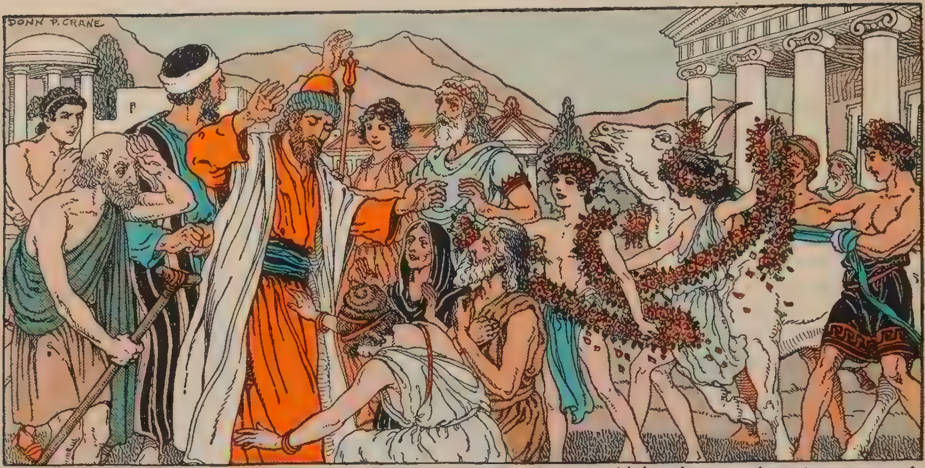


A procession in the Egyptian mystery of I′sis, who twice brought her dead husband O-si′ris to life. (See Volume I, page 101.) A priestess leads the procession, in her right hand the sacred vessel of Isis, on her left arm the Egyptian serpent. Next comes the holy scribe with the sacred book, a prophet with a jar of Nile water, and a girl with a spoon, and sistrum, or sacred rattle. Candidates for initiation into the Isis and Osiris mystery were conducted through a series of scenes in the temple depicting the experience of death, the abode of the blessed after death, and the glory of standing in the presence of the gods. From a bas relief found at Rome.

But now Paul's great dreams of carrying Christianity wider afield, impelled him at last to start on his first great missionary journey. In a little wooden sailing vessel, he and Barnabas set out, and with them went John Mark, Barnabas' young cousin, recently come from Jerusalem.

The three crossed the island of Cyprus from one end to the other, then went over to Per′ga in the low Pam-phyl′i-an coast-land. Here the young Mark turned back. His devotion was not sufficient to carry him through to the end, but the older men went on, far up into the mountains, to Antioch-in-Pi-sid′i-a. Paul offered Christianity first in the plain little Jewish Synagogues, conspicuous for their simplicity among the splendid buildings of a Graeco-Roman world; but whenever the Jews cast him out, he carried on his work through the Gentiles. From Antioch and the neighboring city, I-co′ni-um, Paul and Barnabas were driven by mobs aroused by the Jews, and so they came to Lys′tra.

Wherever the two apostles went, they preached and healed the sick, and in the streets of Lystra, Paul perceived a lame man, who had never walked from his birth, and seeing that he had faith to be cured, Paul said to him loudly: "Stand on your feet!" The cripple, therefore, sprang up and began to walk about. Then the crowd, thinking that no mere human being could have wrought such a cure, began to shout: "The Gods have come down to us in human form!" They called Barnabas, Zeus, and Paul, Hermes, and the priest of the temple of Zeus came with crowds of people to the gates, bringing bulls and garlands, to sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas. It was Paul's first great battle with those who thought his works supernatural and refused to recognize him as a simple, every-day man, revealing the splendid capacities that lay in every man, whose spirit had found its own power through knowledge of the goodness of God. And he and Barnabas rushed into the crowd, tearing



Paul and Bar′na-bas, with difficulty restrain the crowd at Lys′tra from worshiping these two honest men as gods.

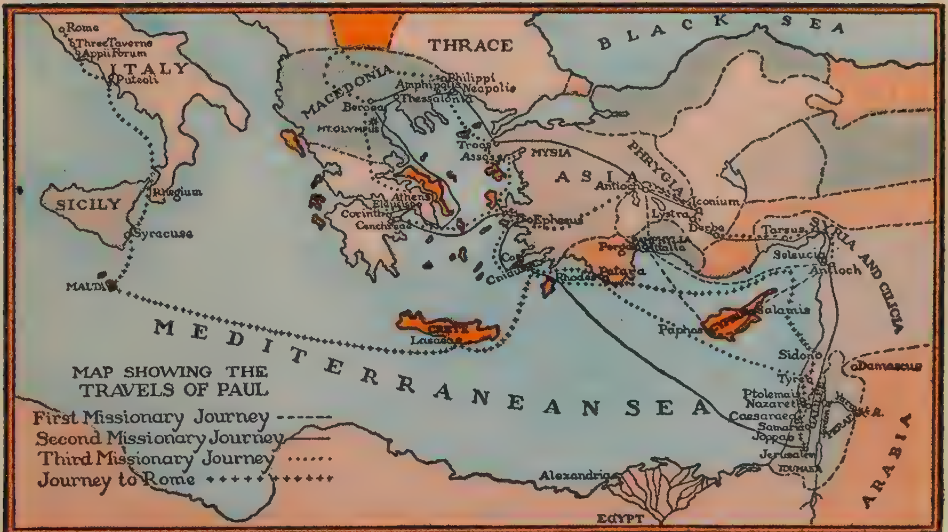
their clothes and shouting, "Friends, why are you doing this? We are only human beings like you and we bring you the good news that you should turn from such follies to a living God who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that they contain!"

Then the people, stirred up by Jews from Antioch and I-co′ni-um, stoned Paul and threw him out of the city supposing that he was dead. Howbeit as his disciples stood round about him, Paul rose and went on to Derbe, and from there he turned back again, resolutely revisiting the cities that had driven him out. So he returned to his starting point, Antioch-in-Ci-lic′i-a, having been gone two years and traveled 1400 miles.

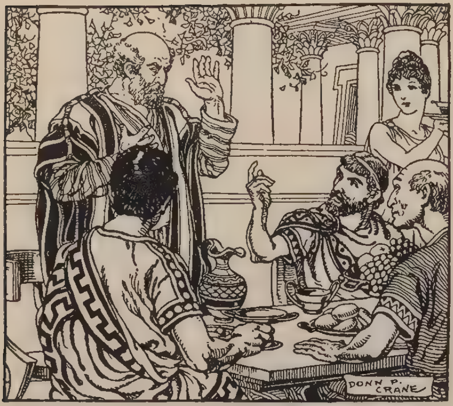
The internationalizing of Christianity was by no means an easy task. Certain Jewish Christians, who looked on the teachings of Jesus as merely a new chapter in the history of Judaism, now insisted that all Christians must keep the Mosaic Law, circumcision, observing Sabbaths, eating only such meats as Mosaic Law declared clean. The controversy was bitter. Paul and Barnabas had to go to Jerusalem, taking with them the Gentile Titus, who, the Jewish

Christians insisted, must be circumcized. Paul fought for his principle of freedom with all the strength of his spirit, and at last Peter, James, and John agreed,—Paul should preach Christ without circumcision to the Gentiles, and they would preach in Jerusalem, and there conserve the Law.

Not long after this, Peter paid Paul a visit at Antioch, and being swept along by the new atmosphere of freedom which prevailed among Antioch Christians, the generous impulsive Peter sat down and ate with the Gentiles. The Jewish Christians were horrified,—Peter was breaking the Law! They brought pressure to bear on James, the head of the Jerusalem Church, till he sent a delegation to Antioch to make a protest to Peter. Peter yielded to their arguments, refused to eat with the Gentiles, and carried all the Jews, even Barnabas, with him. Another real crisis had come in Paul's battle for the freedom of the gospel. Vigorously he protested. Publicly, before all, he sharply rebuked Peter, and so brought the Jews back again to his liberal point of view.


MAP SHOWING THE TRAVELS OF PAUL
First Missionary Journey ------
Second Missionary Journey ——
Third Missionary Journey ......
Journey to Rome ++++++++++++
Rome
Three Taverne
Appii Forum
ITALY
Puteoli
SICILY
Rhegium
Syracuse
MALTA
THRACE
BLACK SEA
MACEDONIA
Philippi
Amphipolis
Neapolis
Thessalonica
Beroea
MT. OLYMPUS
Troas
Assos
MYSIA
Athens
Eleusis
Corinth
Cenchreae
ASIA
PHRYGIA
Antioch
Iconium
Lystra
Derbe
Ephesus
Cos
Cnidus
Rhodes
PAMPHYLIA
Perga
Attalia
Patara
Tarsus
SYRIA AND CILICIA
Seleucia
Antioch
CRETE
Lasaea
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CYPRUS
Salamis
Paphos
Sidon
Tyre
Damascus
Ptolemais
Nazareth
Caesarea
Samaria
Joppa
Jerusalem
IDUMAEA
Alexandria
EGYPT
ARABIA

Paul's three missionary journeys were to countries influenced by Greek thought; his final journey was to Rome.



Influenced by Jewish Christians, Peter refuses to eat with Gentiles. Paul had to struggle on the one hand with those who were bound by unimportant details of the Law, and on the other hand with those who interpreted his struggle for freedom as an occasion to be licentious and indulge all sorts of sins. "In Jesus Christ, neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision," he cried, "but *faith* which worketh by *love.* For brethren ye have been called unto *liberty*, only use not liberty *for an occasion to the flesh* but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

After this trouble with Peter, Paul purposed to start out on a second missionary journey. Barnabas wished to take his cousin, young Mark, along again, but Paul remembered how Mark had deserted them before and he would not consent to his going. The two men differed so sharply that at last they separated. Barnabas took Mark and sailed for his old home Cyprus; but Paul selected Silas and set out for the mainland of Greece, carrying Christianity, the Hebrew gift to the Greeks, over almost exactly the same route followed by Alexander the Great, when he had come bearing Greek culture and civilization to the Jews. At Lystra young Timothy, the son of a Jewess and a Greek, joined the party of Paul, and at Tro′as, Luke, a Greek physician from Phi-lip′pi, was likewise added to the group. Thus they went on to Philippi, and Paul found himself at last actually in Macedonia and on the mainland of Greece.

There was no synagogue in Philippi, but Paul and his followers preached at the Jewish praying place outside the city gates. Many converts were added, but a slave girl, practicing magic, annoyed Paul by following him and publicly approving him as though he and she were both engaged in the same sort of business. Luke wrote what occurred in his diary.

"Once as we were on our way to the praying place," he wrote, "a slave girl met us who had the gift of ventriloquism and made her masters a great deal of money by her fortune-telling. This girl would follow Paul and the rest of us crying out: 'These men are slaves of the Most High God and they are making known to you a way of salvation.'

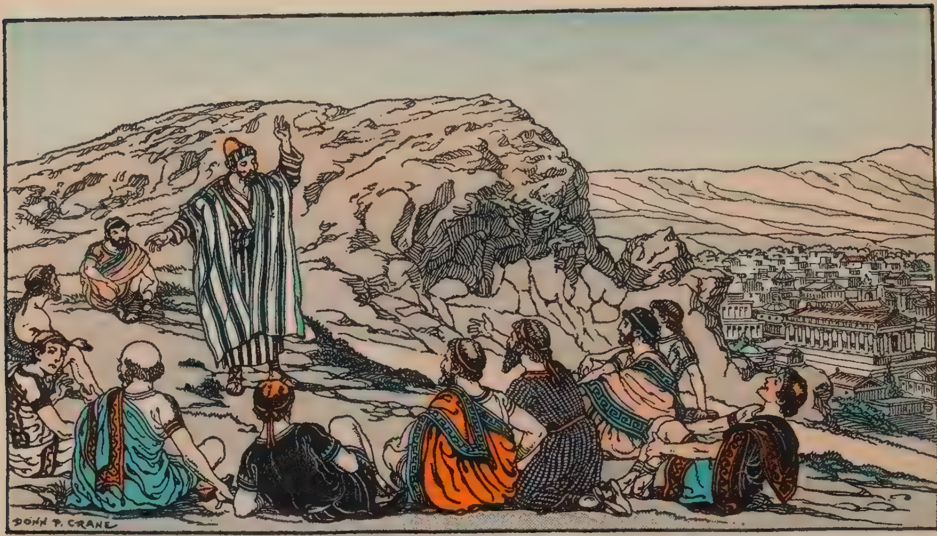
"She did this for a number of days until Paul, very much annoyed, turned and said to the spirit of evil that possessed her: 'In the name of Jesus Christ, I order you to come out of her.' And the girl was brought to herself and instantly changed in heart. But when her masters saw that their hope of profit from her was gone, they seized Paul and Silas and dragged them before the chief magistrates in the square.

"The crowd also joined in the attack and the magistrates ordered them beaten and put in jail; so the jailer put them in the inner cell and fastened their feet in the stocks. But about midnight as Paul and Silas were singing hymns of praise to God, there came an earthquake which shook the jail to its foundations. All the doors flew open and the prisoner's chains were undone. The jailer awoke and thinking his prisoners had escaped, drew his sword to kill himself, but Paul shouted: 'Stay! We are here!' Then the jailer, calling for lights, rushed in and fell trembling at the feet of Paul and Silas, saying, 'What must I do to be saved'?

"And Paul and Silas said: 'Believe in Jesus Christ!'

"So they told God's message to him and all his household, and he took them and washed their wounds. And the next day the magistrates let the prisoners go."

Then Paul and his comrades journeyed to Thes′sa-lon′i-ca; but being driven thence, Paul went on to Athens, the center of culture in the world. He had discussions there with the Jews in the synagogue, and in the public square with Epicureans and Stoics, any whom he happened to find. Some said: "What is this rag-picker telling us?" Others said: "He seems to be preaching some foreign divinity." And they used the word *daemon* for *divinity*, as though Paul had used the same word for God that Socrates had used.



Paul before the ancient council of the Ar′e-op′a-gus on Mars' Hill in Athens meets the Greek on his own ground of intellectual philosophy, reasoning as logically as a Stoic, piquing the intellectual pride of these intellectual gentlemen, yet telling them plainly that man is made to *feel* after God if haply he might find him. A statue to the Unknown God has been excavated in Sicily by Professor Mar-ko′ne. It had hair and two ears but no features.

So they brought Paul to the Ar′e-op′a-gus and said: "May we know just what this new teaching of yours is?"

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill and said:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious!" *Superstitious*,—there he struck fire! Such intellectual folk did not wish to be called superstitious! "For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: To the *Unknown* God. Whom therefore ye *ignorantly* worship, him declare I unto you!" *Ignorant* applied to Athenians! that word piqued again! "God that made the world and all things therein dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshiped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things; for in Him we live and move and have our being as certain also of your own poets have said:—'For we are also his offspring!' *"

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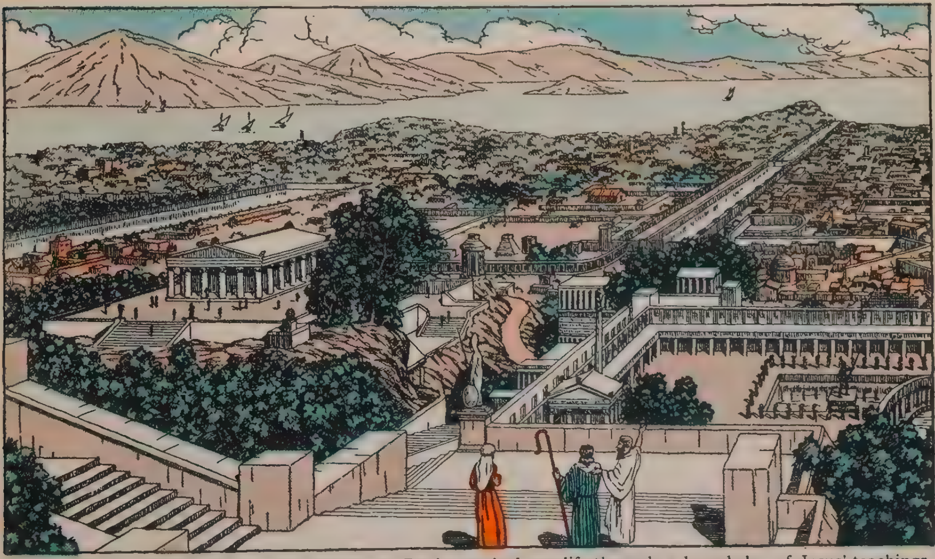
*This quotation is from the Greek poet Aratus (270 B. C.) who lived at So′li near Tarsus, Paul's birthplace.

Good Stoic doctrine all this, but when Paul spoke of Jesus and the resurrection from the dead, some jeered and some few believed. Paul was here among people whose religious sense had been blunted by constantly hearing new teachings to which they gave no more heed beyond momentarily satisfying the curiosity of their intellects.

Soon Paul left Athens for Corinth, a bustling commercial center where cargoes were transferred across the narrow isthmus on the regular route to the East. From here the throng of sailors would, he knew, carry his message to every part of the world. Paul found comfortable lodgings with Aq′ui-la and his wife Priscilla, Jews recently expelled from Rome by a general decree of Claudius. They were tentmakers like himself, and with them Paul worked at his trade in the spare time left from his preaching. For a year and a half he stayed here, and though the Jews opposed him and accused him to the pro-consul, Gal′li-o, Gallio acquitted him and he worked on at Corinth in peace.



Corinth, the beautiful but depraved city where Paul preached new life through a knowledge of Jesus' teachings.

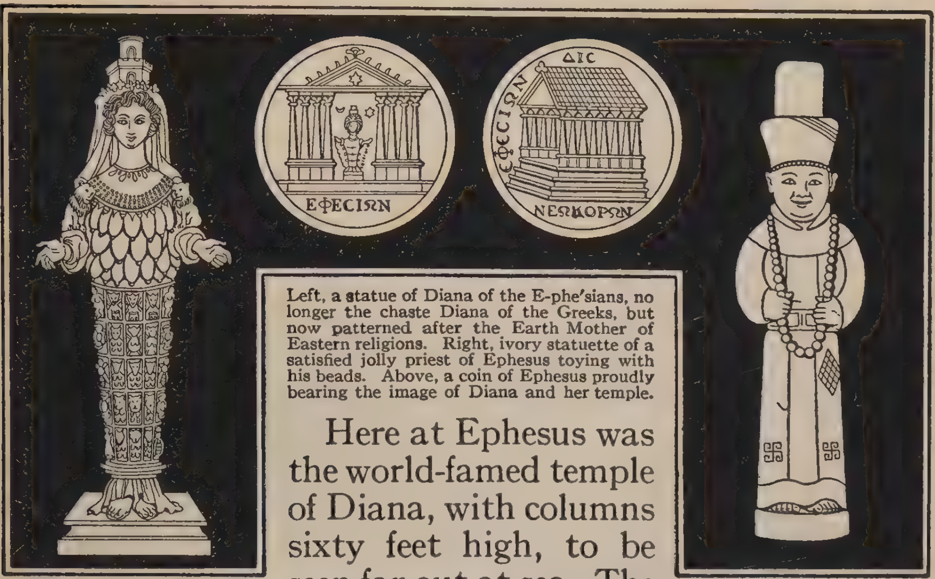
Timothy came to Corinth with news from Thes′sa-lon′-i-ca. The Christians there were complaining, the second coming of Jesus, which Paul had promised them, had been so long delayed; many of their number had died without seeing that glorious day. Paul sat down and dictated the first of his great letters. Let the Thes′sa-lo′ni-ans lead nobler, cleaner lives, have faith in the resurrection of their friends who had fallen asleep, and patiently work and wait for the joy that would surely come. Henceforth, some one of Paul's churches was always needing advice. He dictated many letters, sometimes adding a paragraph in his own big bold handwriting, and always sending warm greetings to his hosts of personal friends. How the man had changed since those days so many years ago when he persecuted the Christians! Now from the depths of his heart, he wrote that marvelous poem on love, so earnest and warmly sincere.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels
and have not love, I am become as sounding brass
or a tinkling cymbal!"

He had found that out through experience! He knew at last that love was the greatest thing in the world!

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,
and have not love, it profiteth me nothing!
Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not;
love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own;
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things,
endureth all things.
And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three,
but the greatest of these is love!"

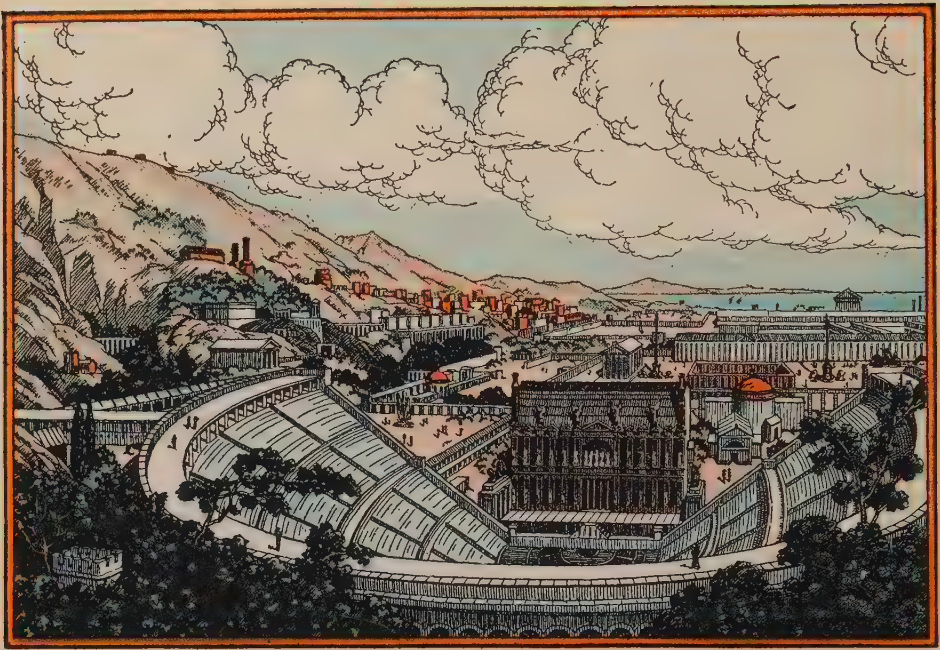
In his second missionary journey Paul traveled 2,000 miles and was gone almost two years, having founded churches at Phi-lip′pi, Thessalonica and Corinth. Nor did he remain long at Antioch-in-Cilicia on his return. Soon he was off for a third time, aiming now at Eph′e-sus, the largest and most influential city he had visited thus far.



Left, a statue of Diana of the E-phe′sians, no longer the chaste Diana of the Greeks, but now patterned after the Earth Mother of Eastern religions. Right, ivory statuette of a satisfied jolly priest of Ephesus toying with his beads. Above, a coin of Ephesus proudly bearing the image of Diana and her temple.

Here at Ephesus was the world-famed temple of Diana, with columns sixty feet high, to be seen far out at sea. The temple was hoary with age, and its ancient image of Diana was said to have fallen from the skies. Every pilgrim to Ephesus took home a copy of that image in terra-cotta, marble, or silver, and the temple attracted a multitude of pilgrims, tourists, refugees, priests, singers, servants, guides, image-makers, and bankers, a wonderful throng, indeed, to carry Paul's message abroad.

From the harbor of Ephesus, a fine colonnaded street led back for a mile to the theater which stood facing the distant bay, and along this street were lecture-halls, libraries, little temples, and the good-sized school of Tyr′an-nus, where Paul taught for two years or more when the Jews cast him out of the synagogue. Following his usual custom, Paul likewise healed the sick and drove the spirit of evil out of many people. Then certain Jewish exorcists, seven sons of the High-Priest Sce′va, thinking the words Paul spoke were a sort of magic formula by means of which they too might drive out evil spirits, called out over a crazy man: "I com-



Reconstruction of the ancient city of Ephesus showing the magnificent theater in the foreground. The riot of the brotherhood of image-makers against Paul took place in the city square just in the front of the theater.

mand you to come out of this man in the name of Jesus whom Paul preacheth!" But the crazy man sprang at them and overpowered them with violence, so they all ran out of his house, tattered, astonished, and bruised. News of this event spread abroad, and people now saw more clearly that Paul did no works of magic, but preached certain simple truths by which he did his great works, and many who had been accustomed to using magic formulae brought their books of magic and burned them in a great fire. And the truth Paul preached went on growing in influence and power.

Then a certain silversmith named De-me′tri-us, who had been making large profits by the sale of his silver images of Diana, grew alarmed lest Paul's power should destroy his thriving business, and he called together the brotherhood of image-makers with other trade-unions, saying:

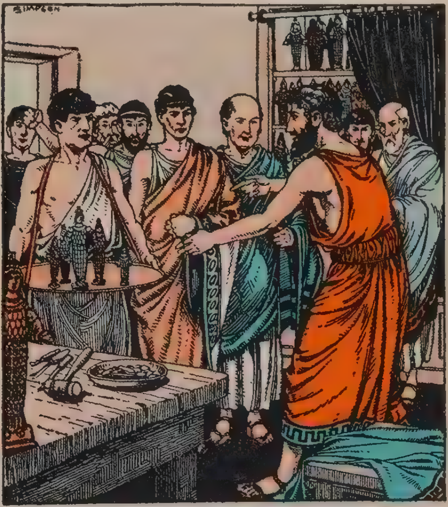
"Men, you know that this business is the source of our prosperity, yet you see that this man Paul has drawn away numbers of people, saying that gods made by human hands are not gods at all! There is danger, therefore, not only that this business of ours will be discredited, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana will be neglected, and the magnificence of her whom all the world worships will be a thing of the past!"

When they heard this, the mob grew furious and cried: "Great is Diana of the E-phe′sians!"

The commotion spread all over the city and people rushed to the theater, dragging with them two traveling companions of Paul. Paul himself would have gone to the theater to talk before the people, but his disciples would not allow it. Meanwhile the people were shouting some one thing, and some another; for the meeting was in confusion and most of them had no idea why they had come together. And they cried for two hours: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

At last the town-clerk quieted the mob and said:

"Men of Ephesus, who in the world does not know that the city of Ephesus is the Keeper-of-the-heaven-sent-image? As this fact is undeniable, be calm and do nothing reckless! If Demetrius and his fellowcraftsmen have a charge to bring against anyone, there are the courts and the governors; let them take legal action; for we may be charged with rioting because of today's events!"

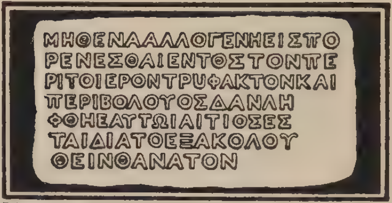


The riot of the image-makers, led by the agitator De-me′-tri-us, one of the earliest recorded instances of a labor-union agitating trouble. It is interesting to note that they opposed Paul not because of his religion but solely because they feared that his teaching would spoil business!

With these words, he dismissed the assembly, and Paul quietly left the city. His work there had been done and he longed to go now to Rome, where Christians, scattered from Jerusalem in the persecutions of Stephen's day, had founded a little church. That would indeed be the climax of all his far-reaching adventures, the great imperial city! He even dreamed also of Spain, so far away to the West, 7,000 miles round trip in a little sailing vessel! But he could not go now to Rome because he had decided for a third time to take up a collection from his Macedonian churches for the Christian poor in Jerusalem. There was so much hatred against him back there in Jerusalem. He would carry the collection himself with Luke and some Gentile converts, in order to cement more permanently the unity of the church. All he did at this time was to write the Romans a letter, somewhat formal, perhaps, because he knew no one there, and yet full of warm affection. "I long to see you. When I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you, but now I go to Jerusalem to minister to the poor saints. Pray that I may escape from those in Jerusalem who are disobedient, and that the help I am taking may be well received, that I may come with a glad heart and enjoy a visit with you!"

Paul knew well his danger, as he went on up to Jerusalem. Jewish legalists were saying that he was encouraging even Jews to disregard the Law. Jews of the Dispersion had reported how he was stealing converts away from the synagogues. At Tyre and Caes′a-re′a, Christians earnestly warned Paul to turn back from Jerusalem. But the unity of Christendom was more to Paul than his life. He went on his way as resolutely as Jesus had done before him.

James and the other apostles received the newcomer warmly; nevertheless, they said: "Our people have been told that you teach all Jews who live among the heathen to turn away from Moses, not to circumcize their children, nor to observe old customs." And they advised Paul to go through the ceremony of purification in the Temple. "Then," they said, "everybody will understand that there is no truth in these stories, since you yourself observe the Law!"

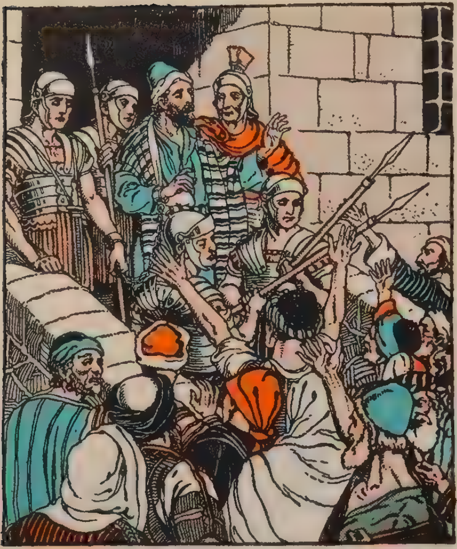


Limestone block forbidding Gentiles to go beyond the Court of the Gentiles in Herod's temple. "Let no foreigner enter within the screen and enclosure surrounding the sanctuary. Whosoever is taken so doing will cause his own death." Imperial Museum, Constantinople.

To their urging, Paul consented, but certain Jews of Asia catching sight of him in the Temple during purification rites, aroused the other Jews, falsely declaring that Paul had dared to bring a Gentile into the forbidden inner court of the temple, and saying: "This is he who teaches everywhere against our people and the Law!"

So the people seized Paul and dragged him outside the Temple, and they were trying to kill him when news reached the Cen-tu′ri-on of the guard that all Jerusalem was in a tumult. The Centurion hurried down from the barracks, and when the Jews saw his soldiers, they stopped beating Paul. Then the Centurion ordered Paul bound with chains and inquired what he had been doing. Some of the crowd shouted one thing and some another, and as the Centurion could not find out the facts because of the confusion, he ordered Paul taken to the barracks. The soldiers had to carry Paul up the flight of steps so the frenzied mob would not kill him. But Paul asked if he might not speak to the people, and when the Centurion assented, he turned and spoke from the steps. Then the mob, in a fury, cried: "Kill him! A creature like that ought not be allowed to live!"

As they were shouting and throwing their clothes about and flinging dust in the air, the Centurion ordered that Paul should be examined under the lash that he might learn why the mob made such an outcry against him. But when they had strapped him up, Paul said: "Is it legal for you to flog a Roman citizen without giving him a trial?"



Absolutely convinced of the truth of his position, Paul fearlessly addresses the riotous mob at Jerusalem.

Then the Centurion, alarmed because he had so treated a Roman citizen, unbound Paul, but he ordered the Sanhedrin to find out the real reason why the Jews had denounced him. Nevertheless, when Paul was brought before the Jewish Council, the Centurion feared lest its members would tear their prisoner to pieces, and he took him back again for safe-keeping in the barracks. Thereafter, forty Jews took an oath not to eat or drink until they had killed Paul; but the plot was told the Centurion, and he ordered 70 mounted men and 200 spearmen to take Paul to Caesarea unto the Roman governor.

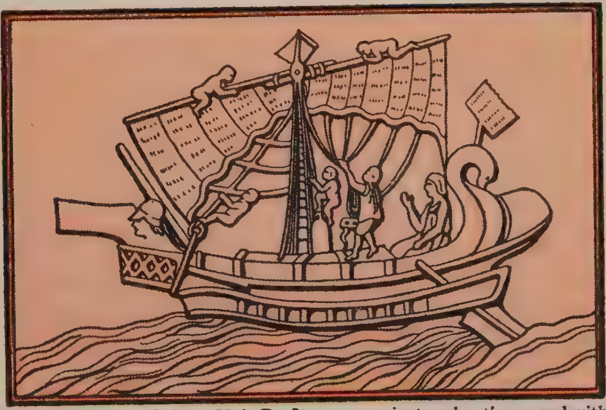
The Jews followed Paul to accuse him, but for two years Felix, the Governor, kept him a prisoner in Caesarea. Not till the new governor, Festus, replaced the incompetent Felix, was his case really taken up. Then the Jews came again, begging Festus to return Paul to Jerusalem for trial. There the mob would have slain him! The governor, wishing to please the Jews, was just about to consent, when Paul boldly said: "I appeal my case unto Caesar!"

Since Paul was a Roman citizen, Festus could not deny his plea, but he asked advice of Herod A-grip′pa, great-grandson of Herod the Great, who was then his guest and served as a sort of go-between, reconciling Romans and Jews. Before Agrippa and Festus, Paul made a forceful defence. The two governors agreed: "This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Caesar!"

Within the next few days, they sent Paul off to Rome under Julius, a friendly Centurion, and the Greek physician, Luke, again accompanied Paul.

"We sailed under the lee of Crete," Luke wrote in his diary; "and reached a place called Fair Havens. As navigation had now grown dangerous because the winter was near, Paul began to warn the sailors, but the officer was more influenced by the pilot and the captain, and as Fair Havens was not fit to winter in, the majority favored putting to sea again, in the hope of being able to reach a better place. They weighed anchor and sailed away, but soon a violent wind rushed down from Crete. The sailors were afraid of being cast on the shores of Africa, so they lowered sail and let the ship drift. Exceedingly tossed with tempest, we threw the cargo overboard, and the third day, cast the ship's tackle with our own hands, in the sea. For days, neither sun nor stars were visible, and the storm continued to rage, until at last we gave up all hope of being saved; but Paul stood up and said: 'Gentlemen, keep up your courage!'

"It was the fourteenth night of the storm and we were drifting through the Adriatic when about midnight the sailors began to suspect that there was land ahead. On taking soundings, they found a depth of 20 fathoms. Then as they were afraid we might go on the rocks, they dropped four anchors from the stern and waited anxiously for daylight. The sailors tried to escape secretly to shore and


A merchant-ship of about 50 A. D. It was upon just such a tiny vessel with the bow carved to represent a swan that Paul set sail for Rome. (Pompeii.)

lowered the small boat pretending they were going to run out anchors from the bow, but Paul said to the officers: 'You cannot be saved unless these sailors stay on board!' So the soldiers cut the ropes that held the small boat and let it drift away before the sailors could get into it. And until the daybreak, Paul comforted them, saying: 'I beg you eat; for not one of you will lose even a hair of his head!' And he took bread and thanked God for it before them all, and brake it, and began to eat. This raised the spirits of all and they, too, took something to eat.

"When daylight came, the sailors could not recognize the coast, but they saw a bay with a beach and determined to run the ship ashore. Nevertheless, they struck a shoal and ran the ship aground. The bow struck and could not be moved, while the stern began to break up under the strain.

"The soldiers proposed to kill the prisoners for fear lest some of them might swim ashore and escape, but the Centurion, wished to save Paul, and so he prevented this. He ordered all who could swim to jump overboard, and the rest to follow on planks or other pieces of wreckage. So they all got safely to land. There we learned that the island was called Malta, and the natives showed us much kindness; they made a fire and welcomed us because of the rain and cold."

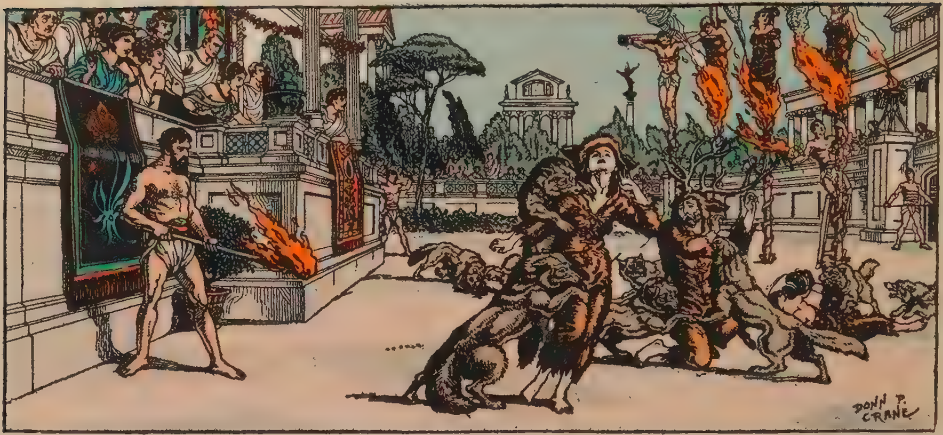
So wrote Luke in his diary. For three months the travellers tarried in Malta, until navigation opened, and an Alexandrian ship which had wintered at the island, took them on to Italy. With rising spirits, in the glory of a glowing Italian spring, they landed at Pu-te′o-li in the beautiful Bay of Naples, where the smoke-wreathed cone of Ve-su′vi-us slumbered in purple mists against the bright blue sky. The brethren in Puteoli warmly welcomed Paul and sent news of him to Rome, so that when he set forth again after a week had elapsed, a band of Roman Christians came to Three Taverns to meet him and escorted him back to Rome.

At last Paul had attained the city of his dreams. He was allowed much freedom, and dwelt for two years in his own hired house with only a soldier to watch him. Here he had no small part in building up the church at Rome. During these years, too, Peter came to Rome, and with him, as interpreter, came Paul's former companion, Mark.

But after the burning of Rome in 64 A.D., the emperor Nero began the first persecution of the Christians. The Roman historian, Tac′i-tus, who was then but a boy, described what he had seen in those terrible August days.

"Not all the efforts of Nero to shift the blame for the fire from himself availed to relieve him from the infamy of being believed to have ordered the conflagration," wrote Tacitus. "Therefore to stop the rumor, he falsely charged with guilt, and punished with the most fearful tortures, the persons commonly called Christians, who were hated for their enormities. Christus, the founder of that name, was put to death as a criminal by Pon′ti-us Pi′late, procurator of Judea, in the reign of Ti-be′ri-us, but the pernicious superstition, repressed for a time, broke out yet again, not only through Judea, where the mischief originated, but through the city of Rome also, whither all things horrible and disgraceful flow, as to a common receptacle. Accordingly, first those were arrested who confessed they were Christians; next, on their information, a multitude were convicted, not so much on the charge of burning the city, as of 'hating the human race.' In their very deaths they were made the subjects of sport; for they were covered with the hides of wild beasts, and worried to death by dogs, or nailed to crosses, or set fire to, and when the day waned, they were burned to serve for the evening lights. Nero offered his own garden-players for the spectacle, and indiscriminately mingled with the people in the dress of a charioteer."*

*This passage from the *Annals* of Tacitus is very important. It testifies that only 30 years after Jesus' death, the historian, Tacitus, takes the fact of the historical existence of Jesus and of his crucifixion as a matter of course.



Compelled to blame someone for the burning of Rome, Nero accuses the Christians and begins the first persecution.

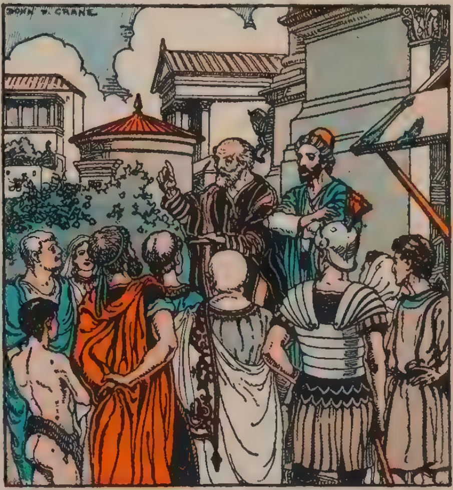
During these persecutions, Paul and Peter were put to death. The last that was heard of Paul was his second letter to Timothy when he knew that the end was near, a letter full of affection, unquenchable courage and fire.

"Paul, an apostle of Jesus, to Timothy, his dear son:—I think of you night and day, greatly desiring to see you! Do your best to come to me soon, for De′mas has deserted me and Titus is gone to Dal-ma′ti-a. No one but Luke is with me. I am now about to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind!"

Such was the life of Paul, that great and sturdy soldier who carried Christianity to the Gentiles. Paul changed the narrow conception of a merely national Messiah into a world-wide Christ for whom all mankind had been groping, that spiritual ideal Christ who lives not in Jerusalem but in the hearts of men. He showed men how to let that mind be in them which was also in Christ Jesus, and he fought for the freedom of the gospel from narrow and cramping laws.

Trials and Triumphs of Early Christianity

Peter and Paul were dead. With Peter, the western world had lost its one great source of information concerning the life of Jesus. No more would the energetic, impetuous old fisherman stand on a corner of the street and tell what Jesus had done and said by the lake of Galilee. But Mark, the younger Jew, who had acted as Peter's interpreter to the group of Gentile listeners, knew almost by heart the picturesque, vivid stories he had so often translated from Aramaic to Greek. The Christians had no written books except the letters of Paul, and fragmentary collections of memories of Jesus. For the most part, stories of Jesus were passed on by word of mouth, and often learned by heart. There was need of a book about Jesus. So about the year 70 A. D., Mark wrote the first of the gospels for the use of Gentile converts. He wished to show by Jesus' deeds that he was indeed the Christ, worthy founder of a new faith. His interest was in the deeds and not in the sayings of Jesus. He wrote neither a complete nor a chronological history. He presented only a series of dramatic, heroic pictures, which for all the Greek dress Mark gave them, embodied the earnest, vivid, and convincing memories of Peter.

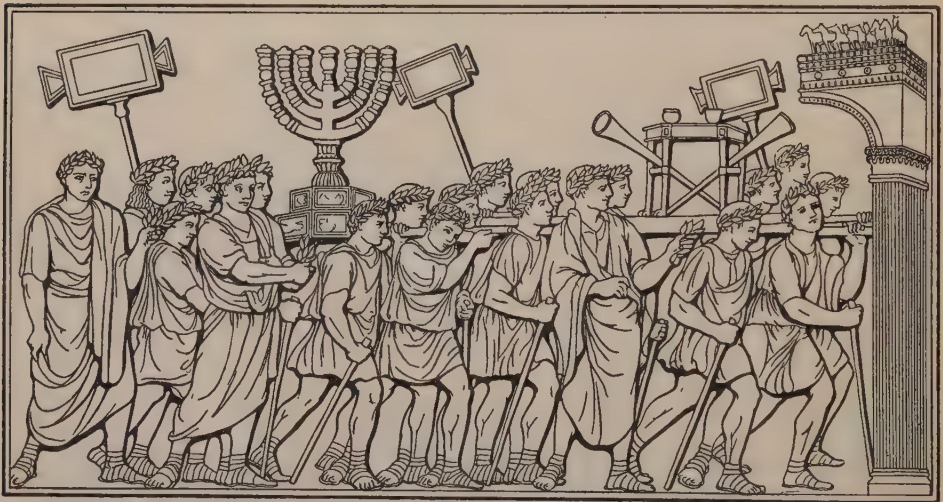


In a public place in Rome, Peter tells what he remembers of Jesus, while Mark translates what he says from Ar′a-ma′ic to Greek, so learning almost by heart Peter's vivid, picturesque stories, which Mark was to write in his gospel about the year 70 A. D. Mark was a companion of Paul and Bar′na-bas on the first missionary journey, but he deserted them before the end, later accompanying Barnabas and then Peter on their voyages.

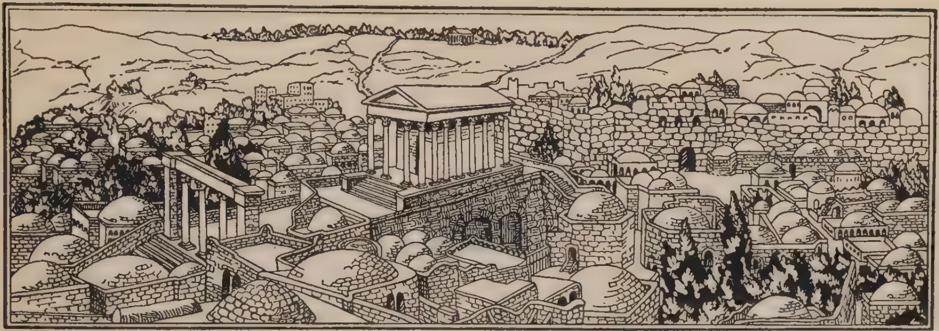
Now when Mark's gospel was written, a terrific event had just occurred in Jerusalem. The long smouldering Jewish hatred of the foreign rule of Rome had at last broken out in rebellion and the

Emperor Ves-pa′si-an had sent his son Titus with a mighty host to subdue the land. Titus besieged Jerusalem and the Jews fought with desperate courage. Josephus, a Jewish rebel, who went over to the side of Rome, described the hideous events in a history written at Rome. Men died so rapidly during the siege that there was none to bury them. One by one, the walls were taken. The city was sacked and destroyed. On July 17, 70 A. D., the deathless flame went out in the Temple and the daily sacrifice failed. Finally, contrary to the orders of the Roman generals, the Temple itself was fired and burned to the ground by the soldiers. Ten thousand men, women, children, and priests, who had taken refuge in the Temple, were burned to death in that fire.

With this event, the San′he-drin, temple worship and the priesthood perished, but among the Jews of the Dispersion, the Law, the synagogue, and the rabbis continued to exist.



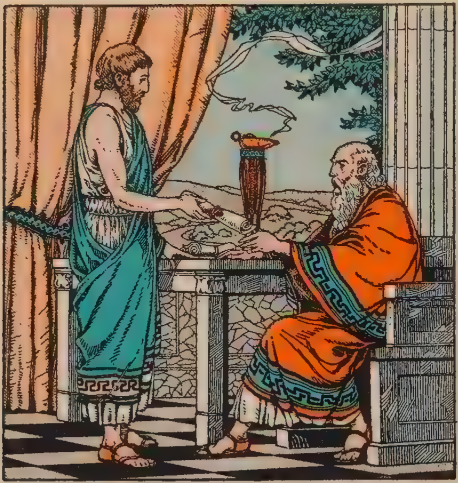
The famous candlestick, the table of showbread and other spoil from the Temple at Jerusalem. Arch of Titus at Rome. Chapter 13 of Mark enlarges a prophecy of Jesus into a definite description of the fall of Jerusalem, a description so vivid as to indicate that the event was still very fresh in the writer's mind. This is one reason for assuming that Mark wrote his gospel about the year 70 A.D. Twenty years later in 90 A.D., a college of Scribes at Jam′ni-a, one of the Jewish institutions surviving the fall of Jerusalem among "Jews of the Dispersion," announced the Jewish scriptures complete and this is the Old Testament as we have it today.



For fifty years Jerusalem remained a desolation, and when Hadrian rebuilt it, he made it a wholly Roman city.

The emperor Hadrian rebuilt Jerusalem as a Roman city with colonnaded streets and a temple to Jupiter on the ancient temple site. Jews were forbidden to live there, and the life of the Jews as a nation came to an end at last.

Something, somewhere was wrong! The prophets had foretold a redeemed and glorified Israel, to which all the earth should bow. Why had those prophecies not been fulfilled? About the year 80 A.D., a Jewish Christian compiled the Gospel of Matthew to answer this persistent question. He used forty verses of Mark and the *Log'i-a*, a collection of Jesus' sayings written by the disciple Matthew, as well as other early sources, as a basis for his Life, which was the first biography of Jesus written with a conscious purpose. The author of the Book of Matthew said: "Jesus is indeed the fulfillment of all ancient prophecies; the kingdom foretold by the prophets; but his kingdom is not external, it is a reign of righteousness in the heart. Its benefits, as the prophets foretold, were offered first to Israel, but because Israel rejected the Christ, Jerusalem has fallen and the Kingdom will henceforth be offered to the Gentiles." The Book of Matthew added to Mark's tale of deeds those priceless sayings of Jesus contained in the Sermon on the Mount, a collection so rich in value, that for the early church it almost superseded the earlier gospel of Mark.



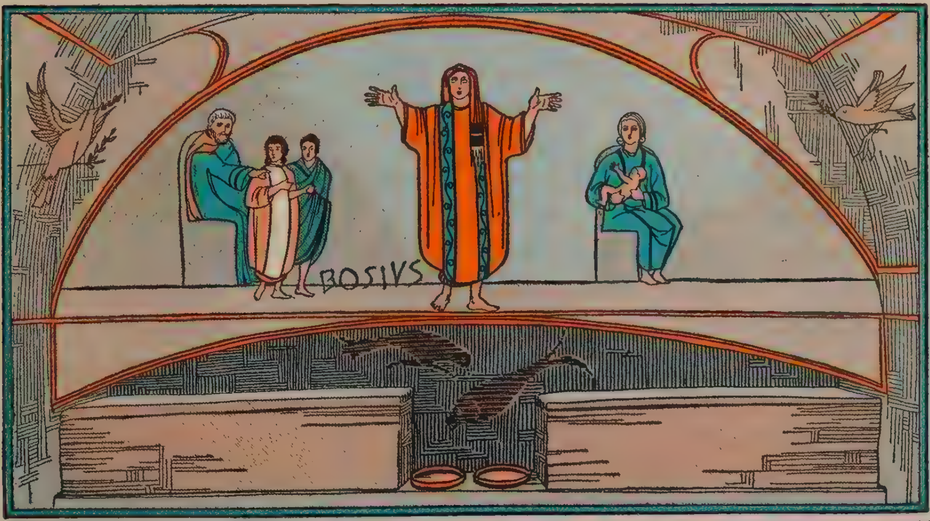
Standing before his old friend Luke, The-oph'i-lus receives the book which Luke wrote about 80 A.D. in order that Theophilus might know fact from fiction in the life of Jesus. "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us," wrote Luke in his introduction to his gospel; "it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write them unto thee, in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed." Luke, like the author of Matthew, used Mark and the Log'i-a of Matthew as the chief sources of his gospel and in both Luke and Matthew appear the stories of Jesus' birth and his line of descent from King David which are not given in Mark. Luke also wrote the Acts of the Apostles concerning many events in which he had been Paul's traveling companion.

At about the same time when the Book of Matthew was written by a Jew to answer questions of Jewish Christians, the Greek physician Luke, the faithful companion of Paul, wrote his gospel for Greeks. So many people in those days were coming forward with things they said they remembered about the life of Jesus, that it was becoming difficult to separate fact from fiction. The life of Jesus had been so remarkable, that zealous followers were making it more remarkable still, till in many cases it was coming to resemble a fairy tale, that placed Jesus on a level with charlatans and magicians. Certain books maintained that even as a child he had had supernatural power. When he was five years old, all nature was forced to obey him; he could command running waters to gather in a pool, or bring clay sparrows to life and make them soar in the air. To acquaint himself with all sources and separate what he believed to be true from what he knew to be false, in order that his friend, The-oph'i-lus, might be correctly informed concerning the life of Jesus, became the work of Luke.

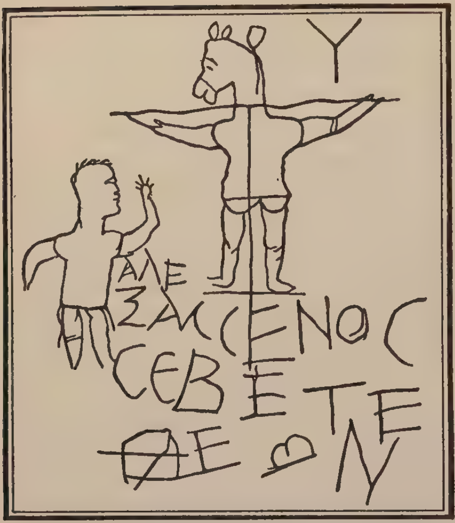
And when Luke had written his gospel, he completed his information to Theophilus by writing the Acts of the Apostles compiled from conversations with Paul, and his own diary of their adventures, written as events occurred.

It was now becoming a dangerous thing to be a Christian in Rome. Under Nero and Do-mi′tian, the Christians had experienced the most terrible persecutions. At first their ranks had consisted largely of the poorer class, to whom the doctrine of humility, mercy, and brotherhood made an especial appeal, but the teaching was spreading now. The richer and better educated were beginning to take it up also; harmful, sensual pleasures had reached their height of debauchery in the days of Nero and later, and brought no satisfaction but only dull satiety and impossible insane cravings for something wilder still. Men were ready to seek a more lasting sort of happiness, and Christian converts seemed to shine with a steady, inward joy.

In order to avoid persecution, they met in the Catacombs, those miles of underground passage-ways where they likewise buried their dead. People began to call them a mysterious secret society. It was said they did abominable things in their dark little underground holes,—they wor-



The Catacombs, underground passageways where Christians buried their dead and gathered for worship to avoid persecution. The frescoes show a group of the faithful, a woman at prayer, and a Madonna. Below are caskets.



The first historical representation of the crucifixion is this rude caricature, scratched on the walls of a barrack room on the Palatine Hill in Rome about 225 A.D. It was made by a soldier mocking a Christian comrade, and shows Jesus with the head of an ass, while the scribbling says: "Alexamenos adores his God."

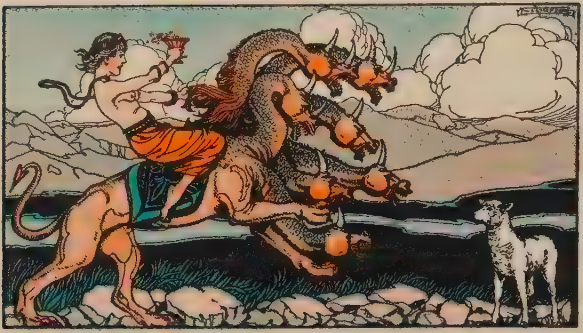
shiped an ass-headed god, they ate human flesh, they murdered children, and drank their blood. Some would not serve as soldiers, and one and all they refused to worship the image of the emperor, who was, throughout the empire, declared to be a god!

About 112 A.D., the great Roman writer, Pliny, then Governor of Bi-thyn'i-a, found Christianity growing so rapidly in his province that it was affecting the old temple-worship, and he wrote the following letter to the Emperor Trajan, asking his advice on how to deal with Christians.

"Pliny to the Emperor Trajan:—It is a rule, Sir, which I always observe, to refer myself to you in all my doubts, for who is more capable of guiding me? Having never been present at any trials of the Christians, I am unacquainted with the methods to be observed either in examining or punishing them; whether profession of Christianity or merely the crimes associated therewith, are punishable. In the meanwhile, I have observed this method toward those denounced to me: First, I asked them whether they were Christians. If they confessed, I repeated the question twice, adding threat of capital punishment. If they still persevered, I ordered them executed; for, whatever the nature of their creed, I could at least feel no doubt that unruliness and obstinacy were well deserving of punishment. There were others also possessed with the same infatuation, but being citizens of Rome, I ordered them carried thither.

"Those who denied they were or ever had been Christians, who repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered adoration with wine and frankincense to your image,—none of which acts it is said, those who are really Christians can be forced into performing—these I thought best to discharge. Others at first confessed themselves Christians and then denied it. They affirmed, however, the whole of their guilt or error was, that they were in the habit of meeting on a certain fixed day before it was light, when they sang in alternate verses a hymn to Christ, as to a god, and bound themselves by a solemn oath, not to any wicked deeds, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate and then reassemble to partake of food,—but food of an ordinary and innocent kind. Even this practice, however, they had abandoned after the publication of my edict, by which according to your orders, I have forbidden political associations. I judged it so much the more necessary to extract the real truth, that I caused torture to be used on two female slaves who were called *deaconesses:* but I could discover nothing more than depraved and excessive superstition.

"I therefore adjourned the proceedings and betook myself at once to your counsel. Persons of all ranks and ages will be involved in the persecution. For this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities, but has spread through the villages and rural districts. It seems possible, however, to check it. Certain it is that the temples which had been almost deserted, begin now to be frequented and the sacred festivals, after a long intermission, are again revived, while there is a general demand for sacrificial animals, which for some time past have met with few purchasers. Hence it is easy to imagine what multitudes may be reclaimed from error, if a door be left open to repentance."



The Book of Revelation, after the fashion of the book of Daniel, also written in a time of persecution, encourages its readers through mysterious figures which none but Christians can understand. The woman in scarlet, symbol of all materiality, is Rome riding on a beast with seven heads, representing Rome's seven hills and having ten horns, meant to indicate subject-kings, by whose rebellion the Empire will finally destroy itself. Opposed to this figure of gross materiality is the Lamb, symbol of the Christ. *Stand and overcome this moment of suffering*, says the author of Revelation, *for the purity and gentleness of the Christ will overcome the materiality of the world*. For Emperor Domitian, see page 409.

Among the first victims of persecution in the days of Domitian was a Christian prophet of Ephesus, by name John. He was exiled to the island of Pat′mos from which he wrote to the seven leading churches of the Province of Asia the book called *Revelation*, in which under obscure figures of dragons, beasts, and angels, he sent forth a stern arraignment of the tyrannical Roman Empire, cryptically calling it Babylon, that none but his fellow-Christians might understand what he meant. He encouraged his suffering comrades to resist the persecutions. "*Stand and overcome!*" he repeated again and again; "to him that overcometh, will the promises of good be certainly fulfilled!"

By the year 100 A.D., Christianity and Judaism had definitely parted company. Henceforth Christianity was to be distinctly a Gentile movement. Yet the forms in which it was stated remained entirely Jewish,—the Messiah and the Kingdom. There was need of translating the gospel into universal terms. The answer was the Gospel of John. Some earnest, sincere Greek Christian, greatly influenced by Paul, who had made a sound beginning of translating Jew to Greek, presented a new interpretation of the spiritual significance of Jesus in the terms of Greek thought, taking his material from an older life of Jesus, quite probably written by the disciple John. To the writer of the Gospel of John, the Jewish term Messiah did not express the full religious significance of Jesus. Seeking in Greek philosophical terms for words to describe more fully the real meaning of Christ, he seized on the Log′os, or Divine Reason of the Stoics. The Jewish philosopher, Phi′lo, had already said that the Hebrew *word of God*, the divine light of inspiration in the mind and soul of man, and the Greek *Logos*, or *Divine Reason*, were one and the same thing. So the author of the Gospel of John flung his thought at his readers with arresting force in his very first sentence.

"In the beginning was Divine Reason and Divine Reason was with God and Divine Reason was God!"

And he went on to say of Jesus: "And Divine Reason was expressed in the flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory, full of grace and truth."

God, Divine Reason, expressing himself to the world in the glorious and perfect man, Jesus,—the Greeks could understand that. Reason and revelation were at last made one for them; the Greek slow process of logic and the Hebrew quick enlightenment of a moment of inspiration both ended in the same truth! The Gospel of John abounded in the atmosphere loved by the Greeks,—light, life, truth, love, freedom,—all this was offered men. No disappointment here because Jesus had not returned to earth as all the older apostles had believed he would,—the second coming of Christ was forever taking place, when the spirit which had animated Jesus, came into the hearts of men. Through the joyous Gospel of John, the coming of the Kingdom of God was at last seen to be a wholly spiritual experience.

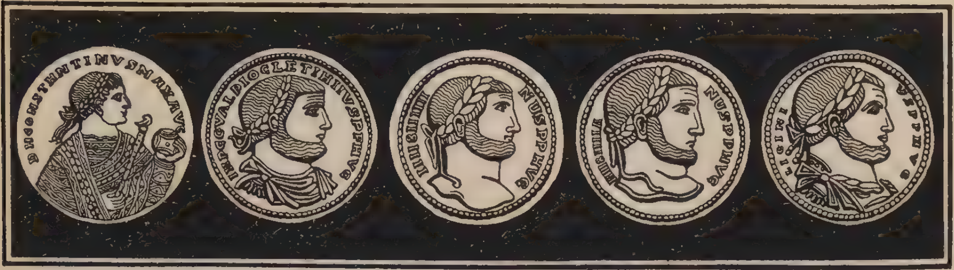
Early in the second century men began to collect this new body of Christian writings. Discussions often arose as to what was true Christian teaching and they needed authoritative books to which they might refer. In 185 A.D., the New Testament almost as it is today, was adopted for general use in churches throughout the world.*

*Ath′a-na′si-us of Alexandria, 367 A.D., first lists all the 27 books of our New Testament and no others.

Now the third century in the Roman Empire was a period of decay. The Empire was too large, too cumbersome, and unwieldy. Therefore, the Emperor Di′o-cle′tian, a stern Il-lyr′i-an soldier, divided the burden of government. He took the Eastern world, and set Max-im′i-an, another rough soldier-emperor, over the Western world, appointing two Caesars or heirs, Ga-le′ri-us for the far-East and Con-stan′ti-us for the far-West. Diocletian then cast off the republican cloak of Augustus, and frankly became a despot, adopting all the forms of Oriental monarchy, and wearing a jeweled diadem with robes of silk and gold.

Christianity was now well-organized and strong. Diocletian feared it. In the year 303, he began the most terrible of persecutions, when in all the Roman Empire Christians could find protection only under the kindly rule of the Western Caesar, Constantius. Retiring soon after this, Diocletian and Maximian left the Empire to their Caesars, but Constantius soon died in Britain, and his devoted soldiers hailed his son, Con′stan-tine, as Emperor of the West. Five other men, however, likewise claimed the throne, and Constantine could not at once make good his title to power. Needing some ready-made nucleus about which to gather a party, he naturally turned to the Christians whom his father had defended. They were still comparatively unimportant, however, and constituted no more than one-tenth of the population. The young man bothered little about what the Christians believed, but he was humane by nature, in sympathy with their kindness and general ideals of conduct, and he understood quite clearly that they were the rising power.

When at last he came down for his critical battle in Italy, he bore before him standards inscribed with the Christian symbol, and it was everywhere said that he had a dream wherein Jesus himself instructed him to use this sign, confidently declaring: "In this sign thou shalt conquer!"


D N CONSTANTINVS MAX AVG
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MAXIMIANVS P F AVG
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Gold medallions of the Emperors and the *caesars.* Left to right: Con′stan-tine; Di′o-cle′tian, who divided the empire; Max-im′i-an, who ruled with him; Ga-le′ri-us, a *caesar;* and Li-cin′i-us, whose defeat by Constantine finally brought the whole Empire again under the power of a single Emperor who ruled both the East and the West.

In that sign Constantine certainly did conquer at the battle of Mil′vi-an Bridge, in 312 A.D., thus becoming sole ruler of the West; and a few months later he issued his famous Edict of Mi-lan′: "We grant to the Christians and all others free choice to follow the mode of worship they may wish, in order that whatever divinity may exist, may be propitious to us and to all who live under our government." Henceforth, Christianity, under the favor of the emperors, was to lead all other religions and supplant them all.

The Greeks had insisted on freedom of thought for every individual; they fought for this right and defended it against Oriental despotism. That, with their love for beauty, and their fearless demand for truth, were their great gifts to the world. The Romans were not creators, but they took over Greek ideas, and they had a wonderful genius for organization and government. Because of the peace and unity they gave the world, Christianity was able to spread and secure its place very rapidly in the hearts and lives of men.

But this era of conquest by the sword, of forcing the weak to bow to the strong, the doctrine that might makes right, was ended in glorious reversal. No matter how much men might fall below the teachings of Jesus, they had at least subscribed to his new and astonishing doctrine of universal brotherhood; of the power of love, not hate; and of the rights of all mankind, the weak as well as the strong.

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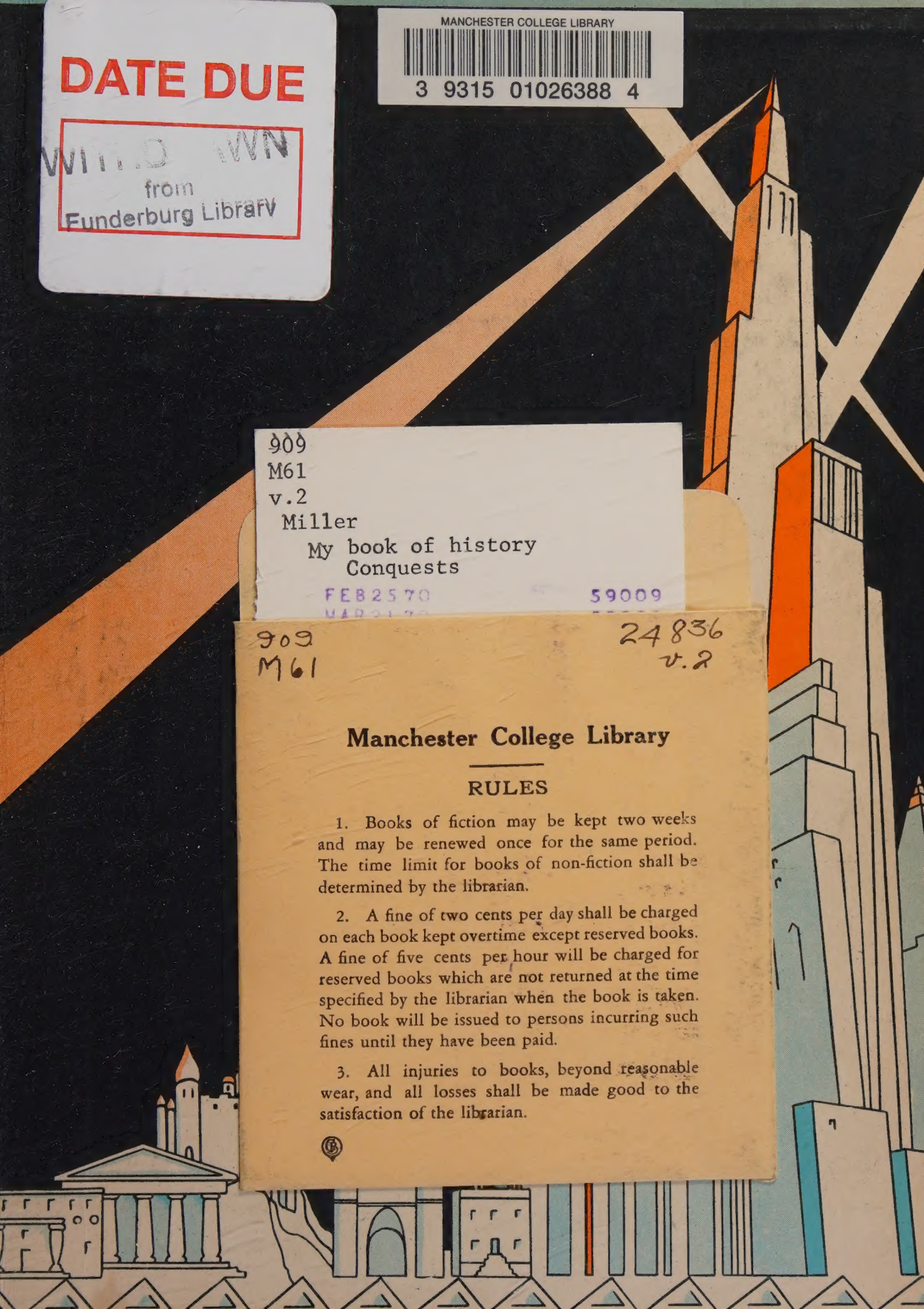

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